

The ARMENIAN REVIEW

WINTER, 1954

SPECIAL

**PAN-SLAVISM AS A COMMUNIST
PROPAGANDA WEAPON**

In Education, Politics and Religion

By

DR. JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

also

William Saroyan

Reuben Darbinian

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THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

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PAN-SLAVISM as a COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA WEAPON

In Education, Politics and Religion

DR. JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

Of all the movements that have perplexed Europe and the world during the last century, none has been more real and yet intangible than that which has been labeled Pan-Slavism, the dynamics of the "Slavonic Brotherhood."¹

The Slavs cover more than one-sixth of the land surface of this earth and are, as a group, the most numerous of all the closely related peoples in this globe (except the Chinese); one of their branches, the Russians alone, form the largest white nation in the world. Together with the Poles, Ukrainians, Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs and Bulgarians, these Slavs form a powerful bloc of some 195,000,000 people, which can be cemented by the appeal to the racial, linguistic, and other affinities among the Slav peoples.²

When, at the beginning of the 19th century, the Slavonic nationalities were awakened from long passivity by the revival of the Slav languages and literatures, their nationalism inevitably had a Pan-Slavonic orientation; only the Poles refused to participate in the Pan-Slav aspirations of all the Slavs, hating Russian imperialism and the Russification policies of the Orthodox regimes. Safarik's rediscovery of the treasures of Slav literature aroused enthusiasm in all Slavonic lands. Each nationality concentrated its efforts on the education of the rising generation in a narrow nationalistic

versity Press, 1953), p. 337. Among the Slavs are often included such smaller groups as: Lusatians (Sorbs or Wends, 100,000), who are Catholics and located in Germany; Macedonians (around 1,000,000), Greek Orthodox, who are divided among Yugoslavia, Greece and Bulgaria). Bulgarians often claim that they are not of Slavic descent, when it is to their advantage.

(The Bulgarian claim of their non-Slavic origin historically is correct. The only thing which associates them with Slavic races is the language which they borrowed from the Slavs. — ED.)

¹ Clarence A. Manning, "Pan-Slavism, Its Use and Abuse," *The Ukrainian Quarterly*, I (June, 1945), pp. 216-227

² Hans Kohn, *Pan-Slavism: Its History and Ideology* (Notre Dame, Ind.: Notre Dame Uni-

tradition. The ideas of Mazzini and Palacky of a federation of free nations were forgotten. But the rival claims of the Serbs, Bulgars, Greeks and Romanians led to narrow nationalism further.

The Russian government soon became acquainted with the attractiveness of the ideological aspects of the movement. Although, most of the time, it had only a contempt for it, it used it, when it was convenient to its purposes, and related it to Russian messianism.³

In reality, the ideal never worked in practice; for instance, the Catholic Poles had traditional hatred for the Greek Orthodox Russians, and the predominantly Catholic Slovaks set up their own independent state under Hitler's auspices, while the three branches of the Yugoslav state (Slovenes, Croats and Serbs) failed to provide a common basis for coexistence between World War I and II; and in the case of Bulgaria, that country fought in both wars against its Slavic "brothers" in Yugoslavia, as well as against the Allies who had, in both cases, Russia on their side, and supported the enemies of the Allied cause by actively participating in both world war conflagrations. The ideological appeal was there, however, and the Russia of the Czarist days used the appeal time and again before World War I, especially when promoting its drive to the Dardanelles by means of helping to liberate the "Slavic" brethren from the Turkish domination. When the Russian Empire fell apart in World War I, for the first time in centuries Russia was no longer the powerful Slavonic state, and the Slavonic appeals were replaced by the appeals to communism; meanwhile, there were bitter and occasional clashes between Poland and

Ukraine, Poland and Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.

World War II changed again the picture of the Slavonic world. All the Slavonic states — with the exception of Bulgaria — were overrun by the Nazi armies and were fighting, together with the Soviet Union, underground and otherwise, against the Nazis. Pan-Slavism was revived again and became one of the current weapons of the Soviet propaganda.

Bulgaria, which acquired Macedonia during World War II, lost again, and as a defeated pro-Nazi state, could at least appeal to the Pan-Slavic traditions, especially since Macedonia is frequently classified as a Slavic territory. A South Slav Federation with Yugoslavia would not only preserve the territorial acquisitions, but would also create a powerful bloc under Russia's leadership which would operate under one political ideology.

Divergencies in views over the division between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria of Greek Macedonia became a delaying point between a possible Belgrade-Sofia agreement, promoted before the defection of Tito from the Cominform in 1948. It was also hoped that Bulgaria's claims to Thrace as an outlet to the Aegean, as well as Albanian claims to North Epirus, would be sponsored by the new grouping, in which Yugoslavia under Marshal Tito would hold the dominant position. Such a step would have had far-reaching consequences. Greece had never fought Yugoslavia, historically her ally in conflicts with Bulgaria, and the presence of the old friend in the same camp as the ancestral foe would become automatically a cause for the greatest apprehension in Athens; the Belgrade-Sofia propaganda, in turn, was largely based upon the alleged folly of Greece in rejecting the "new democracy" of her northern neighbors and a taunting of the Greek government for adherence to the "Anglo-Saxon" nations.

³. Hans Kohn, *Pan-Slavism — Its History and Ideology* (Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 1953), Chapter 2, "Pan-Slavism and Russian Messianism 1860-1905," pp. 101-180, and the respective footnotes.

The Re-Discovery of Pan-Slavism by the Kremlin Masters

Due to the antagonism of the Soviet theorists to racist theories after World War I, Pan-Slavism "seemed a dead issue" in 1930.⁴ But World War II events induced the Soviets to revive the idea. The Comintern was dissolved, and Stalin now looked upon the war not as a contest of rival imperialist powers, but a war of "national liberation" in which Russia was fighting the battle of her Slavic brothers against the "Nazi Fascist beasts." Although there is no record of any communist-inspired national liberation movement among the

Slavs of German-occupied territory prior to June 21, 1941 (when Hitler attacked Russia, and Stalin did recognize the Hitler created "independent" Slovakia), a far-reaching network of organizations was founded subsequently for such agitation. On August 10-11, 1941, an All-Slav Conference was held in Moscow; a manifesto of all Slavonic nations was read to the gathering by Alexander Fadeyev, and the keynote speech was delivered by Alexei Tolstoi, an outstanding Soviet writer; other speakers were Professor Zdenek Nejedly (a member of the Ministerial cabinet of pro-communist Czechoslovakia), Wanda Wasilewska, a Polish Communist leader resident in Moscow, and such "non-Slavs"

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 251.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Professor Joseph S. Roucek, Chairman of the Departments of Political Science and Sociology, University of Bridgeport, was born in Czechoslovakia, 1902, and was naturalized as an American citizen in 1927. He holds a B.A. degree from Occidental College, Los Angeles, 1925, a Ph.D. from New York University, 1928, and an M.A. (1937), from the same school. From Sept. 1920 to July 1921, he served as a clerk with the American Consular Service in Prague.

Through a long and brilliant career in education circles, Dr. Roucek has been associated with the faculties of New York University, Centenary Junior College, Pennsylvania State College, Hofstra College, and finally, the University of Bridgeport. He also has served as Director, Yorkville Branch, League for American Citizenship, and did experimental work in Pre-Parole Instruction, Pa. Book View Farm Prison Bellefonte, Pa.

Dr. Roucek has also acted as visiting professor at summer schools at Pennsylvania State College, New York University, San Francisco State College, Reed College, College of the Pacific, New Mexico Highlands University, University of Wyoming, San Diego State College, Occidental College, University of Washington, University of So. California, University of British Columbia, University of Puerto Rico, and the University of Oregon.

He is a member of the editorial board of the "American Journal of Economics and Sociology"; "Social Science"; and "World Affairs Interpreter". Dr. Roucek holds membership in the American Association of University Professors; American Sociology Society; American Political Science Association; and Pi Gamma Mu.

His published works include: "The Working of the Minorities System under the League of



DR. JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

Nations (Obbis, 1929); "Contemporary Roumania and Her Problems" (Stanford Univ. Press, 1932); "Politics of the Balkans" (McGraw Hill Co., 1939); "The Poles in the United States of America" (Balkan Institute, 1937); "Balkan Politics" (Stanford University Press, 1948).

Dr. Roucek has also acted as co-author, editor or co-editor of a number of works.

The accompanying article is the distinguished educator's first contribution to the REVIEW.

as Johannes Becher, a German communist writer, and Friedrich Wolf, a German emigre author who declared he had found his "second fatherland" in the Soviet Union. Alexander Gundorov, a lieutenant general in the Red Army, was the chairman of the meeting.⁵

The conference called upon the oppressed millions of Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Carpathian Ukrainians, Bulgars, Serbs, Macedonians, Vlachs, Croats and Slovenes to "unite against the common enemy of all Slav peoples."

The Pan-Slavic appeals attracted most Slavs at that time. The non-Russian Slavs, suffering under the Nazi heel, saw themselves liberated by the "great Russian brother." Since more stress was placed on the "Slavic brotherhood" than on communism, few non-Russian leaders were aware that the appeal was but a convenient smoke-screen for the communist ideologists. But the ideological contradictions did bother such non-Russian intellectuals as Dr. Eduard Benes, and Dr. Vlado Clementis. According to Clementis, the Czarist era of Pan-Slavism had been reactionary and bourgeois; now a new revolutionary "people's Slavism" had taken its place.⁶ Benes, hoping to retain his position as the President of Czechoslovakia and as an intermediary between the Soviets and Western Europe, disregarded the warnings of his predecessor, Dr. T. G. Masaryk, who had advised his people not to support the Pan-Slavic movement;⁷ he asserted that the USSR had

"changed" and that all movements whose aims were Slavonic reciprocity were bound by the common struggle for freedom and peace as well as by their efforts to rescue Slavic culture from German domination. The Russian Revolution had liberated the Slav nations; World War II was merely the continuation of World War I, both of which were struggles for democracy. On one side were nazism and fascism; on the other were all "democratic" nations, including the Slavs with Soviet Russia at their head. As for the Kremlin's intentions, the Soviet Union was simply trying to "destroy forever Germany's imperialism, directed primarily against the Slavic states, and to liberate the Slavic nations and defend them in the future against a new Germanic imperialistic expansionism."⁸

Without describing the sordid details leading to the betrayal of Benes and the hanging of Clementis,⁹ sufficient to state that the Soviet spokesmen of the "New" Pan-Slavism, replaced the original policies

⁸ Eduard Benes, *Pameti od Mnichova a k nove valce a k novemu vitezstvi* (Memoirs from Munich to the New War and the New Victory) (Prague: Orbis, 1947), p. 419. For a survey and analysis of Benes' theories at that period, see: Joseph S. Roucek, "Soviet Nationality Policy: Pan-Slavism as an Ideological Weapon," *The Problems of Communism*, III, 4 (July-August, 1954), pp. 20-28; Roucek, "Memoirs of President Benes," *World Affairs Interpreter*, XX, 2 (July, 1949), pp. 178-189; Roucek & Feliks Gross, "American Slavs," *The Chicago Jewish Forum*, VII, 2 (Winter, 1948-1949), pp. 107-110, covers the period of enthusiasm of American Slavs for Pan-Slavism during and after World War II.

⁹ For the Soviet conquest of Czechoslovakia, see: Ivo Duchacek, "The Strategy of Communist Infiltration: Czechoslovakia, 1944-1948," *World Politics*, II (3 April, 1950), pp. 511-532; Otto Friedman, *The Break-Up of Czech Democracy* (London, 1950); Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, *Jan Masaryk: A Personal Memoir* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1951); Hubert Ripka, *Czechoslovakia Enslaved: The Story of the Communist Coup d'Etat* (London, 1950); Jan Stransky, *East Wind over Prague* (New York, 1950); Edward Taborsky, "Benes and the Soviets," *Foreign Affairs*, XXVII, (2 January, 1949), pp. 302-314; Paul Zinner, "Marxism in Action: The Seizure of Power in Czechoslovakia," *Ibid.*, XXVIII, (4 July, 1950), pp. 644-658.

⁵ Committee on Un-American Activities, U. S. House of Representatives, *Report on the American Slav Congress and Associated Organizations* (Washington, D. C., June 26, 1949), pp. 3ff. This very valuable report presents a documentary evidence how the Pan-Slavic network operates in the U. S.

⁶ Vlado Clementis, *Pan-Slavism Past and Present* (London: Czechoslovak Committee for Slav Reciprocity in London, 1943).

⁷ Hans Kohn, "The Heritage of Masaryk," *The American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Vol. 258 (July, 1948), pp. 70-73.

of the concept, promising the equality of all Slav peoples, by a Pan-Russianism which imposed Russian predominance and leadership on the Slav peoples first — and gradually also on Magyars, Romanians, and others. The new Soviet patriotism hardly distinguished between "Russian" and "Soviet."¹⁰ All Slav scholarship began to extol the Russian past; the multi-national and yet centralized Russian state was dated back for many centuries, with the Great Russians, owing to their cultural superiority,* the leading element. The Great Russian people since that time have been called the great Russian people. The conquest of colonial peoples by Czarist Russia did positive good and the education of non-Russian peoples by the Russians created the condition for their liberation and progress.¹¹

The right of national originality has been claimed for, and reserved to, the Russians alone, and not only on the national fronts, but also on the side of the whole revolutionary movement. In 1930, Stalin stated: "The whole world knows now that the center of the revolutionary movement has been transferred from Western Europe to Russia. The revolutionaries of all countries look with hope upon Russia as the heart of the liberation struggle of the workers of the entire world, acknowledging it as their only fath-

erland."¹² In 1945, Stalin, giving a banquet to the Red Army commanders, proclaimed: "I drink first of all to the health of the Russian people because it is the most outstanding nation of all the nations forming a part of the Soviet Union. . . ."¹³

In 1947, Gerasimov waxed even more enthusiastically: "We may say with confidence that the center of artistic culture of the world has now moved to Moscow. From here mankind receives the art of the most advanced thought, of great feelings, of higher morality and noteworthy artistry."¹⁴ He was seconded by the late Beriia in 1949: "In the brotherly family of the peoples of the USSR . . . the Russian people are the most outstanding nation."¹⁵ The same theme was sung in periodicals: "The Russian working class, the Russian people helped the backward peoples of our country develop their own national state, economy, culture."¹⁶ And "The Russian nationality is the most outstanding of all the equal Socialist Nationalities which compose the Soviet Union."¹⁷

All in all, Soviet patriotism, the most frequently used official term, has been gradually transformed into Slavophile Russianism. Moscow has been predestined to be the leader of the entire world; this mission was first grasped by Czar Ivan the Terrible; Peter I incorporated it into his program, his Testament for Russia, but the realization of that program will come only to the Red Russia.

This faith in Eternal Moscow the Rus-

¹⁰ S. G. Kolesnckova, *O. Sovyetskoy patriotisme* (About Soviet Patriotism, Moscow: Gossud. izdat. polit. liter. 1947); P. Moskatov, *Geroichesky rabochy klass nashei rodiny* (The Heroic Working Class of Our Fatherland, Moscow: Gossud. izdat. polit. liter. 1946); I. Mints, *Velikaya otechestvennaya voyna sovyetskogo soyuza* (The Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union, Moscow: Gossud.izdat. polit. liter., 1947).

* It would be erroneous to attribute "cultural superiority" to Great Russians over the conquered non-Russian nationalities. The Polish and the Czechoslovaks, by virtue of their longer association with European culture, had national cultures of their own which were not inferior to that of Great Russians. — ED.

¹¹ M. V. Nechkina, "Voprosuo formle neimen-shee zlo" (On the Question of the Lesser Evil), in *Voprosy Istorii*, no. 4 (1951), pp. 44-46.

¹² Stalin, "Letter to Demyan Bedny" (December 30, 1930), *Sochineniya* (Moscow: Gospolitizdat, 1951), vol. 13, pp. 24-25.

¹³ Stalin, "Kremlin Banquet for Red Army Commanders" (May 24, 1945), *Pravda*, May 25, 1945.

¹⁴ Gerasimov, *Pravda* (June 27, 1947).

¹⁵ Beriia, (Stalin) "The Great Inspirer and Organizer of Communist Victories," *Pravda*, (December 21, 1949).

¹⁶ *Moskovsky Bolshevik* (Moscow Bolshevik) (April 16, 1949).

¹⁷ *Radyanska Ukraina* (Editorial) (May 24, 1953).

sians are preaching with pens, as well as with fire and sword — throughout the Russian empire and its satellite appendages. This faith the Russians are imposing by propaganda and their party discipline on all the Communists in the Slav world — and everywhere. Woe to heretics like Tito who does not acknowledge it.

The Ideological Revisionism

The leaders of the present satellites, under orders from Moscow, are well aware of the memories of the Slav people and their fondness for such statesmen as President Thomas G. Masaryk and his associate, Dr. Eduard Benes; most Slav intellectuals had visited the "West" during the years of post-war independence and have retained their western orientation. To deal with this heritage, the satellite governments have developed two lines of attack: (1) the attempts to exterminate the memories of the pre-war leaders; and (2) the efforts to induce moral subservience of the leaders and masses to the new regimes by reminding them perpetually how they must be grateful to the Russians for their liberation and, above all, appreciate everything Russian.

The Role Assigned To Education

In this respect, the leading role in the efforts to destroy the native cultures and to promote the Soviet aims, whether under the guise of Pan-Slavism, or otherwise, has been assigned to education. All educational systems of the satellite countries (just as the political systems) are monolithic.¹⁸

Following several abortive attempts to abolish existing Czechoslovak learned societies, the communist regime succeeded eventually in forming a new Academy of Science, patterned on the Soviet model;

it centralized all Czechoslovak academic and scientific research; it replaces both the Royal Czechoslovak Scientific Society (founded in 1771) and the somewhat younger Academy of Arts and Science which had a reputation comparable to that of the ancient and famous Charles University (in Prague). The Polish Academy of Sciences was formed in October, 1952, closely patterned on its Soviet precursors; all important blueprints for academic and scientific projects are worked out under government guidance and implemented by the Academy.¹⁹ In both Hungary and Bulgaria the old Royal Academies were reorganized according to Soviet pattern, which places the Soviet Academy directly under the Council of Ministers.

Russian is taught in Poland, both in secondary and high institutions of learning. But the main weapon in the Russification process has been Russian books in Polish translation. Translations from Russian loom large among manuals, scholarly books and popular scientific literature. For some subjects, general history for example, Russian manuals are used in Polish schools. All Polish history is being rewritten.

The purges of literature and the distortions of history within the framework of pro-Russian traditions have forced satellite spokesmen not only to follow a communist and a Soviet party line, but also to give a strictly Russian interpretation of their countries' cultural traditions and of their literature. Poles today, for example, are told that their greatest poet and national hero, Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855) was

¹⁸How this was accomplished in Czechoslovakia, see: Joseph S. Roucek, "Education in Czechoslovakia," pp. 358-383, in A. H. Moehlman, & Joseph S. Roucek, *Comparative Education* (New York: Dryden Press, 1952).

¹⁹How this process was promoted in Poland, see: Wiktor Weintraub, "Soviet Cultural Imperialism in Poland," pp. 91-112, in Waldemar Gurian, Ed., *Soviet Imperialism* (Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1953); Joseph S. Roucek, "The Soviet Yoke of Education in Poland," *The Educational Forum*, XVIII, 3 (March, 1954), pp. 305-312; Roucek, "Recent University Trends in Sovietized Poland," *College and University*, XIX (October, 1953), pp. 53-64.

an ardent supporter of cooperation and friendship with Russia — while in fact he was a nationalist who fought Russia all his life. "Anti-Russian" references in history books, fiction works, encyclopaedias and dictionaries are drastically purged, even if they describe events which have taken place more than 10 centuries ago.

The Russian language has become then a *primus inter pares* language in the multinational Soviet states. Not only beginning with the second grade of the primary school in all national territorial units the Russian language is compulsory, but the official emphasis of the superiority of the Russian language over the languages of non-Russian citizens of the Soviet Union has been accompanied by the vigorous stress on Russian nationalism.²⁰

The same policies have been used to promote Pan-Slavism in order to accomplish the same ends by stressing Pan-Slavism, with its heart in Russia, as the land destined to solve all the problems of the Slavs as well as of humanity.

The Armenian Writers' Congress, which ended in August, 1954, witnessed an exalted reaffirmation of the Zhdanovist creed; it also heard the old Soviet cultural policy reaffirmed against a minority with different ideas. The First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Armenian Communist Party, Souren Toumayan, made the key speech. He said that some people wanted to revise the Party's attitude to works which idealize the past and distort Soviet reality. "... Those comrades who think that it is not possible to write about the historical past of our people are wrong. The problem is to interpret that past correctly, in the Marxist way. . . Why have you not created a single important work on the triumph of Soviet rule in Arme-

nia."²¹ Writers were urged to display greater care when translating from the Russian. The most talented should perform this task, and all should master Russian. Here is the formula on how to play safe: "The decisions of the Party on ideological questions emphasize the basic tasks of Soviet art. It should reflect the life of Soviet society and its incessant movement forward. It should, by every means, assist in the further development of the best characteristic of Soviet man."

The Role Assigned To The Orthodox Church

The Russian Orthodox Church has been used, with considerable success, as another weapon implementing the Russification and Pan-Slavic plans, especially in Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Ukrainia. Whereas under Czarist rule the trilogy of nationalism, orthodoxy and autocracy was the slogan reserved for Russia herself, one is justified in remarking that the concepts of Slavic nationalism or Slavic unity have become the symbols of Russian nationalism. Furthermore, the Orthodox Church has been assigned the role of not only attracting the Orthodox population in the Soviet Empire, but also to compete and displace wherever it is possible, Catholicism.²² If there are any obstacles to the unification, including religious differences, these obstacles ostentatiously disappear by liquidation. In fact, differences of religion have ceased to be important since all churches — except the Russian Orthodox church — have been equally suppressed and oppressed. They have been obliterated the same way as national discords — by the dominant ideology of Slavic "brotherhood" of all working people. The unscrupulous destruction

²¹ Quoted by Lionel Bloch, "Subservient Culture," *Soviet Orbit*, X, 491 (September 10, 1954), pp. 412-413.

²² John Shelton Curtiss, *The Russian Church and the Soviet State* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1953).

²⁰ Y. N. Medinsky, *Public Education in the USSR* (Moscow: Foreign Language Publ. House, 1950), pp. 38-39.

of Catholicism in Western Ukraine, as well as in Carpathian Ukraine, with the simultaneous implantation of Orthodoxy, makes it plain that the Kremlin has not altogether cast the Czarist Orthodoxy out of the list of those means whereby the Ukrainians and White Ruthenians are to be Russified.

Trends

As we look over the last century of Slav thought and Pan-Slav practices, several broad lines of change strike our attention. In the 19th century, the idealistic conception of Slavic cooperation, and the hope that the Slavs could be lifted up as subjugated people, liberated with the help of Russia and become of a service to all humanity, stemmed mostly from within the polyglot Habsburg monarchy. A century later, not only has this Empire, officially a bulwark of Germanism with all its westward leanings, disappeared; but its place and much more has been taken by the heirs of the Czars, the Russians. At the beginning the Slavic thought was largely centered on cultural and moral reciprocity. A century later, the Slavic nations, under the direction of Russia (with the exception, for the moment, of Yugoslavia), constitute a solid and ruthlessly integrated political, economic and military unit, more tightly welded each passing year. Although the Western Slavs have never shown in their long history any general desire to become part of an inclusive Slav empire of their own volition — and in fact have at various times experienced the imperial idea only to repudiate it — they have been recently forced into the imperial Soviet framework on the justification of the new concept of Pan-Slavism, "People's Slavism," the synthesis of Russian nationalism and communist internationalism. This new "People's Slavism" is intended to apply not only to all the Slavs, but also all the ethnic groups now under Russian sway. According to Stalin, patriotism on the part of the

other ethnical groups "is based on the people's profound devotion and loyalty to their Soviet homeland, on the fraternal partnership of the working people of all nationalities in our land."²³ Consequently, the Russian element dominates the lives of all Slavs and other nationalities.

In this respect, the Soviet theory of Pan-Slavism is the last link in the constant dynamic progress of Russia towards even greater centralization and political despotism. The Bolshevik revolution progressed from the splitting up of Czarist Russia into separate sovereign states, through federalism to one centralized, totalitarian, militarist empire. Soviet policy has followed the same patterns in relation to the "capitalist surroundings"; first the defence of sovereignty and the national interests of particular states; then once they have been included in the Soviet state, a consistent and systematic obliteration of any particular features and the merging of each nation (whether Slavic or any other kind) into the one, indivisible Empire. Being one of the ideological weapons of Soviet Russia, Pan-Slavism is just as grave a threat to the world peace as it was in the days when the "Founding Father" of Communists characterized it brilliantly as follows:

"Panslavism, this ridiculous, anti-historic movement, was born in the study of a few Slav dilettantes. It is a movement which aims at nothing less than the domination of the civilized west by the barbaric east, of the towns by the land; of trade, industry and science by the primitive agriculture of Slav serfs. But behind this ridiculous theory stands the terrible reality of the Russian Empire. That empire by each of its moves upholds its claim to consider the whole of Europe as the domain of the

²³ J. Stalin, *O. Belikoi Otechestvennei Voiny Sovetskogo Soynza* (*The Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union*) (Moscow: Ogiz, 4th ed., 1944), p. 135.

Slav race, and quite especially of the only powerful nation of this race, the Russians. That empire, with its two capitals, Petersburg and Moscow, will not find its balance until the town of Tsars (Constantinople) becomes the residence of its emperors. The Pan Slavists work in the interests of Russia, some deliberately, others without knowing it. They have betrayed the cause of the

revolution for the sake of the shadow of a nation, which at best ought to have shared the fate of the Polish nation under Russian domination." ²⁴

²⁴ Karl Marx, *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Germany*, reprinted in *The Eastern Question* (ed. by Eleanor Marx Eveling and Edward Eving, London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1897).



HAYASTAN AND CHARENTZ

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Two things sent me to Hayastan in the Spring of 1935 when I was twenty-six years old: a writer's restlessness, and a son's need to see his father's birthplace.

I took off, however, for a much simpler reason: I could afford to do so. By writing, by the sweat of my brow, I had at last earned both money enough to pay my way and the right to move about as I might see fit.

I had always found too many things wrong in the world, and too much of man's nature mean, and too much of his life meaningless, not to be restless.

And I had always been unimpressed by anybody I had ever met, although I had found many people amusing or kindly. The kindly man was generally a weak man, though, and the amusing man was almost invariably clever, or crooked, or both.

In a way I suppose it was just as well that my father was dead, for it is not unlikely that I would have found fault with him, too; but since he was dead, I dwelt in thought on his good qualities, and paid no attention to his bad ones; his inability to prosper in the world, to get along among commonplace men on their own terms, to take the world with a grain of salt, and to make a joke of it.

In my boyhood and early manhood my father was simply a good man, dead at the age of thirty-seven.

Nobody ever had a critical word to say of him, so that I myself in asking questions about his life and work tried to provoke criticism. In this I was unsuccessful. The worst that anybody was willing to say

of my father was that he was too good for this world. I accepted this theory with simultaneous admiration and disbelief, but I made up my mind to go back where he had come from as soon as possible.

My chance came at last after my first book had been published.

I took a train from San Francisco to New York, and a ship from New York to Europe.

I was not unaware that in reaching Soviet Armenia I would not be reaching my father's Armenia, or his city, Bitlis. It was enough at that time to reach the general vicinity of my father's birthplace, and to be in a nation named Armenia, inhabited by Armenians.

On my way south from Kiev to Kharkov to Rostov to Ordzonekidze to Tiflis to Erivan a great expectancy filled my heart, as well as a great sorrow, as if I were on my way to the place where all of my family, and my father, had tried very hard and had failed; his failure driving him to America at last, where, if anything, he became more homeless than ever.

As the train moved south, more and more Armenians came aboard. Just seeing and hearing them gave me great pleasure, but the greatest pleasure of all was in sitting with a family, or with three or four young men, with more arriving to join the talk and laughter.

Only one Armenian on the train was a political man. He was a very old and famous economic philosopher who had taught at various universities and had written books, but even this quiet-spoken man was

not zealous about the political theories he had studied. He was a man of culture, wit, and an air of worldliness which seemed to suggest that while it was expedient for him to investigate economic theories, it would be a mistake to believe that he cared more for one order of them than for another. He neither criticised nor praised the economic and political systems of Russia or of America.

I had to wait for a boy of eleven in the lobby of the New Erivan Hotel to point out to me the terrible flaws of the American economic and political system. I have frequently wondered about this boy. By now it is not unlikely that he is one of the great men of Soviet Armenia, or perhaps even of Soviet Russia. I did not find him at all offensive, although as a general rule excessively bright boys tend to annoy and irritate me. As a joke I asked him if he could play the violin and was delighted when he told me he had no time for such frivolity. My laughter did not move him to so much as a smile. He simply remarked that Americans were forever laughing because of the contradictory nature of their economic and political system, and their own ignorance of proper procedure. I finally told him quite warmly to go away.

Several hours after I reached Erivan I took a chauffeur-driven car to Etchmiadzin where I met an old man who carried an old musket. He said he was the guard of the ruins of the nearby church called, I believe, Zvartnotz Vank. We walked among the ruins and came to an apricot tree which the old man shook, whereupon half a dozen small apricots fell to the grass beneath the tree. We picked these up and ate them, and he remarked that the apricots were small this year. Last year, he said, they were small, too, but not as small as they were this year. When we came to the open plains beyond the ruins I said suddenly, "Where is Bitlis?"

The old man looked at me, and I saw laughter come into his eyes.

"Your family is from Bitlis? Is that it?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

To the right was Ararat. The old man turned a little to the left and looked far out on the golden grass of the rolling plains. He stiffened his right arm at his side, then lifted it slowly as if it were a mechanical device designed specifically for the purpose of indicating the way to Bitlis. Now, he leveled his vision along the length of his arm, as if his arm were a rifle.

"Bitlis," he said. "Straight ahead is Bitlis. If you walk six days and six nights you will reach Bitlis. Walk, then."

I burst into laughter, for he had performed for my amusement as well as for his own, and he himself chuckled softly.

One frequently hears of somebody or other that he is a character out of a book. I will not say such a thing of the old man, however. He was a man out of the earth and life of Armenia, an unschooled peasant whose whole life had been difficult, but the first thing he did was to shake the apricot tree in order to share with me, a stranger, the little that he had.

I stayed in Erivan six or seven days, and then it was time to continue my travels: to Tiflis, to Batoum, by ship to Sevastopol on the Black Sea, and from there by train to Moscow.

A day or two after my arrival in Moscow I was taken by a young woman guide of the Intourist to pay my respects to Charentz who occupied a suite of rooms with a balcony at the best hotel in town. My own hotel, the New Moscow, was a little west of Red Square, past St. Basil's and the Moscow River. East of Red Square, in the heart of town, was the hotel where Charentz was living at that time. The guide took me up in the elevator to the third or fourth floor and together we

walked down a corridor and stopped at an open door. From somewhere inside Charentz appeared quickly, smiling, and he and I shook hands and spoke in Armenian. He then spoke in Russian to the young woman, and she went off, saying in English that she would leave us alone and return in an hour or so.

It was late afternoon of a day in June in 1935, and ever since Charentz has been in my thoughts. I have wanted to write about him, but I have not done so for several reasons. First, because my writing might be misunderstood and thereby bring him embarrassment, anxiety, personal difficulty, or even misfortune. I could not have such a possibility on my conscience. I could only pray from year to year that, wherever he happened to be, his fate and fortune might not be too much for him. I felt deeply grateful that I had met him at all, and while he himself never urged me not to write about him, or about Soviet Armenia or Soviet Russia, I felt that it was personal courage and pride which prohibited him from doing so, and I sensed that his straightforward, warm, and gallant manner toward me was the consequence of an implicit trust in my discretion. Second, I did not write about him because he is a poet whose poetry I do not know, since he writes in Armenian which I do not read. And finally, because I saw him only three or four times.

A few things, however, I believe I may say about Charentz. To begin with, I am afraid I was unable not to notice instantly that he was a very small man in stature and a very ugly one in appearance. I am sure Charentz must have noticed my awareness of his size and appearance, but if he did, he did not permit me to notice his awareness of my awareness. In surely less than half a minute he was no longer a small man. His size was entirely irrelevant. And instead of being an ugly man, he was one of the handsomest. His voice had

warmth, and his eyes were direct, swift and intelligent. Charentz was not a small body with a large rather grotesque head and a huge hooked nose. He was a living personality, whose place of residence, the body, was by accident what it was. I found it impossible not to feel proud to be in his presence, and he in turn made me feel he was proud to have me in his presence. But I do not mean that our conversation was routine in its cordiality, or that all we did was compliment one another. Quite the contrary. Having met as countrymen and fellow-writers such routine courtesy was soon put aside, and we spoke as if we had always been friends but simply had not met before.

In short, I liked Charentz straight off, but more important than this was the feeling I had that he was a truly great man. Human greatness is a rather difficult thing to account for, and more often than not one is mistaken in one's hunches about somebody one has met. Charentz seemed great to me, I think, because he was made of a mixture of astonishing virtues and amusing flaws. On the one hand, his independence of spirit was balanced by a humorous worldliness, his acute intelligence by a curiosity that frequently made him seem naive, his profoundly gentle manners by a kind of mocking mischievousness which might easily be mistaken for rudeness. But he was never rude, he was witty, and the purpose of his wit was to keep himself from the terrible condition of pomposity. He was swift, and there was a quality in him of both passion and violence — the violence of a creative man whose passion for truth has been tricked and troubled by unavoidable forces. These forces seemed to have compelled a wise but nevertheless uncomfortable moral expediency. Now, I had found a number of eminent Armenians whom I had met in Armenia and Russia quite guarded in their conversations with me. I might, for in-

stance, ask what seemed to me a most innocent question about the life of Armenians in a certain town, and I might hear a reply full of caution, indefiniteness, and even suspicion. This was a new experience for me, but I was able soon enough to understand the necessity for such caution. Charentz, however, simply could not be bothered about such caution. He said precisely what he wanted to say at any given point of a conversation, and his speech was full of that order of contradiction which is the mark of the spirit which is still free and still eager not to forfeit its freedom. At the same time, however, he might suddenly say something preposterous and unacceptable, but whenever this happened I noticed that he chuckled or said something under his breath, as if to himself. I did not find his Armenian nor his speed of speech difficult to follow, for he spoke with great simplicity. Nor did he find my Armenian at all confusing to him. As a matter of fact, I never found it necessary to repeat any remark, or to put it another way.

Charentz said, "You write in English, but you are an Armenian writer just the same." I agreed and remarked that while I did not know his writing, it seemed to me that although he wrote in Armenian, he was essentially a world writer. Charentz said, "Perhaps, or let us hope so, although it would be quite enough to be an Armenian writer." Now, there is no need to expect that I have remembered the precise words that Charentz and I exchanged almost twenty years ago, for I haven't. The greater part of the meaning of what we said I have not forgotten and will not ever forget, but the actual words have long since lost their precise context. For instance, Charentz informed me that he had repudiated his earliest writing, and I told him that it didn't matter that he had done so because the writing had its own life and he himself could no more end that life

than I could. Charentz looked at me and smiled quickly. "Yes," he said, "that is quite true."

Now, when he said that he had repudiated his earliest writing I got the feeling that he expected me to believe him, but when I remarked that I *didn't* believe him, I got the feeling that he was quite glad that I hadn't. And that is an example of how all of our conversations moved along. The better part of the value of the conversations was not so much in what was actually said as in the true meaning of what was said, based upon the reason behind the remark, and upon that which was simultaneously communicated without the use of words, by a pause, a glance, an inflexion.

I found Charentz bursting with energy and ideas, with intensity and health, but a moment later I was not at all surprised to find that he was also quite profoundly troubled in spirit and ill in body. He asked suddenly to be excused a moment while he administered medical treatment to himself. There was no explanation or awkwardness on his part. I stepped out on the balcony and watched the people in the streets a moment or two. He came out on the balcony and we continued our conversation as if there had been no interruption. But after that I had to wonder about his life — his *whole* life, from childhood to boyhood to early manhood — and I knew it had been laden over from the beginning with pain, sorrow, frustration, anger, bitterness, hatred, and all of the other things which will kill one man and carry another to greatness. His laughter on the balcony was heartier than ever, but in it now I heard great and almost unbearable sorrow and anguish.

In Erivan I had met many young and old Armenians, and I had felt that they were all members of my family, including even those I disliked. But it was not until

I had reached Moscow that I came upon an Armenian who seemed to me both the most challenging of all as a person, and by all odds the most evolved, civilized, worthwhile, intelligent, troubled, unhappy, and yet somehow right as the symbol of the indestructible spirit of Armenian life and culture — anywhere in the world. I wished Charentz could come to America for a visit, or even to live. He smiled at the idea and shook his head almost imperceptibly. "I am here," he said "You are there."

Someone else is somewhere else. So let it be."

I thought of Charentz as a brother, and I still do. I have met many writers in many countries, but I have met none who impressed me more than Charentz, and I still do not know his writing, and very little about his life. This slight memoir of him is entirely without politics. I liked him. I admired him. I was proud to be a countryman of his, and a fellow-writer. I am devoted to his memory.

OH WORLD

*Oh world,
So green, so flaming
So kindly cruel
How can I wound myself
Deep enough with your
Shape sweetness
To feel the throb
Long after I am of you
part and particle
Of homely earth,
Black, passionless and cool
One with the wiseman
One with the fool*

DIANA DER HOVANESSIAN

OUR NEUTRALS

REUBEN DARBINIAN

"The hottest places in Hell are reserved for those who, in a period of moral crisis, maintain their neutrality." — DANTE

How They Justify Their Neutrality

Among the Armenians of the dispersion, the Armenian Americans in particular, there is an increasing number of individuals and factions who strike a pose of neutrality in the present world crisis. Some are sincere in this attitude; others are not sincere. They say to us:

"Let all know clearly that, among the forces which govern the world, in point of value or influence, we Armenians do not count as much a grain of the sand at the bottom of the ocean. What, then, is the sense of persecuting one another, or antagonizing one another about problems and issues whose solution does not depend either on the way we think or act?"

It is not difficult to grasp the meaning of these words. Our compatriots who want to justify their neutrality in this manner really mean that the Armenians represent but a negligible power as compared with the forces which are waging a life and death struggle in this gigantic world contest, and that, we do well not to meddle in this fight, not to busy ourselves with burning political issues, especially since the preservation of the race, which must be our principal concern, is not a political task, but an educational, cultural, economic, and physical activity.

What is the need of taking sides in this conflict between the free world and the Soviet dictatorship, they argue, when we can best serve the cause of our self-preservation by being neutral toward both? By being neutral we no longer shall need

to fight one another and can concentrate our efforts on our self-preservation.

Patently, if the Armenians of the dispersion, like all freedom-loving peoples of the world, were not vitally interested in the present contest between the two antagonistic camps, or, if they really were in a position to strike a neutral position, it would be best that they observed strict neutrality and concentrated their efforts on their cultural and economic responsibilities.

Unfortunately, however, the Armenians are vitally interested in this conflict, and even if they wanted it, they could not afford to remain neutral. We are vitally interested, not only as individuals, but as communities, because, in the end, the solution of the fateful question of whether the Armenians of the dispersion and the homeland shall be free or slaves, depends upon the outcome of that contest.

Indeed, today when all the nations of the world are fighting for the preservation or the reconquest of their freedom against the common enemy of mankind which is Soviet imperialism, how can the Armenians of the dispersion and the homeland refuse to bring their share of the contribution?

First of all, as individuals, citizens of the free countries in which we live, neutrality is out of the question. Furthermore, we are even obliged not to be neutrals. On the contrary, our very own interests compel us to side with the free countries in which we live in the fight against the Soviet conspiracy which is a menace, both from inside

and outside, to the existence and the freedom of these countries, and by the same logic, a menace to our own freedom and existence.

Secondly, as Armenians, if we are concerned with our self-preservation in the dispersion, and if we really are interested in the fate of our people in the fatherland we cannot afford to desist from political activity, and restrict our efforts purely to the cultural and the economic. We cannot afford it because, as individual citizens of our various countries, we are vitally interested in their fight against the internal and external conspiracy. By playing political neutrality, we place ourselves in a position of suspects. Our position becomes contradictory.

Third, we Armenians who live in free countries are recognized, not only as individuals, but as communities. If, as individuals, we cannot escape taking a stand against the Communist conspiracy, much less can we observe neutrality as communities. It is well known that the Armenians are organized everywhere, despite the rifts which plague them. They are organized for the pursuit of religious, cultural, and economic aims, as well as on the political plane. And it is no secret that for the past 30-35 years there has been a fierce struggle among them, a struggle which still continues, for or against the Soviet despotism in Armenia. This struggle cannot come to a sudden standstill by the mere wishing of individuals or factions, as long as the conditions which have created these conflicts are not removed.

How can we reconcile ourselves with the fact that Armenia today is a captive state of the Soviet tyranny which is stifling the freedom of the Armenian people to create and to develop, which is destroying systematically the national spirit of the young generation and which strives to assimilate the youth into the Great Russian Nation?

How can we reconcile ourselves with

the fact that the agents of the Soviet conspiracy are busy among us, organizing fifth columnists, stopping at nothing, and thus, have succeeded in tying to their chariot some of our benevolent, educational, cultural and patriotic organizations, and even an important segment of the church?

How can we shut our eyes to the fact that these fifth columnists endanger the safety and the freedom of our communities of abroad, by rendering them suspect in the eyes of the governments and the peoples of those countries which have given us shelter?

Is it pardonable to be so naive as to claim that, were it not for Dashnak "informers," these governments would never know of the existence of Armenian fifth columnists in their midst? Are these governments and peoples so blind and so ill-informed as that? And even if the overwhelming majority of the Armenians in these communities were neutrals, passive, and silently indulgent, and maintained a hands off policy, or underhandedly and through devious means lent support to the subversive activity of these fifth columnists, would not this fact render the entire Armenian communities suspect in the eyes of these governments?

Always Against the Dashnaks, and Always with the Communists

Years ago, at least as late as 1947, the non-Communist opponents of the Dashnaks seldom talked about political neutrality. After 1933 when the United States recognized the Soviet Government, these opponents were waging a relentless fight against the Dashnaks, hand in hand with the Communists in disguise. They openly advocated the Soviet line and did their best to help the Soviet agents in their subversive activity among the Armenians of the dispersion, the United States in particular.

Who were the ones who supported and

still continue to support these Communists, although not so boldly, not so openly, and not so vigorously as before?

First of all, of course, they were the Ramgavars, the men who have started to speak about neutrality in the present world conflict. Formerly they operated openly, but today they are underhanded in their collaboration with the Communists against the only Armenian anti-Communist political organization. As proof, to this day they are a part of the so-called *Armenian National Council* which was organized and is directed by the Communists, and whose principal mission has become today the celebration of November 29, the infamous day of Armenia's sovietization. And should the Ramgavars have severed their connections with this dark organization, they should have the courage to publicly admit it.

That the Ramgavars have not really changed their pro-Soviet policy but have become a bit more careful in their public declarations is proved by their own newspapers, from California to the Arabic countries. It is proved by their conduct in parliamentary elections, especially in the Armenian communities of the Middle East. The most eloquent proof is the fact that, to this day, they are with the Communists or the "Progressives" in the common front against the Dashnaks.

Unfortunately, it is not the Ramgavars alone who have supported these "Progressive" Communists. The Armenian General Benevolent Union which takes pride in calling itself non-political, has for years kept in its employ such noted Communists as Patrik Selian, hires Communist or "Progressive" teachers in the schools which it supports, and consistently discriminates against Dashnak teachers. Its position toward the Armenian Revolutionary Federation (Dashnak) is political, to the point of being partisan, especially in regard to

the Dashnak political struggle against the Soviet.

The leaders of the AGBU (Armenian General Benevolent Union) cannot justify their conduct by saying:

"If we discriminate against individuals and organizations, the reason is their unfriendly attitude toward us. Let all cooperate with us sincerely, let them support our effort, let them be just in their appraisals and judgments, let them not ascribe to us partiality, let them not accuse us of sins which we have not committed, and let them not prejudice us in the eyes of the peoples whose hospitality we enjoy, and we shall be friendly-inclined toward them."

The spirit of this challenge is a double-edged sword and is likely to boomerang on its authors. Those individuals and organizations which have been accused by the present President of the AGBU, Mr. Alex Manoogian, can justly reverse the charges which have been advanced. How come the AGBU whose President assures us that his organization is politically neutral, is national and all-embrasive, is always friendly toward the Soviet Government and the Communists, and is consistently opposed to the Dashnaks? How come it has always favored the pro-Soviet agents and "Progressive" teachers, as opposed to Dashnak intellectuals? Is it because the Soviet is more friendly to them than the Dashnaks, or are there other motives?

How can the President of the AGBU expect friendship from the Dashnaks or its sister organizations when it itself, despite its protestations of being non-political, constantly aligns itself with the sworn enemies of the Dashnaks, notwithstanding the fact that these enemies are Communists under the mask of "Progressives"? Has there ever been a political conflict among the Armenians when the AGBU, one way or another, has not taken its stand alongside the pro-Soviet organizations, always against the Dashnaks? Unfortunately, not once.

And yet, the AGBU President, even if driven by lofty motives, tries to justify his organization by always putting the blame on the Dashnaks and trying to exonerate itself of the sin of favoritism. This is the reason why the ostensibly "non-political" AGBU, whose President has called on all to join his organization, together to lead the ship of the Armenian nation safely to the harbor, cannot justify its partisan conduct by the insincere reasoning that said conduct is the result of the unfriendly attitude of the others.

An organization which has the ambition of rallying around itself all Armenian organizations, must itself set the example as non-discriminatory, non-partisan, and absolutely impartial. Before expecting, or demanding of the others to join in, it must show its benevolence toward all by actual deeds.

How the Soviet Controls the Armenian Churches of Abroad

Another factor which contributed considerably to the strengthening of the Armenian Communists of the United States was the support of the *Knights of Vardan* — a lay organization ostensibly dedicated to the preservation of the Armenian church tradition.

We firmly believe that the large majority of these Knights are neither Communists nor Communist sympathizers. The record of this organization ever since 1933, however, proves that they have been strong supporters of Ramgavar, AGBU, and Compatriotics collaboration with the "Progressive" Communists, pushing the latter to the fore, and enabling them to have a strong say even in church affairs, although the leaders of the Knights should have known well that the Communists are the sworn enemies of religion and church, striving to convert the Armenian church, into a tool for the realization of their sinister designs.

This behavior of the Knights of Vardan is all the more surprising when we consider that their organization is primarily dedicated to the defense of the Armenian Apostolic Church, whereas their flirtation with the atheistic and anti-religious "Progressives" could only lead to the destruction of the Armenian Church.

Fortunately, as we learn from indirect sources, the Knights of Vardan seem to have reflected upon their error, and today they are trying to relax their bond, if not altogether sever their connection with their "Progressive" confederates of yesterday. This is a highly praiseworthy development and should be encouraged in every way possible.

The support of the Armenian Compatriotic Unions was another factor which contributed to the strengthening of the Armenian Communist bloc of abroad, notwithstanding the fact that essentially, and by policy, the Compatriotics should have been more neutral than any other organization. The primary mission of these societies is to extend aid to the remnants of their old country native towns. At the instigation of Communist agents, and through the cooperation of the Ramgavar and the Hunchaks, some of these Unions parted from the Dashnaks, purged their ranks of the latter, and became anti-Dashnak, pro-Soviet organizations.

However, the most disastrous role in the extension and the strengthening of the Communist organization among the Armenians of the Dispersion was played by an important segment of the Armenian clergy. This was true, not only of the United States where they disrupted and divided the church, but also in the other communities of the world in a less measure.

The high ranking clergy abroad, our archbishops, bishops, our Vardapets and priests have no justification for their obsequious obedience to the orders from Etchmiadzin, when they well know that the power which

dictates these orders is the Soviet Government, the mortal enemy of God, religion and the church, and whose aim is to convert the church into an instrument of its subversive propaganda in the free world.

It will not do to say that Etchmiadzin has issued strict orders to the clergy to abstain from political or partisan affairs. Everyone knows that this is done in order to hoodwink the foreign governments and to protect the Communists from prosecution.

As a matter of fact, the Soviet does not have to resort to direct political intervention. In Etchmiadzin it has a powerful weapon to affect politically the life of Armenian communities of abroad in favor of the Soviet. This weapon is Etchmiadzin's authority to confirm the clergy, or, through various pretexts, to punish them by arbitrary suspension, forced retirement, or outright unfrocking.

It is very easy to see the disastrous consequences of this punitive weapon. The clergy which is subject to Etchmiadzin, no matter what their political predilections may be, are in such a position that, whether they are in Soviet Armenia or abroad, they dare not take a step which might incur the Soviet's displeasure and make them liable to the loss of their position or rank. That is one reason why they dare not collaborate with the Dashnak press, even if their articles are non-political and are strictly devoted to religious or cultural topics. That is the reason why they are afraid to take part in Dashnak rallies, even if these rallies are strictly cultural. On the contrary, they are encouraged whenever they take a stand *against* the Dashnaks, with promises, or deeds, of promotion.

In the light of this fact, it is futile to argue that Etchmiadzin does not politically interfere with the life of Armenian communities of abroad.

It is possible that Etchmiadzin has issued strict orders to the churches of the

Dispersion for loyalty to the local government, and it is equally possible that it no longer insists on the observance of November 29 as the day of Armenia's "liberation" as before. It is true that some of the Armenian clergy of abroad no longer publicly extoll the Soviet. But, the comparatively more discreet and circumspect behavior of some of the Armenian clergy today is not the result of any fundamental change in Etchmiadzin, but is the direct consequence of the stricter vigilance and prosecution of the subversive elements on the part of the free governments of the world.

In other words, the Armenian clergy of abroad is caught between two dread alternatives. One is, they are forced to avoid finding themselves in a position of opponents to the Soviet, are afraid to express the slightest criticism of the Soviet, no matter how anti-religious or how damaging for the nation, for fear of being suspended or unfrocked. The other is, they no longer can publicly display their sympathy for the Soviet, but are forced to be more cautious, less provocative, and more subtle, lest they incur the displeasure of the free governments.

Needless to say, this is an exceedingly intolerable and dangerous situation, not only for the clergy, but for our communities and our churches.

We have not the slightest doubt that the overwhelming majority of our clergy are opposed to, and even are enemies, of Soviet atheism. But with negligible exceptions, they are forcibly chained to the Soviet chariot, often without realizing it. Moreover, few is not the number of those ecclesiastics, especially the young clergy, who are with the Dashnaks both by sympathy and conviction, and who, were they free, would join in the fight against the Soviet atheism. But they are forced to hide their real feelings and reluctantly to serve the Soviet, because they are afraid they might lose their positions and rank.

The Futility of Cooperation With Disguised Communists

As long as the confirmation of Armenian prelacies of abroad is dependent of Etchmiadzin, and as long as Etchmiadzin is the captive of the Kremlin, it is natural that only those clergymen will be confirmed who are sympathetic with the Soviet Government. Likewise, it is to be expected that these prelates, in their turn, will try to promote only those priests and Vardapets who are friends of the Soviet, who are likely to avoid any anti-Soviet procedure, and are ready to cooperate with those factions which are friendly to the Soviet, and will remain aloof from any anti-Soviet elements.

Needless to say, a clergy in this abnormal position, no matter how desirous of being neutral, cannot be neutral. The result is that their churches will also be unable to be neutral. Political neutrality could be a good thing, perhaps, for our churches, the AGBU, the Knights of Vardan, our compatriotics and similar organizations whose calling is not political, provided, however, that such neutrality does not extend to the Communists, or the "Progressives" who are Communists in disguise.

In reality, the Communists are not a political party but the agents of a world conspiracy who are enemies of the church, religion, the nation or all national ideas and ideals. Moreover, their objective in the Dispersion, in case of their victory, is to destroy all the other political parties and independent organizations, as they have done in all Soviet-enslaved countries.

It is no secret, however, that an important segment of the Armenian churches and compatriotic unions, the AGBU and the Knights of Vardan, for years have collaborated, and still do so, with the Communists, whether card-bearing members of Communist Party or Communists in disguise, and have shunned the Dashnaks and their sister organizations, although it would

have been more logical for them to do the exact opposite.

Nevertheless, we do not necessarily expect or demand that these so-called neutral organizations join the Dashnak organization. The least we expect and want is that they really become neutrals, and not fight the Dashnaks under the false guise of neutrality. Because, by doing so, they really aid and abet the Communists.

There was a time when these so-called neutrals and the Ramgavars could expect some definite gains by collaborating with the "Progressives." Today conditions have changed in the free world and they no longer have anything to gain. And that, for several reasons.

First, by mere collaboration with the Communists or by their pro-Soviet sympathy, they cannot hope to penetrate the Iron Curtain in order to extend aid to the people of Armenia, nor to improve their condition.

Second, by their past policy of collaboration with the Communists, or their ostensible neutrality in the present world conflict, they have cast suspicion on the loyalty and the reliability of the Armenians of the world in the eyes of sheltering peoples and their governments.

Third, such a policy, as the record proves, will serve nothing, except to perpetuate the present division of the Armenians and will render impossible any cooperation in religious, cultural, benevolent, social and economic areas of activity.

Fourth, the so-called neutrals and the Ramgavars can come to terms with the Dashnaks only when they turn their backs to the Communists and the "Progressives," for the creation of a solid basis of cooperation in the Dispersion.

Fifth, only through complete severance of their relations with the Communist or "Progressives" can they hope to win the complete emancipation of the Armenian church, as well as the non-political organi-

zations which are aligned with them, from the Soviet's control, its encroachments, and its intrigues.

Unfortunately, our neutral organizations and the Ramgavars are infiltrated with suspects who, having attained influential positions, have directed their policies, always favoring the Communists and opposing the Dashnaks, thus preventing them from observing strict neutrality.

Fortunately, both national and world conditions steadily have become more favorable to neutralize the influence of these subversive individuals who have sneaked into the neutral organizations and the Ramgavar party, and this, for two valid reasons.

First, there is the general disillusionment of the AGBU, the Knights of Vardan, the compatriotic unions and the Ramgavar party, as regards the false and attractive blandishments of the Communists, and the growing realization that there is nothing to be gained from their cooperation.

Second, there is the fear of association with the Communists, although not sufficiently strong at present, to enable them completely to sever their relations with them, nor to abandon the Soviet sympathy. The motive of fear compels them to hide their real inclinations and try to establish ties with the Dashnaks in order to show that they really are neutrals.

Those who reason in this manner, whether sincere or not sincere, forget that the Communists or the "Progressive" masqueraders are not an Armenian party who in reality are interested in Armenian inter-

ests, values, ideals and objectives, but they are simply the abject slaves of a foreign, tyrannical and imperialistic government who, when their masters demand it, are ready to sacrifice the whole of Armenia for the sake of the World Revolution.

Lastly, it must be noted that, in the present unprecedented world conflict, such a thing as political neutrality is an impossible position. If it does not stem from absolute political apathy, in the free countries it can only serve as a cloak to hide one's true sympathies toward the Soviet, because sympathy or cooperation with the Soviet is daily becoming uncomfortable in free countries of the world.

If this neutrality does not stem from fear, nor is the result of unpardonable indifference politically, in that case, there is no serious reason why the truly neutral individuals in the abovementioned organizations should not sever their relations with the antinational, apostate, atheistic and plotting Communists and the "Progressives", and hand in hand with the Dashnaks and their sister organizations, form one united front, and concentrate their efforts on the educational, cultural, religious, economic and social activities whose condition at present is far from enviable, and will surely be even worse, unless we take decisive steps to put an end to the present intolerable division, and lastly, discover the true road to reconstruction and rehabilitation in order to repair the ravages of the past and to heal the countless and manifold wounds of our communities of the Dispersion.



WHEN MAN DID NOT DIE

RUBEN ZARTARIAN

In those days when the sunsets cast no shadows and the nights were not weighted with fear and terror, when the bleak winter wind did not wail mournfully and no sobs troubled the maternal breasts, the world was wonderful.

In those days the mornings were intoxicated with the riotous scent of the roses of May, for nature was filled with the spring's ever-healing and inexhaustible regeneration and joy and laughter blossomed everywhere, on land and water, in the shady glades and as far as the distant shining horizon. From the skies, over the green fields and through the thick foliage of the fragrant orchards, an edenic breath inundated the earth with its enchantment.

The love of life flowed and overflowed everywhere and from every side with boundless, inexhaustible resurgence. An unknown rapture plucked the human heart and wafted it toward an endless destination, and always new, fresh longings took wing and flew away like the worshipful melody of the nightingale, toward the dazzling vistas of the morn, toward the nameless and never-to-be-penetrated beauties of the universe.

There was no fatigue in those days, and the devastating despair and the incurable anguish of the heart were unknown to the world.

There was no death in those days.

The flowers in the grass, the butterflies in the bush, and all human eyes were like

brothers and sisters of the lights which flickered in the deep blue of the skies. The trees, from their nests snuggled in their branches, were showering down a dove-winged, ethereal music together with verdant leaves and sweet-scented petals. In the green meadows in green hills the newly-born lambs were grazing with their milky bleating, and the cocks, hopping from the rooftops, flapped their wings as they eulogized the time of the day, while a lukewarm sun, with its rays dipped in honey, shot downward to the earth, bringing with it restfulness, delight, and sweetness.

For, neither the partridge nor the quail of the mountain ever died, neither the lion nor the cub of the forest, neither the stork nor the jay of the field, neither the mothers before the birth of their children, nor the children after they were born.

The villages and the cities had no cemeteries, and the flavor of human flesh was unknown to the soil.

In those days human lips were not parched from the thirst, and life itself, seated in front of the spring of sorrow, seeing its reflection twisted in the murky waves, did not mourn and wail its hapless fate as it does today.

In this ultra-terrestrial, wondrous life, the homes overflowed with blessings, with the bounteous harvest, and the year with its magic youth. There was no end to harvesting the crop of the fruit, and the orchards never wilted from old age of the three sea-

sons. In the depths of the rocky cells of the caverns the honey piled up, and melting, dripped downward, and they even said that the milk of the roe deer sometimes flowed from water springs. The Euphrates was filled with golden rocks and its waves spread on its banks a ravishing vapor of dreamy scents, intoxicated by which flocks of birds soared in the air, warbling their divine doxology. And from under this chimerical canopy of redolence and warble, naked nymphs came down the river swimming, their breasts above the water, caressing it, swimming and playing with each other while on yonder twin verdant banks, the sedges and the dew-clad lillies reached out in their effort to touch the naked nymphs and to kiss with their lips the voluptuous freshness of their bodies.

In the blissful world one sweet day an old man was playing with the children in the field, gay, carefree and with careless, childlike oblivion to his surroundings. Some of the fields still were green, others were loaded with the ripe harvest. Because the aging man with the snow-white hair and beard had no wrinkles on his face nor creases on his forehead, because his knees did not knuckle under nor his arms trembled, and because he still retained his youthful vigor and strength, life in those days was only a cycle which periodically rejuvenated, black hair grew under the white roots, the old skin shed off like the scales of the bran giving way to new flesh and blood, and one night the old man would wake up only to find himself a newly-born babe. Age steadily melted and wasted away with the new dawn. The fear of death, like a shadow, never chased the man; pain never penetrated the marrow of the bone as it does today, nor sorrow ever coursed through his veins.

The old man was playing a children's game with the bare-footed, curly-haired little boys, laughing and frolicking with them. The storks which had come down

from their huge nests, hopped around them, fearlessly pecking at the earth, while the sparrows came and perched on the childrens' heads and the old man's shoulders with intimate ease. Red, black and speckled cows grazed nearby quietly, sniffing the grass and with intermittent jerks of the head trying to pull it by the roots. The buffaloes, couched in the shade or in the water, chewed the cud lazily, staring at their surroundings with equal laziness and serenity.

And lo, suddenly there was heard the flapping of wings in the air and from the unknown spirals of the skies a being emerged and settled on the field. Having stopped on the crest of the nearby hill, the being called to the old man who was playing with the children. The children continued their game.

"Come, old man," said the white-winged being from whose shoulders hung a purple cape which, rippling loosely down his chest covered his navel and ended in a knot on his back.

"It has been decreed," he said, "that your body will have an allotted number of years after which it will die, much the same as all the men who shall come after you and appear on this world shall die."

"But, what is death?" the old man asked with innocent curiosity.

"Death," continued the stranger with a sad smile, "is a sort of sleep under whose spell, once you close your eyes, you shall never be able to open again, an eternally dark, dawnless night where there is no sunrise, nor a dim ray of the moon. When death comes and embraces you, this warm sun, these fields, these rustling trees, yonder clouds with the body of the trembling lilly on the distant horizon, they all shall remain here for others to enjoy, and you shall be deprived of them, never again to see."

The old man felt as if his body was being needled and an uneasy stir filled his being. A vague fear seized him. This was the first

time that he had felt like this in all his life.

"You say strange and cruel things," the old man replied, "because, is it possible? And what comfort is it to me to think that the sun will remain in its place, the skies in their present splendor, the birds will again soar in the air and will continue their warble, the hills, together with their vineyards and bounteous orchards shall stay in their place, and I shall die in order not to see them. But what is the reason that, while the same smoke shall rise from the same chimneys of the village each morning and evening, while my children, my loved ones and relatives shall stay here to enjoy all this, and I shall be the only one not to join them? Why? Why? Why can't you be just to me, stranger, why do you want to change this good order?"

"They told me that man is very small but his longings are infinite. They told me that, as the river has flowed from time immemorial and whose springs can never be dried, so the human heart has a thousand springs and veins from which flow the human longings endlessly. I have come to dry up these very taps. I want you to die, and to tell the truth, I myself don't know why."

The old man hung his head limply on his chest, then raising his eyes, as if sensing the presence of death beside him, he cast one last look around him. It seemed to him the beauties of nature burned more intensely from the charm and the urge of eternity. The children, oblivious of their surroundings, continued their gay, playful game. Nature was enchanting, buoyant and glittering, the enjoyment of life so powerful and irresistible.

"After I die let me be a stone, but at least let me have an eye with which to see, let me be this blade of grass but let my heart stay with me, let me be the thorn of this brush but let me keep my tongue so that I may be able to speak with my loved

ones when they pass me by, after I die let me be the smallest beetle of this field, but let my love, my longings and my feelings remain with me so that from my obscure corner I may be able to enjoy this world," sobbed the old man with tearful eyes.

The shadow of an infinite sadness crossed over the stranger's face. In his turn, he too knew nature, and although he came from ultra-terrestrial realms, he too felt the maddening delight of nature's beauties, its copious laughter, its all-embracing joy. He too felt that his heart reluctantly shared the old man's powerful lust for life and his sorrow.

There was a moment's silence. The old man was sobbing while the stranger seemed to be preoccupied with his thoughts.

Finally the winged being with they eyes of the gazelle, the black cascading hair of the virgin, and the red lips of the wild tulip, let loose his white, incorporeal wings which hung like a cloud on each side, looked intently at the heavens, and added:

"Old man, now that you shall become a mortal, as a last favor and comfort, it has been decreed that you shall determine the number of your days, but you shall ask for nothing more; it shall not be given to you. Tell me now, how long do you want to live and when do you want to die?"

The old man did not speak, for how much could he gain from immortality by reckoning the centuries and the years? How much water could a child's palm hold from the boundlessness of the ocean?

"Hurry, old man," the stranger warned, "my time is short and my wings are not used to this much rest. Do you see yonder grazing cow? She shall serve as the measure of your wish. Put your hands on her back, and the number of hairs which you can cover with your hands shall be the number of the years which you shall live on this earth."

Mad, intoxicated with the love of life, the old man rushed to the grazing cow and

pounced on her back with all his body, thinking this way he could cover the maximum of hair. But, alas, in his over-eagerness to cover the greatest number of hair, while his body was on the cow's back, his hands hung loosely in the air and he did not touch a single hair.

The stranger who was the life-dispensing messenger changed into the avenging angel. Sad and grief-stricken, he flapped his wings twice, and like a hawk, darted into the air. After him all lights dimmed, a pall of mourning hung from the skies, an unusual bitterness whisked on every side and settled down like a dust. From that day on the

nights were filled with terror, the poisonous tongue of the snake licked the green of the buds blighting all hope, the rivers became deeper and the waters took the color of rust, from the throats of the birds grief made its voice heard, the colors wilted, the lights became sorrowful, and the tremor of death filled everywhere.

The old man was dead. And life was destined as we live today, the proverbial fourscore which the old man had lived and then died. The old man died but his insatiable love of life remained immortal.

(Translated from the Armenian)



DOVIN AND ITS ROLE IN ARMENIAN HISTORY

GARA GAVADARIAN

(Historian of Soviet Armenia and Director of the
Excavations of the ancient city of Dovin)

Dovin was made the capital of Armenia in the 30's of the Fourth Century and continued to remain the administrative center of entire Armenia until the great earthquake of 893. Thereafter, it became a trade and artisan center and continued until the 13th century when, in 1236, it was razed to the ground as a result of the invasions of Turkish tribes.

In 1936 systematic excavations were launched on the site of ancient Dovin and the venture was started in 1937.

They brought to light a few thousand historic relics of great significance which shed new light on the history of the Armenians. They proved that the hill of Dovin has a very ancient history. Dovin became the site of habitation as early as the latter part of the third millenium before Christ when man was making the transfer from the Stone Age to the Bronze Age and was establishing permanent residence on the hills, fortifying them with strong walls. Many relics belonging to that age were found in the lower strata of the Hill of Dovin.

The Dovin hill was converted into an important fortress in the first century of our era, during the reign of the Arshakouni (Arsacid) kings. The most striking objects which belonged to this period are the fragments of royal statues which were found within the range of the modern village of Inner Dovin.

At the outset of the 4th century we find

not only the citadel on the hill of Dovin but also an urban population. This is attested to by the existence of a giant pagan temple outside the citadel which, at the advent of Christianity, was converted into a church and eventually became the Armenian Apostolic Church of Dovin.

During the 30's of the 4th century the Armenian king Chosrov Kotak made Dovin his capital and built royal palaces within the citadel. This is confirmed by the 5th century Armenian chroniclers Faustus of Byzantium and Moses of Chorene.

But Dovin really became a big city during the rule of the Persian satraps in the 5th century when Dovin not only was the capital of Armenia but also was the economic, political and cultural center of the land.

For a long time Dovin also served as winter quarters for foreign troops who had conquered Armenia, for, as Procopius of Caesarea, the Byzantine chronicler, has said, Dovin had a temperate climate, plains suited for horsemanship, corresponding garrisons, store houses for arms and food supplies and facilities for water supply.

During the period of the Satraps Dovin had many trade shops of professional artisans. The greater part of these artisans produced for the foreign market.

Aside from these foreign travelers and merchants, there were established communities of Assyrian, Jewish and Persian merchants in the City of Dovin. From a

circular encyclical of Catholicos Nerses II (548-557) we learn that Nestorian Assyrians had a church and a bishop of their own in Dovin against whom the Armenian Catholicos proclaimed a boycott. The encyclical states that the Assyrians came to live in Dovin "for commercial exploitation."

The curious thing is that the Catholicos ordered not to have any intercourse with the Nestorians, neither to eat nor drink with them, not to fraternize with them, except to trade with them as any other non-Christian people.

The Byzantine chronicler Procopius of Caesarea writes: "Populous and tightly-woven villages near Dovin are inhabited by merchants who bring their wares from India, neighboring Iberia, and all the subject countries of Persia and Rome."

This passage has led Academician Manandian to venture the opinion that these men had not been permitted to establish residence in Dovin and, consequently, they were obliged to settle in nearby villages. This view is not correct, for among the inhabitants of the city during the period of the Satraps, mention is made not only of Armenian, but foreign merchants, such as the Jews and the Persians. From the testimony of Procopius it is apparent that these foreign merchants were so plentiful in Dovin that they were crowded into the villages. But, Procopius' villages in all probability also included the towns and the small cities, because speaking of the jurisdiction of the Armenian Catholicos, he says: "Only he has jurisdiction over these villages," whereas we know that the Catholicos' jurisdiction, in addition to the city of Dovin, included also many other cities.

During the time of the Satraps great impetus was given to construction. Aside from great public constructions (aqueducts, bridges, water fountains, fortress walls, palaces of the Catholicos, and the churches), palatial mansions were built for the Nakharars (feudal princes). Thomas

Artzruni the Armenian chronicler has this to say about this period: "The Armenian princes built royal palaces, private mansions, fortified the city with walls, and pacified the land."

It means that, aside from their provincial mansions, the Nakharars maintained palaces in the capital, and thus, took part in the political life of the country, especially since many of them held administrative posts in the palaces of the Satraps.

Unfortunately, no historian has left us a good description of the City of Dovin, although many of them admired it, calling it magnificent, illustrious, the famous capital of great Armenians, the real metropolis of the Armenians, etc.

The excavations, however, have brought to light a number of important structures. In the citadel were unearthed the ruins of palaces which were built immediately after the great earthquake of 893 and lasted until the city's final destruction in the 13th century. Under these ruins were found other palatial structures which belong to the era of the Satraps and the Arab domination. In the central part of the city were unearthed a cathedral, a palace of the Catholicos, a basilica-shaped temple, a passage which leads to the citadel, the system of the aqueduct, two fountains, a locksmith plant, ware-houses, armories and countless other small residential buildings.

On the site of the citadel and the lower fortifications, aside from many habitable structures, were unearthed workshops of clay and porcelain objects, of textiles and of goldsmiths, public baths, princely palaces etc., all of which reflect the life and the economy of the medieval city.

The oldest and greatest structure unearthed in Dovin is the Cathedral which originally was built in the 3rd century as a pagan temple but in the 4th century was converted into a Christian church. Toward the beginning of the 7th century this church was subjected to a radical

transformation and was converted into a domed structure with a cruciform basilica. The important thing is that these changes were not the result of mere accident, but, in the course of time, in accordance with structural innovations, it was completely transformed, preserving the while all the important elements of Armenian architecture, beginning with its initial period down to 893 when it was demolished by the great earthquake of Dovin.

To the north of this cathedral was found another basilic church concerning which we possess a written description from the hand of Hovhaness Draskhanagertzi, one of the Catholicosi of Dovin. This chapel was built in 553-554 as a shrine on the grave of Yizdbuzit. Therefore, this chapel is one of the last examples of the single-winged (vestibule) churches of Armenia.

To the west of this single-winged chapel is the palace of the Catholicos which, according to written sources, was built about 460 or 485, therefore, it belongs to the period of oldest Armenian civic structures and is of exceptional significance to the lay architecture of medieval Armenia. This structure has three wings, the southern and the northern being small vestibules, but the central which constitutes the main body, is a spacious, collonaded salon and occupies the entire length of the building.

But the Catholicosate was not confined to this single structure. It had other annexes to the north and the west for its economic needs, all of which later were razed to the ground.

Aside from serving as a residential quarter, the Catholicosate was also its treasure house where all the precious articles were kept. This wealth was so great that when in 571 the Armenian Nakharars were preparing for their revolt against the insufferable Persian regime, in order not to risk its safety, they transferred it to the City of Karin (Erzerum) for safe keeping.

A part of these articles were kept in the church of Dovin, but the greater part, and the whole of non-church property, was kept in the Catholicosate itself. In the history of Bishop Oukhtanes (10th century) we find a catalog of these precious articles: diamond-studded, costly vestments of the Catholicosi, ecclesiastical and pagan books (didactic), vestments of Armenian kings and many other non-ecclesiastical "mundane" objects.

It means that the Treasure house in its initial form served both as a library and a museum. From the history of Ghevond Yeretz (8th century) we learn that the treasury of the Catholicos had a secret repository which was called "The secret treasures" which the Arabs in vain tried to locate by tortures.

The Catholicosate maintained a seminary for the training of high-ranking clergymen. This institute of higher education, we may easily deduce from the testimony of Bishop Oukhtanes, was located in the building of the Catholicosate. Speaking of the poet Vertanes, the Vicar of the Catholicos, Oukhtanes writes: "He was brought up and educated at the See of the Catholicos."

During the rule of the Satraps state archives were kept at the citadel of Dovin. We know this from the testimony of Sebeos (7th century) which pertains to the separation of the land of the Siunis from Armenia, when the latter took out from the state archives of Dovin the part which belonged to them and took it to the City of Phaytakaran.

Dovin eventually disintegrated during the reign of the Arabs, particularly in the 8th century. The Arab regime was so oppressive that men abandoned their homes and their possessions and fled to foreign countries, while the remainder, to meet the heavy tax imposed upon them, were even obliged to sell their children. Michael the Assyrian (13th century), speaking of

this period, writes: "They used to sell their donkeys and oxen for one currency, and their children for five currencies, in order to be able to pay their taxes."

It is true that, during the reign of Yezid the Second (720-724), a new uniform system of weights and measures was introduced in Armenia as we learn from the Arab chronicler Baladzor. But this measure was introduced not in order to stimulate the development of commerce as some students of history have supposed, but with the aim of facilitating the process of tax collecting. Baladzor plainly states that, due to the diversity of weights and measures, the tax collectors got away with murder.

Some students of history have ventured the opinion that, during the Arab domination, the Arabs practically crowded the Armenians out of Dovin. It is quite true that there was a great Arab influx in Dovin during this period, and that the Arabs, aided by the government and through questionable methods succeeded in amassing a large amount of land and property, but according to the testimony of both Arab and Armenian chroniclers, the Armenians of Dovin constituted a commanding majority and the Arabs often fell under the influence of the Armenians. The Arab author El Mougatas (10th century) writes that the Christians of Dovin (the Armenians) were the majority of the population. El Isdahri (again 10th century) writes that the spoken language of Dovin was Armenian. According to Ibn Haoukal (977-978) in Dabil and the environs the spoken language was Armenian, and in Berda, the language of the Aghuans (Aghvans). From the Armenian chronicler Draskhanagertzi (10th century) we learn that, even in the 10th century when the Bagratuni dynasty of Shirak had been established long since, there were a number of Armenian princes in Dovin who in all probability were the remnants of the Arshakounis.

The city of Dovin had a second period of revival beginning with the 9th century which lasted until the middle of the 11th century. To this period belong a large part of the relics which we have excavated, particularly indicative of the rise of the trades and commerce.

It should be noted here that, while the City of Dovin ceased to become the capital of Armenia after the great earthquake of 887, it nevertheless was rebuilt in short order and after the founding of the City of Ani until the end of the 10th century it was the economic center of Armenia. It was for this reason that the Bagratids, before making Ani their capital, waged a long fight against the Arab Emirs for the reconquest of Dovin with a view to making it their capital.

The results of the excavations also show that commerce received a great impetus from the beginning of the 9th century to the middle of the 11th century. According to Arab authors, so great was the need of raw materials at this period that the Armenian artisans not only developed the local resources for their textiles but put in large orders in neighboring countries.

During the reign of the Bagratunis a number of cities came into existence on the road from Dovin to Trebizond which played an important role in the history of the Armenians. These were, Ani, Kars, and Artzn. After the flourishing period of the Bagratids, there was a second revival of trades and commerce under the rule of the Zakarian dynasty, but this was very short-lived because the invasion of the Turkish tribes in 1236 not only put a stop to this revival but utterly destroyed the City of Dovin.

The several thousand archaeological relics brought to light by this excavation are clear testimony of the people's life, their occupations, their culture and their customs. Dovin enjoyed a period of prosperity in the trades and commerce during the

rule of the Satraps and the Bagratid kingdom, but side by side with the professional artisan there flourished the modest individual artisan who worked for his own needs and to a limited extent for the needs of others. As a general rule the latter class belonged to the peasantry. The existence of this backward artisans clearly proves

that the people were divided into lower and higher classes.

The excavations of Dovin are not quite completed. Armenology has great expectations from these excavations concerning which the Academy of Sciences of Armenia already has published a number of voluminous scientific works.

ADMISSION

*Here in the night I give
All that I know of hate
To break all living things
That in their gentle light
Revolve without despair.*

*I shall forever hate
These most unholy things.
What do they hold of night
What do they give to fear?
Who does not shuck the grain
Does not deserve to live.*

VAROUJAN BOGHOSIAN

THE PELICAN AIR FERRY

A FABLE

P. K. THOMAJAN

This is an odd animal story and I don't think you've ever heard one quite like it. It's best told by my pet parrot, Billy, who just flew in from down South, where he saw it happen with his own eyes.

It's all about some pelicans and monkeys, who got together and made an unusual deal.

But let Billy give you the details.

"Hi, there!" Yo-ho, yo-ho, and do you have any yoyos for sale? Well, I guess you all know a thing or two about the queer-looking bird called the pelican from natural history books, also from trips to the zoo. There's a very cute ditty about the pelican, which I will now recite to you. Pipe these lines, pals:

A funny bird

Is the pelican,

Its beak can hold

More than its belly can.

"That's real ducky poetry! These pelicans have long bills with big underslung pouches in which they can carry a mess of fish. Boy, can they eat! I've seen them gobble up their weight in fish in one day. With their white feathers and yellow feet, they look real fancy when they waddle along a sandy beach. And what a wing spread — a five foot long pelican can stretch its wings ten feet and when they fly, they just seem to drift through the air.

"But, let's get on with this story that I'm supposed to tell you, or maybe I won't get fed. Now, inside this bay down south, there was a pretty little island on which

grew many rare berries that could be found nowhere else.

"Animals, you know, have a sweet tooth like human beings, and news gets around fast among them when there is something worth going after. I understand that they have a telegraph system all their own. The birds had no trouble flying to this island, also the animals that could swim got their share of the berries. But the greediest and most curious of animals, the monkeys, they could neither fly nor swim, and were they mad about this. They would chatter and squeal and made all the other animals miserable with their noises.

"Something had to be done. Monkeys were supposed to have brains and one of them had to find a way to get across to that island. At last, a couple of young monkeys got together and made a raft of bamboo poles, which they laced together with straps of palm leaves. Then the two of them hopped on and started to paddle with big sea shells in their hands. All the monkeys cheered as the raft started to move. But that cheering didn't last long for when those monkeys on the raft were about twenty-five feet from shore, it fell apart and they plunged into the water.

"Now all the monkeys who were watching started to scream. It certainly looked as if the two would drown — when all of a sudden right out of the blue sky — down swooped a pair of big pelicans. They scooped up the two floundering monkeys in

their big bill pouches and brought them safely to the shore.

"Never had the monkeys seen such a deed of heroism. The King of the monkeys thanked the two pelicans and invited them and the rest of their flock to a big feast that lasted long into the night.

"Now the King of the monkeys kept thinking about the wonderful thing that had just happened and he said to himself, 'Why can't a deal be arranged with the pelicans to carry our monkeys over to the island and we can pay them in bananas, which they like so much.'

"The next day the King of the monkeys talked to the King of the pelicans and a deal was made — whereby a bunch of bananas would be paid for each pair of monkeys taken to the island.

"In no time, the Pelican Air Ferry was in operation. Several of the strongest pelicans were picked for the job. The monkeys were so excited that they could hardly wait for their turn. One by one, they were flown to the island without a single accident.

"You can imagine how the other animals looked on in amazement at what was happening — never had they seen anything like this. Of course, the King of the monkeys was very proud at seeing how well his idea was working.

"Now the Queen monkey decided she would like to visit the island. But she was very very fat and the King monkey didn't think she should take the chance.

" 'I'll be alright,' she said, 'if the biggest and strongest pelican will fly me across,' and she looked admiringly at the powerful King pelican. Naturally, he offered to assist the Queen, who then went ahead and sat down in the King pelican's pouch. It looked like an awful big load to lift, but the Queen would have her way.

"After flapping and flapping his wings, the King pelican was at last able to take off and he headed across the water — when suddenly — he was seen to fly lower and lower — then dived like a piece of lead right into the water. When he came up, the Queen was missing.

"The King monkey shook with rage and he screamed for all the pelicans to join in saving his Queen. Now the King pelican sounded the alarm and ordered all his pelicans to the rescue.

"Quickly, they swarmed over the struggling Queen, took hold of her with their bills, and flew her back to the shore. The King monkey roared, 'This will never happen again — there will be no more flights.' "So that was the end of the Pelican Air Ferry; as for the monkeys on the island, they were happy to stay there, eating berries as fast as they grew."

Thanks, Billy, for telling us such a great yarn. Those pelicans certainly knew how to put a big mouth to good use. I am sure that the story of the Pelican Air Ferry will never be forgotten in the history of animal aviation.



AN ARMENIAN DYNASTY ON THE BYZANTINE THRONE

TO THE MEMORY OF NICHOLAS ADONTZ

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The partition of Armenia between the Roman and the Persian Empire brought to Byzantium — and the influx went on for centuries — masses of soldiers, officers, generals, civil servants, scholars, churchmen, of the purest Armenian stock. Of course, the importance of this element in Byzantine history has been often minimized or even ignored, and it is only in recent years that the record of what Ducange would have called *Familiae armeno-byzantinae* has begun to win the recognition of international scholarship. If this fascinating chapter of Armenian history is still largely unwritten, it is for the obvious reason that the emigrees, who lived far from their original home-country and had adapted themselves to the way of life of the Byzantines, are not always easily identified, even by skilled historians, as belonging to the Armenian nation. Many of them, it is true, preserved their national names or surnames, but persons named Vardas, Vardan, Vahan (Greek: Vaanes, Baanes) had become so numerous in the Greek Empire that today these names appear, even to learned readers, as typical of the "Byzantine epic." The present writer must confess that it took him a long time to become aware of the fact that one of his favorite heroes, Bardas

Phokas, with whom he was acquainted since childhood through the monumental work of Gustave Schlumberger, bore an almost trivial Armenian name. In other words, the Armenian touch of the Byzantine Empire is so strong that it is often mistaken for something characteristic, or symbolic, of the Byzantine culture itself. But we must hasten to acknowledge that the general failure to vindicate many of the Armenian heroes of Byzantium for their own nation is not due solely to Greek imperialism. It should be attributed perhaps rather to the Armenians themselves, who ceased to claim their own fellow-countrymen for the people of the Haik as soon as they had gone over to the established church of the Byzantine Empire. Many of those "traitors to their church and people" thus were considered as pure Greeks in the Byzantine annals, while the Armenian historians and chroniclers either passed them over in silence or treated them as foreigners, with indifference, contempt, or hatred. But the lamented Nicolas Adontz, the great Armenian scholar, has avenged at last the gallant and brilliant Armenian champions of the Byzantine Empire. I can refer only to his splendid series of enlightening monographs. In this short paper, dedicated to his memory, I shall limit myself to a particularly interesting set of great Armenians in

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Byzantium: those who ascended the throne, those who became nothing less than Roman Emperors. But even the most perfunctory treatment of this theme would exceed the limits of this article, for a mere enumeration of Armenian rulers of Constantinople, including usurpers and one-day *basileis*, requires by itself much research and a great deal of discussion. The subject itself has been dealt with more than once, especially by two Armenian writers. Shahnazarian's list comprises fourteen names: Maurice, Mjej, Philippikos, Artavasd, Leo V, Basil I, Leo VI, Alexander, Constantine VII, Romanos Lekapenos, Roman II, John Tsmiskes, Basil II, Constantine VIII. We cannot read this list without feeling scandalized. It simply leaves out a whole dynasty, the Armenian blood of which can be still better proved than that of Maurice, of Leo VI, Constantine VIII, Romanos II and his sons. Therefore the scope of this paper, limited from the outset to *imperial* Armenians in the Byzantine state, has to be limited still further to the vindication, for Armenian history, of one dynasty. But, to be sure, it is the most glorious of all Byzantine dynasties, that of Heraclius.

The oblivion into which the Armenian birth of Heraclius' father had fallen, even among the Armenians themselves, is the most striking proof of the truth of our assertion about that aloofness of the Armenian historians towards the greatest sons of their race, when they did not remain faithful to their creed. This point will be fully explained in due course. But I have to account, first, for the astonishing forgetfulness, the dark ingratitude shown to the great crusader by the Armenian people whom he had rescued from the Persian yoke. Until recently, because of the silence of the Armenians and because of the scanty references in the Greek sources to the Emperor's origin, the most important historical works did not make use of that

decisive fact. And still, there is no doubt whatsoever about the purely Armenian stock of Heraclius the Elder, father of the Emperor, offspring of an aristocratic family of Armenia, born, in all probability, at Theodosiopolis-Erzerum. Hence the following names — ten or eleven — have to be added to the fourteen entries in Shahnazarian's imperial catalogue: Heraclius (610-642), his sons by his second wife, Martina, Heraclonas and the Caesar David, his son by his first wife, Heraclius Constantine (sometimes called Constantine III) (641), Constans II or Constantine III, son of Heraclius Constantine and grandson of Heraclius (641-668), Constantine IV, son of his predecessor (668-685), Justinian II, son of Constantine IV (first reign: 685-695, second reign: 705-711). But this list still is not complete; for we should mention, perhaps, Heraclius and Tiberius, the younger brothers of Constantine IV who shared his crown until 680. And we should certainly not forget two "usurpers." First, Valentinus Arshakuni who helped overthrow Heraclonas and Martina in 641, but two years later gained a senatorial recognition as an official co-Emperor and protector of young Constans II. He was a favorite with the Armenian army, but the mob of Constantinople rose in rebellion against him and he was slain. Second, the Armenian usurper, Mezizios (Mjej Gnuni), proclaimed by the army alone, succeeded the assassinated Constans II in Syracuse, Sicily, on the 15th of September, 668. For a whole century, then, with only two short interruptions (Leontios 695-698 and Tiberios II, 698-705, who ruled between the two reigns of Justinian II) the Eastern Roman Empire was led by Armenian Emperors.

An Armenian Dynasty, or Rather an Armenian Era

But is this really important? Miss Sirapje Der Nersessian seems to doubt the Armenian character of the policy and stra-

tegy of the Heracleian dynasty and, of course, of the Macedonian. She says in her historical survey which is the first chapter of her book "Armenia and the Byzantine Empire": "To what extent did these Emperors recall their origin and how far did their presence on the imperial throne influence or modify the relations between the two countries? Is should be recalled at once that these rulers were separated from the mass of the Armenians by their religious faith. For the Emperor anointed by the Patriarch of Constantinople had to be a member of the Greek Catholic Church: and it seems certain that rulers of Armenian descent already belonged to that Church before their accession. A second important point is that almost all of them were born on Byzantine soil. If we examine the history of these Emperors, we can see that neither their foreign nor their domestic policy differed, in its essential points, from that of the Greek Emperors, and their official acts were not particularly friendly to Armenia. Religious persecutions mark the reigns of Maurice, Philippikos and Romanus Lacapenus."

Already in my preface to Miss Der Nersessian's book, I had pointed out that the learned author rather minimized the Armenian trend of the Armenian Emperors of Byzantium. In this article, I must rectify some statements of Miss Der Nersessian's which seem to me distinctly too "conservative," too redolent of this traditional standpoint. Being an Armenian patriot, but at the same time an international scholar, Miss Der Nersessian tries to avoid "nationalistic exaggerations" and to resist, so to say, her own feelings. As I am certainly free from any national bias in this question, my opinion may carry some weight. Now, having carefully reexamined the evidence, I am bound to proclaim that for the Heracleian dynasty — as well as the so-called Macedonian — but this will be kept in store for another article — we have

ample proof that Armenian motives determined the foreign policy and the strategy of many a ruler. Of course, the Armenian Emperors of these two dynasties sometimes took steps which were resented by the Armenian people. But generally, these very steps had been prompted by the desire of the rulers to utilize to the full the moral, material, and above all military resources of Armenia; and it was unavoidable that this very desire should bring some hardships on the useful but somewhat exploited people. By saying that the Armenian *basileis* in many cases acted, or reacted, as only persons acquainted with Armenian affairs could actually react, we are not naive enough to say or to think that their intentions were purely altruistic or charitable. Their purpose was and had to be mainly political, that is to say, realistic, sometimes cynical. But sometimes also, I maintain, these Armenians on the Byzantine throne, because they knew and understood the psychology of at least two nations, were more broad-minded, more tolerant, more liberal, showed more insight and foresight than rulers of Greek or Latin stock. This did not prevent them from getting involved in conflicts with the Armenians, especially with those stubborn and somewhat bigoted churchmen who stuck to their creed a little bit too literally, perhaps, making the goodwill of partisans and promoters of religious reunion sadly fruitless.

In short, my point is this: the Armenian Emperors of the Heracleian dynasty were by no means forgetful of their origin, and many of their deeds, much of their behavior, some of their most surprising and characteristic steps and initiatives in the field of politics, strategy, and religion bear witness to their lasting interest in Armenian affairs. And it is definitely untrue that the Armenian origin of the Heracleians should be quite immaterial, a mere historical curiosity, "because, someone said, a re-

mote national origin was bound to remain without factual implications in a state which after all was much like the American melting pot of nowadays." I have to protest, and very strongly, against that skeptical and negative attitude. Yesterday the trend was to ignore or to hush up the Armenian provenience of Heraclius and his successors. Today one seems prepared to acknowledge it or to admit it, more or less reluctantly, but one hastens to add that it has no historical significance. Let us see. First, I would like to enlarge somewhat the very conception of "Heracleian dynasty." Of course, with the exception of usurpers, two of them Armenians, these Emperors belong to the same family. But, if we consider them as following a certain tradition, which is very clear, we must add to their names two other Armenian names. Curiously enough, there was a prelude or prologue to the dynasty proper, and there was an epilogue, too. The Emperor of the prologue was Maurice and that of the epilogue, Philippikos Bardanes. Because of Maurice and Philippikos, I would go so far as to say that the link between all those reigns is not so much dynastic as national, not so much Heracleian as Armenian. I would call the whole period from the accession of Maurice (582) to the fall of Philippikos (713), 130 years, the first Armenian era in Byzantine history. And it would be very easy to sum up the events of these 130 years. Powerful Armenian rulers occupy the throne in succession, with only three intermissions (Phokas between Maurice and Heraclius, Leontios and Tiberios between the two reigns of Justinian II, as we have already pointed out). *And their policy is mainly determined by the Armenian problem.* This problem was brilliantly solved by Maurice in 591, when he acquired, through a peaceful settlement with the young king of Persia, most of the Armenian provinces. This acquisition was then a military necessity or emergency, for the

Avar and Slav invasions of the Balkans made it impossible to recruit further sufficient contingents in the Illyricum provinces, famous for their warlike population, but now overflowed by the barbarians. Hence, the vital utility of the "Armenian reservoir of military manpower," on which Maurice drew heavily to stem the tide of invasion and hurl it back across and far beyond the Danube. The value of the Armenian soldier could not but grow until it became literally the sole hope of Byzantium: for the overwhelming Persian invasion, under Phokas and the first twelve years of Heraclius, as well as the persistence and imminence of the Avar peril, made the military problems of the Empire almost insoluble. If Maurice the Armenian had occupied himself very earnestly with Armenia, it may be said of Heraclius the Armenian (who in so many respects was the disciple of Maurice, the great strategist on the throne and learned writer on military art), that his whole life was *dominated* by Armenia, because he rightly saw that unless he obtained the wholehearted support of this indomitable nation in his struggle against Persia, the Empire and himself were doomed. When Asia Minor was raided by the Persian columns, when Syria, Palestine, Egypt were occupied by Chosroes' generals, when Constantinople could be daily stormed by the Avar hordes, what could Heraclius do? Where could he find the untiring, stubborn fighters whom he needed for his bold invasion of Persia proper? In Armenia and only there. After twelve years of preparation he tried to reach Armenia through Asia Minor. In 623 he went there, partly by sea, abandoning his capital for six long years, during which he behaved in all respects more like an Armenian king than like a Greek Emperor. And with his faithful Armenians and other Caucasians — among whom were 40,000 Khazars — he finally achieved his aim. But he could not have achieved it if he had not decided to

make some sacrifices in the field of dogma, to regain for Christian unity the estranged Armenian schismatics. I shall show that under his successors the same preoccupation remains dominant. The desire to retain Armenia as a bulwark against the Arab flood has certainly led to the stubborn and, at first glance, unhappy religious policy of Constans II. This traditional policy was given up, it is true, by Constantine IV, but only because he seems to have then written off the Armenian provinces, now solidly in the hand of the Moslems. But — and this is the best proof that my theory is sound, as soon as, under Justinian II and his successor, Philippikos Bardanes, the hope to reoccupy Armenia somewhat flares up, the religious policy of Heraclius and Constans II is suddenly revived by that last and ephemeral Emperor of the first Armenian era.

The reader is now acquainted with my general vision of that absorbing period, and I think that my conclusions will bear the test of the most careful and scholarly checking. But, as if I were asked questions by some responsive and deeply interested audience (I think of the very audience, indeed, before which this new point of view was presented several years ago in the Macmillan Theatre of Columbia University), I shall gladly, in the second part of this article, refute possible objections and quote some facts and some texts which, I believe, will win, in the long run, the unanimous acceptance of my general thesis.

The Greens and the Blues Under Maurice and Phokas

Recent studies by noted Byzantinists have disclosed the curious fact that every Emperor, during the first period of Byzantine history, had the backing of one of the two big parties into which public opinion was divided, as well as in the capital as in the provinces. These two parties were styled after the well known sportive labels,

the Greens and the Blues. Now, what we nowadays call politics or ideology, in the Byzantine world, was largely tied up with religion. And from the fifth to the beginning of the eighth century, the great religious struggle par excellence was the dispute about the nature of natures in Christ, the Orthodox believing in *two* natures, the divine and the human, as defined by the Council of Chalcedon (451), while the populations of Armenia, Egypt and in part the people of Syria, rejected with indignation the impious deed of "rending asunder" the divine person of Christ, and never ceased to curse "Chalcedon and the Chalcedonites." Therefore, the Armenian Emperors had to try, and to try hard, to offer the Armenians some kind of compromise. They were bound to attenuate the sharpness of orthodoxy, to open the door of the temple to the dissenters, to find at any cost some golden mean between the two extremes, exclusive, bigotted, mystic monophysism and worldly, philosophical, analyzing dyophysism, to compromise between "Chalcedon," dear to the Blues, and its opponents, who, in many parts of the Empire, rallied around the Green color. I have proved (and my opinion is now shared and fortified with further proof by my master and friend, A. A. Vasiliev), that Maurice favored the Armenian creed and in general the monophysitic Church. Vasiliev has even discovered a new and interesting text, according to which Maurice was looked upon as a saint by this Church. His tolerance is beautifully proved by his liberal statements, made in a dispute where his opponents sought to force upon the Emperor a general persecution of dissidents and non-conformists. Maurice impatiently rejoined: "Are the foreign wars which surround us not enough to you; do you really wish me to wage war on my own fellow-countrymen?" It is certain, too, that the great political party of the Greens, who largely attracted the mob in the large cities, and in the

East, the monophysitic dissidents, was Maurice's own party. And this is so true that his miserable successor, the atrocious and brutal tyrant Phokas, who was the champion of the *Blues*, posed as a devout Catholic, as a rescuer of the Empire from heresy, as a faithful friend and patron of the Pope! A great scandal indeed, a scandal in Church history and in Roman history, too. For a saint, Pope Gregory III, who hated the Armenian Maurice, wrote to his murderer, the abominable Phokas, a letter full of adulation which makes us blush for the honor of Papacy, and until the present days a monument of the strange and little dignified behavior of the Roman Church and people stands on the *Forum*: it is the famous column of Phokas, erected in his honor by a Byzantine governor with the approval of the Pope. When Heraclius overthrew and slew the tyrant, he put an end also to the domination of the orthodox *Blues*. The inscriptions, as well as the historians, show us that Heraclius' "own party" was the party of the *Greens*. It should not be forgotten that young Heraclius, the son of Heraclius the Patricius, Governor of Africa, sailed with his fleet directly from Carthage to Constantinople and took rapidly possession of the capital after a brief struggle, but that the conquest of Egypt by the troops of Heraclius required an extensive land campaign, about which we are tamely well informed by the Coptic historian John of Nikiu. Heraclius' best general, during this Egyptian campaign, was Niketas, nephew of Heraclius the elder, while Phokas' commander, was the famous Bonosus. John of Nikiu has preserved precious details on the attitude of the different parties during the course of this operation. He affords ample proof that the country, especially the Coptic and monophysitic centers, spontaneously rose in rebellion against Phokas and favored the invasion of the Heracleian army. Phokas' general put to death a number of members

of the monophysitic clergy and even a bishop who had been betrayed or denounced by the orthodox monks. And on the eve of the decisive battle, the battle for Alexandria, Niketas reinforced his rank and file by numerous citizens belonging to the *Green* faction. That final action was in reality the most important armed contest which ever took place between *Greens* and *Blues*, dyophysitic and monophysitic Byzantines. During the short action at Constantinople the same thing occurred. The *Greens* in a body abandoned Phokas and flocked into the camp of Heraclius.

I do not mean to say that the victorious Heraclius was not orthodox. He certainly was, but who were his supporters, throughout the Empire? They had been, and remained, chiefly the masses with non-conformist, rather monophysitic leaning. For Egypt this is too evident. For Armenia it will become still clearer.

Heraclius Needs Armenia

Heraclius, on ascending the throne, found himself confronted with the most disastrous military situation. The Persian king Chosroes, under the pretense of avenging Maurice's death, had invaded Asia Minor and Syria, and Heraclius' accession could not stop the invaders. On the contrary, their greatest triumphs now follow each other in rapid succession: Jerusalem fell in 614, the Holy Cross was lost and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was burnt down. In the spring of 619, the Persians were entering Egypt and, in the sad year 615, a Persian division had even reached Chalcedon. These years are years of unexpected greatness for the Persian Empire of the Sassanides. Chosroes seemed to resurrect the huge monarchy of Darius and Xerxes. What did Heraclius, who was also menaced in Europe, in the suburbs of his own capital, by the ferocious Avars? He bade for time and patiently prepared himself, his State, his capital, his Church, his

Army, his people and all the Christian nations within his reach, for an efficient defensive first, and later for a crushing counter-offensive. Of course, he had to make concessions to the Avars (with whom peace was concluded in 619) before he could think of carrying the war against Persia deep into Asia Minor and Mesopotamia.

Unfortunately, the immortal expeditions of Heraclius are not yet completely clear in many important details and we still await a great book on this greatest of emperors. The main source, a source which was long unknown and which is still sorely neglected, is the history of Heraclius by the Armenian Sebeos². In spite of its wealth of information it does not give us a complete picture, and has to be used along with the Greek chronicle of Theophanes and the valuable historical poems of Heraclius' poet laureate George of Pisidia. But thanks to Sebeos, at least, the events affecting especially Armenia became, so to say, more tangible, more directly intelligible. We now understand how, after a long period of preparation, which lasted twelve years, he decided to conduct the great Persian war as a religious war, a crusade for the reconquest of the Holy Grave and of the True Cross, and how he decided to conduct this war, not from Constantinople

under the traditional but ineffective form of yearly expeditions as his predecessors had done, but from Armenian bases and with the help of local recruits: Armenians, Caucasians of all sorts, and the Turkish Khazars in whom he justly saw the most precious allies. And Heraclius really acted in full conformity with this bold plan. This is unique in Byzantine history. Six full years of absence from the God-guarded city of Constantinople, the all-important imperial pomp and church ceremonies, the luxury and comfort of winter palaces and spring and summer resorts, the spectacles of the circus, the literary entertainments, in short, the high culture without which a Byzantine Emperor can hardly be conceived and without which most of the *basileis* certainly did not deem life worthwhile! And yet Heraclius voluntarily chose the wandering existence of a Xenophon, revisiting partly the same mountains and spending his winters in partly the same surroundings as the famous 10,000, ten centuries before! What did he do through all these years? His invasion of Persia proper in 627, his victory before Nineveh, his occupation of Dashagerd, the Persian residence on the 6th of January 628, are epical feats, familiar to all; and the end, the triumphal end of the story is still better known, I hope. Heraclius, in the midst of his victory, the extent of which perhaps he does not realize, prefers to retreat northward, to Shiarzur, where he received the news of Chosroes' overthrow and death, through a revolution led by his son, Siroes, — a miracle which struck with amazement the whole Eastern and Western world. (Mohammed himself speaks of the struggle in his Koran and strikingly takes sides with a Christian king against the heathen fire-worshipper.) This miracle had been made possible by the wholehearted cooperation of the Armenian nation who by Heraclius, completing the work of Maurice, was now reunited under the protectorate of the

2. For the American readers of the *Armenian Quarterly*, I cannot fail to disclose the almost incredible fact that the over-rich Public Library of New York does not possess the text nor the French translation of that capital book, the gem of Armenian historiography and one of the most important Byzantine sources. It is the Franco-Russian Brosset who re-discovered, at least for European scholarship, the work of Sebeos in the library of Etchmiadzin, 98 years ago. The first Armenian edition is that of Constantinople: we owe it to T. M. Mihrtadianz (1851). The Russian translation by K. Patkanian is dated 1862. The French version by F. Macler appeared in 1904. None of all these works is up to date, none is worthy of the present state of Byzantine and Armenian scholarship. A new edition with a new translation, a comparison with the other sources of Heraclidean history, a full commentary belong to the most urgent needs of historical scholarship.

Christian Empire and largely freed from the yoke of Persia. It is with that aim in mind that the Armenians had followed and backed their illustrious fellow-countryman who through six years has readapted himself fully to the Armenian way of life and way of thought.

Religious Concessions to the Armenian Point of View

Now the pre-requisite for any Byzantino-Armenian cooperation was a friendly attitude of Byzantium towards the Armenian point of view, hostile, irreconcilably hostile to the definition of two natures in Christ by the Council of Chalcedon. Unless something was done by the heads of the Byzantine State and Church to remove the old stumbling block, there could be no peace, no alliance between the Haik and the Romans. Many a Byzantine Emperor had been alive to that. But being unable to cancel Chalcedon, they had tried to make the dissidents forget about it by offering them some soothing remedy, meant to palliate the bitterness of an untoward formula. But after a while the dissidents, encouraged as they were by a policy of appeasement, went further and asked for anathematization of Chalcedon. If Heraclius so long delayed the start of his grand operation based on Armenia, it is not only because he had not yet completed his political, military, and diplomatic preparations, it is because he was not yet through with his theological preparations. This part of his preliminary work was entrusted to a magnificent churchman, the best patriarch Constantinople has ever possessed, Sergius. But Heraclius and Sergius were working hand in hand. Once on the spot in Armenia proper or Lazica (Colchis), the emperor spent whole days and whole nights on religious discussions with monks and bishops, trying or managing to win them over in principle to Sergius' great scheme but referring them for technicalities, as we

should say, to the Archbishop of Byzantium. Hence, the long correspondence which Sergius had to entertain with some of Heraclius' half converts whom it was his deal to persuade. This propaganda must have begun immediately after Sergius' accession to the patriarchal throne (610). The theme was always this: Armenian, Syrian, Egyptian monophysites, especially the moderate part of them should, Sergius intimated, withdraw their conscientious objections to Chalcedon, if the Church should proclaim, in an outspoken way, that she believed in the personal unity of Jesus Christ the God and Man. The best proof that his two natures acknowledged by Chalcedon were united and not separated in His person would be the proclamation of the unity of His activity or energy, one of the tenets of the monophysites, which the orthodox could be led to accept. Now Sergius really induced a goodly number of Easterners to accept not a formula which was their own, but tolerance towards the Chalcedonians, if the Chalcedonians were inclined to espouse monoenergetism. Recent research has cleared up, at least to a certain extent, the origin of monoenergetism. It is remarkable that in 622 patriarch Sergius wrote a letter recommending the new formula to a monk called Paul the One-Eyed, who was then living at Theodosiopolis (Karin, Erzerum) where Heraclius himself probably was some time at the end of this very year³. That propaganda went on and when, four years later, after the second Persian campaign, the emperor sojourned in Armenia proper, this time at

3. There is no doubt that this Paul must be identified with a monophysite monk of the same name as had been accepted by Bishop Owsepian. Professor Angelo Pernice in his Italian book on Heraclius, p. 231 tries to deny it and writes: 'Quanto all'anno della conferenza di Teodosiopoli in Armenia con Paolo non può ammettersi che sia 622. È vero che l'imperatore in questo tempo si trovò in Armenia; ma egli fu così occupato nelle cose della guerra che non poteva perdersi in discussioni teologiche.'

leisure, and busied himself with the reorganization of the reconquered or freed provinces, religious disputes, attempts at a compromise drafting of formulas and the like, part of his daily life. In that same year, 626, when the last military preparations were made for the grand invasion of Persia (October 627), the theological preparations were pursued with the utmost energy, not only in Armenia but in Lazika. It is there that Heraclius converted Bishop Cyrus of Phasis who later became Patriarch of Alexandria, leaving to patriarch Sergius of Constantinople the easy task of finishing the job.

The victorious campaign which we have just recounted, while keeping the emperor away from the theological battlefield, brought him the prestige of a warrior-saint or, of a new Constantine, of a second Joshua. Niniveh, Dastagerd, the final overthrow and the descent to the eternal fire of hell of Chosroes, seemed to confirm in the eyes of the Eastern Christians the soundness of his faith. The way was paved for the final union. This was the work, almost immediately after the restoration of the True Cross, of a council held at Karin (Theodosiopolis)⁴. A parallel action or parallel actions undertaken in Syria and Egypt resulted in full though rather ephemeral agreements; for Syria a council held at Hierapolis-Mabboug in 631, according to Honigmann, perhaps earlier, possibly 630; in Egypt Patriarch Cyrus reconciled the monophysites on the basis of the doctrine of one energy. It is true that in the case of Armenia and of the council of Karin, Sebeos does not say in so many words that the doctrine of one energy was proposed by the

Greeks and accepted by the Armenians. The only thing we know is that the Armenian Catholicos Esras, first approached by the Strategos Mjej Gnumi, refused to agree to the union, but yielding to the menaces of the general and to a letter written by Heraclius himself, went to Syria (Sebeos says Assyria) to discuss the matter, the serious matter, with the victorious Emperor, and probably came to some kind of agreement which materialized at the Council of Karin. Sebeos even speaks of an edict "sent by Heraclius to Esra" (when Heraclius was in Armenia, probably in 626). If this is true, and it must be true, it proves what was more than likely from the outset: that is to say, that the Armenian union, an idea which was conceived in the early twenties of the seventh century and which ripened in 626 when Heraclius himself was living in Armenia, was part of an extensive program of religious peace based almost solely on the unitarian concession of one energy in Christ. Certainly this formula was not written into the final resolution of the Synod of Karin, but we may be sure that if, as we are told, in the presence of Heraclius, who has come purposely from Edessa, all the Armenian Bishops with only one exception accepted the union after almost two centuries of schism, it was because in many private conversations the conqueror of Persia had conquered the hearts and souls of the Armenian prelates, using to the full the subtle and irenic expressions borrowed by Patriarch Sergius from the pseudo Dionysius the Areopagite.⁵ Thus, Heraclius the Armenian had done something at last for his fellow-countrymen. He had led them back into the great Christian Church. He had put an end to

⁴. Our source is Sebeos, Chap. 29; the date is far from established. Duchesne was in favor of 630 (thus one year after the reconquest of the cross) Owspeian 633. Grumel in his recent article does not state his own opinion. There was also a personal contact between Heraclius and Catholicos. Ezr or Esdras (between 631 and 634).

⁵. It is in one of the forged writings bearing that famous name, and which belong to some monophysite Syrian or Egyptian of the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth century that the expression "the one energy of the Man God" is found.

their contemptuous treatment by the conceited Greeks as second rate Christians, as heretics and schismatics, worthy of severe punishments or at best of scornful pity. He had healed what we could call in words of today the inferiority complex of the Armenian people. And all that had been done in the glamour and radiance of the most shining Christian victory, — those days were beautiful days, the blessed days of unified Christendom, — alas, did not last. Extremists on both sides soon ruined the work of peace, the one energy was found heretical by the bigotted Chalcedonians who for a while were induced to accept, instead, one will (a formula suggested by Pope Honorius and written into Heraclius' Ekthesis in 638). But in its turn the one will was swept away by a tempest of orthodox indignation and Constans II, the grandson of Heraclius, in order to save at least the seeds of good will sown by his grandfather, resorted to the movingly cautious wording of the *Typos* or decree on the faith (648) by which he forbids to mention both one and two wills. But these retreats only infuriated the relentless zealots of orthodoxy who wanted, since the question had been raised, a clearcut solution, viz., two energies and two wills: the scandal of scandals for the Armenians.

Constans II Clings to the Policy of His Grandfather

Conventional church history cannot enough blame Constans II of whom it makes a kind of anti-Christ for his outrageous assaults on orthodoxy, the great councils, the great Pope Martin, and the other martyr, Maximus the Confessor. Even liberal historiography does not like this violent ruler and cannot understand why he stuck so stubbornly to an attempt at reunion with the Easterners which had not even been accepted by the Copts, and which had not been able to protect or rescue the Eastern provinces of the

Empire from the Arab invasion at the cost of estranging from his monarchy and dynasty all his pious Western subjects. But those who reason that way simply ignore both history and geography. As long as Byzantium had not given up the hope of holding Armenia, it was only natural that he should have clung to the religious policy of his blessed and unfortunate grandfather. Now he did not give up the fight so easily in Armenia as in Egypt and Syria-Palestine. On the contrary, he fought on. He had the rebellious Pope Martin, the fierce opponent of that policy, arrested in 653. But in 654 he succeeded in reconquering almost completely Armenia and Georgia⁶. Sebeos, still our precious guide for this later period, tells us that in the cathedral at Dovin the council of Chalcedon was proclaimed anew and that again a *Catholikos* accepted the union, evidently because they had still a certain confidence in the genuine offspring and heir of their own Heraclius, the spirit of whom still wrought wonders of peace in the midst of darkness and despair. For the Arabs came back in force in 656 to be ousted by the Greeks in 657, 658, to reappear, and this time almost for good in 661. Thereupon Constans II died (668). His son and successor finally did, but only at the end of his reign, in 680/81, at the sixth oecumenical council what orthodox and liberal historians of today naively think the emperors should have done forty years before. They went back to orthodoxy, he reconciled himself with Rome and approved of the final condemnation of the

6. Byzantine troops reoccupied Armenia in 643, 645, 646. And this time so strongly that in 647 the Church of Armenia was subordinated to the Patriarchate of Constantinople, a bold and challenging attempt, sure to irritate the Armenian people unless they got some kind of religious satisfaction. This explains the "*Typos*" of 648 which desperately tried, it is true, at the same time to allay the conscientious objectors of the West by hushing up the dangerous problems of one or two energies and wills.

doctrines of one energy, of one will of Heraclius' Ekthesis, of Constans II Typos, of the persons and writings of several patriarchs of Constantinople to wit the great Sergius, his successor Pyrrhus, Patriarch Paul, Pope Honorius and several minor culprits. It was a great humiliation for the Church and throne of Constantinople, but the two emperors, listed as heretics, were spared the post-mortem anathema and the condemnation of Pope Honorius made good to a certain extent for the blame cast on three oecumenical patriarchs. Politically, this unconditional capitulation was justified by Constantine IV's defeatism. For he regarded Armenia as definitely lost.

He was wrong, however. Because of a ten years' civil war in the Califate (683-693), Justinian II, the last of the dynasty, retook Armenia and the neighboring countries; and his army stood there until, in 693, Calif Abd-el-Melik again invaded the land, expelling the Byzantines from it. During these years of see-saw warfare and alternative occupations by the Western and the Eastern neighbor, the Armenian national feeling had constantly grown under national princes, mainly of the great family of the Mamikonians. In 693, however, it was a Bagratunian, Sembad Bagratuni, who let the Arabs in, to seek later on refuge with the Greeks. Strangely enough Arab rule, to a certain extent, was more tolerant than the domination, even of the most pro-Armenian Byzantines. Of course, no Arab governor would have even dreamed of forcing Chalcedon upon the Armenian clergy. We could end here this sad but enlightening story, because the Heraclidean dynasty comes to an end with the tragic death of Justinian II, the emperor of the two reigns and of the Cut-Nose (Rhinotmetos). But an Armenian general with an Armenian name, Philippikos Bardanes, seized the power at the end of Justinian's second reign, and, to the general amazement of all historians, scandalized by his untimely

and untoward behavior, Philippikos Bardanes suddenly evokes the old ghost of the Heracleians, the doctrine of one will, he orders to remove from the imperial palace a picture of the sixth council and goes so far as to withdraw the imperial approval which Constantine IV and Justinian had granted to that last of Synods. This deed of Philippikos is generally utterly misunderstood. It is considered almost as a proof of madness or at least of stupid reactionary tendencies. But to our readers it will make sense. Philippikos Bardanes was a brilliant general. With his Armenian troops he proved strong enough to reoccupy part of Armenia and to win victories in Georgia and Abasgia. He had an elaborate Caucasian policy based on autonomy. But he thought that in Armenia no lasting result could be achieved unless the way followed by Heraclius and Constans II was reopened. Now it was blocked by the sixth oecumenical council, a buttress of Chalcedon, a scandal more scandalous than Chalcedon itself. The reason why Philippikos Bardanes revived monotheletism is simple. It is a purely Armenian reason. It is because Armenia was not yet lost, to quote almost literally the Polish national anthem. But the Arabs were too strong, the Armenians were too suspicious, the Byzantine Empire was too definitely against the so-called heretical course. Philippikos Bardanes succumbed. Armenia, overflowed by the Moslems, disappeared for a whole century from the Byzantine horizon. And the religious policy of the Heraclids vanished simultaneously and forever, from the pages of history.

Was I wrong when I stated, in advance, the conclusion of my research? I shall repeat it, more clearly if I can: The desperate efforts made by the Armenian Emperors of the seventh and of the early eighth century to substitute some Unitarian formula for the "dualistic" Creed of Chalcedon, were prompted, just as the general trend

of their policies in all fields — and above all the military — by their desire to secure and to retain the souls, the hearts, the arms of the fighting Armenians. For more than a century, the clue or key to Byzantine

politics is to be found far away from Byzantium, 800 miles from the Golden Horn; as in the days of the Flood, the Ark of salvation rested "upon the mountains of Ararat," *super montes Armeniae*.



Bibliography

On the part played by the Armenians in the Byzantine Empire there are, of course, many important articles and even some books. The most reliable of these works, which are also the most recent ones, are the scholarly papers written mainly in Brussels during the last decades by the late Nicholas Adontz. Let us quote the following titles:

Adontz-Gregoire, "Nicephore au col roide," *Byzantion* VIII (1933), pp. 293-212. Adontz, "L'age et l'origine de l'empereur Basile I," *Byzantion* VIII (1933), pp. 475-500. "La portee historique de l'oraison funebre de Basile I par son fils Leon le Sage," *Byzantion* VIII (1933), pp. 501-513. "L'age et l'origine de l'empereur Basile I (867-886) (suite et fin)," *Byzantion* IX (1934), pp. 223-260. "Notes armeno-byzantines" *Byzantion* IV (1934): I. Les sceaux de Makhitar (pp. 367-371); II. La lettre de Tzimisces au roi Ashot (pp. 371-377); III. La famille de Philarete (pp. 377-382. "Notes armeno-byzantines" *Byzantion* X (1935); IV. La famille de Theodorokan (pp. 161-170); V. Les Dalassenes (pp. 171-185); VI. L'aieul des Roubeniens (pp. 185-203); "Les Taronites a Byzance," *Byzantion* XI (1936); "La Genealogie des Taronites," *Byzantion* XIV (1939), p. 407; "Samuel l'Armenien, roi des Bulgares" *Memoires de l'Academie de Belgique*, 39 (1938), 60 p.

Professor N. Adontz proved the Armenian origin of Emperor Maurice in the *Annuaire de Philologie et d'Histoire Orientales*, II (1933-1934) *Melanges Bides*, pp. 1-12, "Les legendes de Maurice et de Constantin V, empereurs de Byzance."

Two Armenian scholars devoted entire books to the question of how many Armenians occupied the Byzantine throne. See Shahnazarian, quoted by J. Laurent *L'Arménie entre Byzance et l'Islam*, p. 197, note I, and K. H. Ter Sahakean, "The Armenian Emperors of Byzantium," 2 volumes. Venice 1905 (in Armenian). This book has been reviewed by A. Merk in *Byzantinische Zeitschrift* XIX (1910) pp. 547-550.

See also the excellent book of Joseph Laurent, "L'Arménie entre Byzance et l'Islam, depuis la conquête arabe jusqu'en 886" in *Bibliothèque des Ecoles Françaises d'Athènes et de Rome*, fasc. 117, Paris, Fontemoing, 1919, esp. p. 197 (already quoted).

On the different Emperors of the first Armenian era discussed in this article, consult the following Histories and Monographs. In general for this period the most authoritative book is Julian Kulakovskij, "Istoriia Vizantiï" II (518-602), and III (602-717), Kiev, 1913, 1915.

For Church history in those times see Augustin Fliche and Victor Martin, "Histoire de l'Eglise depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours," 5: "Gregoire le Grand, les États barbares et la conquête arabe (590-757)" par Louis Brehier, 1938, Blond et Gay, Paris Duchesne, "L'Eglise au VIe siècle" 381 sqq.

For the reign of Maurice and the utilization of Armenian recruits in his campaigns against the Avars, cf. Ernest Stein, "Studien zur Geschichte des byzantinischen Reiches, vornehmlich unter der Kaisern Justinus II und Tiberius Constantinus," Stuttgart 1919.

On Maurice's attitude towards religious non-conformists and his connection with the Green party, cf. the discussion between Yvonne Janssens "Les Bleus et les Verts sous Maurice, Phocas et Heraclius," *Byzantion* XI (1936) 499-536, Fr. Dolger, in the *Byzantinische Zeitschrift* XXXVII (1937), 542-543 and H. Gregoire, "L'Gregoire, 'L'empereur Maurice s'appuyait-il sur les Verts ou sur les Bleus?' *Annales de l'Institut Kondakov (Seminarium Kondakovianum)* X (1938), 107-111. My opinion concerning Emperor Maurice, the Armenian and Green Emperor has been backed very strongly by A. A. Vasiliev, in *Byzantion* XVI (1942-43), p. 184-188. Quoting a new Syriac text, Vasiliev concludes: "I think this text gives good support for the thesis of Miss Y. Janssens and H. Gregoire that Maurice favored the Greens, i. e. the Monophysites or Jacobites. This entirely answers the doubts expressed many years ago by F. Nau and recently by L. Brehier, as to why Maurice was considered a saint by the Jacobites. He has the very rare distinction of being considered a saint by both the Greek Orthodox and the Monophysitic Churches." See also a

scholarly paper on the Byzantine factions by Dyakonov in the new Russian periodical *Vizantijskij Sbornik*, Moscow 1945. I must add the decisive fact that, about 595, Maurice began to question the miracles of St. Euphemia of Chalcedon, who was supposed to have inspired the controversial formula to which the Armenians so strongly objected. This will be set forth at the first Byzantino-Slavonic Convention, New York, 26-28 April, 1946.

The last writer on this subject, Professor Fr. Dvornik, whose article "Political parties in Byzantium" appeared in the new periodical *Byzantina-Metabyzantina* I (1946), New York, still holds the traditional view, but he does not know as yet the new and decisive material used by Professor Vasiliev. Of course, the mass recruiting of Armenian soldiers for the dangerous trans-Danubian expeditions brought about, among the Armenian troops and populations, a strong feeling of discontent. No wonder if the Armenian historian Sebeos seems to dislike a stern ruler who had caused the loss of many Armenian lives (s. for instance Sebeos, "Histoire d'Heraclius," French translation by F. Macler, Paris 1904, p. 30, Chapter VI). For Heraclius, consult Kulakovskij, vol. III and the Italian book by Angelo Pernice,

"L'imperatore Eraclio," Firenze, 1905. Recent bibliography in George Ostrogorsky, "Geschichte des byzantinischen Staates," Munchen, 1940, p. 52 sqq. N. H. Baynes in *Cambridge Medieval History* II (1913) p. 292 sqq. and *Byzantin. Zeitschrift* 26 (1926), p. 5 sqq. Add for the history of Heraclius' expeditions Ernest Honigmann, "Review of V. Minorsky, Roman and Byzantine campaigns in Atropatene" in *Byzantion* XVII (1945), and the History of the Church, in French, by Fliche et Martin, quoted above, as well as J. Laurent's book "L'Armenie entre Byzance et l'Islam." Recent studies have considerably cleared up the origin of what is commonly called "monothelism," on which an important book has been written by Dr. G. Osweplan, "Die Entstehungsgeschichte des Monothelismus nach ihren Quellen geprüft und dargestellt." Leipzig 1907. 56 p. See the valuable article "Monothelisme" in the *Dictionnaire de Theologie Catholique*, where recent literature is listed. Cf. especially the article by Grumel in the *Eschos d'Orient* vol. 27.

On Philippikos Bardanes see J. Laurent, "L'Armenie entre Byzance et l'Islam," p. 197 and 205. On his connection with the party of the Greens, see Dvornik in the *Byzantina-Metabyzantina*, quoting my own article, published in *Byzantion* XIII, (1938).



ON THE SHORES OF THE VOID

*Yesterday
The faith of the race
Had glimmered in my heart,
Like the pale light
Of a chapel.*

*Yesterday
The rose of my native soil
Had flourished in my flower pot,
And in my eyes
There was the radiance
Of the happy days of yore.*

*Yesterday
In my breath
There was the tremor of the cypress trees,
That had caressed
My Childhood reveries,
And in my soul
There was the intoxication
Of the dews of the springs
Gone by.*

*Today
Autumn has embraced me
With its grey wings.
The wind alone
Keeps company
With my tormented thoughts.*

*The last altar of my hopes
Is dark and desolate
Like a deserted shrine.
No longer has my soul
A cherished sanctuary.*

*For now I stand on the shores
Of the void,
And gaze upon the road
Where the dreams and the songs
Of my days
Lie scattered like dust.*

E. Y. M.

THE CASE AGAINST Mc C A R T H Y I S M

ROBERT H. STATON

This article was originally designed to appear in the Fall issue of *The Armenian Review*, side by side with Dr. Rice's article on the McCarthy issue, presenting the two sides of the question; but owing to its late arrival it failed to make that issue. In publishing it in this issue, the editors of *The Armenian Review* wish to point out that the views expressed in it, as well as in the previous Dr. Rice article, are strictly those of the authors and in no wise represent the position of *The Armenian Review*. In our view, there are no main or secondary battlefronts against Communism. There is one world-wide battlefront, which has two faces, one national, the other international—one and inseparable. Therefore, Communism is as much a national issue as it is an international issue. The smallness of the number of registered Communists in the U. S. in no way reflects the degree of internal danger from Communism in this country. To disguise themselves, to deceive the authorities, to avoid vigilance, Communists change their colors with great ease. It would be a fatal mistake for any free country to ignore or minimize the danger of Communism either internally or externally, as does India in minimizing the external danger of Communist imperialism, or as do some people in this country who minimize the internal Communist danger.

— EDITORS

I

One of the most "successful" and pompous shows in summer stock this year played in Washington, D. C. It had a daily TV audience of some twenty million viewers and had eighty-five thousand spectators. This was the production of "McCarthy v. the Army" which might just as appropriately have been called "American Government in Review". This show had a long run of thirty-six days which cost the American taxpayer \$3,500.00 a day or approximately \$126,000.00 for the entire show. This figure of course does not take into account the millions of dollars spent by television companies in bringing the coverage of the hearings to the American people. After two million words which amounted to seven thousand-three hundred pages of transcript and a very discursive pattern of testimony, many viewers and spectators of the hearing were still trying to determine the purpose of the hearing, the vital issues and how they were decided.

The McCarthy-Army hearings have culminated McCarthyism so that a re-examination regarding its effect on the securi-

ty of the United States, foreign affairs and American politics is necessary. The immediate questions are:

1. Is McCarthyism still an effective force against Communism? Has McCarthyism tended to divide the American people on a vital issue, Communism, — not as to purpose, but as to leadership and method?

2. Has McCarthyism caused our Allies to lose faith in our ability as leader of the free world to deal objectively with international Communism without hysterical passion and prejudice?

3. Has Senator McCarthy become a political liability to the Republican Party, thus enhancing the possibility of a Democrat victory in 1956?

II

McCarthyism in Perspective

In the wake of the Atomic and Hydrogen Age, the United States found itself a forced heir to the leadership of the free world at a time when the greatest conflict of ideologies the world has ever known was in full force. Turbulence throughout the world from a rapid succession of international incidents caused all free men to

experience a variety of deep seated fears. The great Atlantic and Pacific Ocean barriers which had heretofore denied an invader access to American shores seemed to have evaporated before our very eyes. Security in any measure now must be obtained from unwavering American leadership in high government offices. This precious commodity, security, can only be obtained as far as the American people are concerned from this single source — American Government. No number of Allies can produce security if American Government is not guided by steady and experienced hands with resolute purpose and faith. It is readily conceivable that a loss of faith in government by the American people would so fan the blazing fires of fear and apprehension that control over them would be impossible, and eventually, they would consume all free men.

There is no security in uniform thought, uniform opinion and mass manipulation. Such stereotypic shackles are not faith, not loyalty and not American tradition. The cry of the dissenting voices must not be silenced by a singularly hysterical and raucous voice. We as Americans must never loosen our grip upon precious inherent rights which have been passed down to us from our forefathers. Let no infringement be too small or any price too great for the protection of American freedom. Adlai E. Stevenson in a speech given before the Columbia University bicentennial in New York on June 5, 1954, made this reflection: "Is this (moral and religious vacuum) leading, as lack of faith always must, to a deep sense of insecurity and deterioration of reason? And I wonder too, if today mass manipulation is not a greater danger than economic exploitation; if we are not in greater danger of becoming robots than slaves. . . That we are not invulnerable, that there is a moral and a human vacuum within us, is, I think demonstrated by many symptoms, of which

McCarthyism, which has succeeded in frightening so many, is only one."

At the same Columbia University bicentennial on May 31, 1954, President Eisenhower, while commenting on the unity of the American people in their opposition to communism, spoke firmly on the danger of McCarthyism. "Yet, my friends, and I say this sadly, is there any other subject that seems, at the moment, to be the cause of so much division among us as does the matter of defending our freedoms from Communist subversion? To this problem we must apply more knowledge and intellect and less prejudice and passion. Above all, we must not permit anyone to divert our attention from the main battle and to inspire quarrels that eventually find good citizens bitterly opposed to other good citizens, when basically all would like to be joined in effective opposition to Communism."

What does President Eisenhower mean when he says, "Above all, we must not permit anyone to divert our attention from the main battle. . .?" We must keep foremost in our minds that Communism is an international movement. In Asia the Free World has lost hundreds of millions of peoples to the international Communist movement. At this very moment, Red China is building roads which will serve as supply routes in Tibet and the Himalayas. Nepal, Kashmir and Bhutan are in immediate danger. A glacier of Communism is forming in the high, cloud covered Himalayas which will one day cover all of India and the Middle East if the free world is not fully awakened to the international threat of Communism. In Europe no balance of power exists as a deterrent to Communist aggression. It is only the American ability of severe retaliation which places the fulcrum at a strategic balance for the present. The flickering hope of a European Defense Community has been extinguished. A grave condition has been

worsened. At the back door of the United States, the Caribbean Sea, Communism is striving to get a foothold in the Latin American countries. Guatemala remains infested with Communists, and in Guadelope and Martinique the Municipal officials and two thirds of the Assembly delegates are Communist. The British Government has had to send troops and warships to British Guiana to keep the Communist from taking over the government. While this Communist plot continues, the Russian submarine fleet grows larger. How many submarine bases will they have in the Caribbean? Any impairment of these shipping lanes would have grave consequences. Venezuela is now the largest exporter of oil in the world and much of Venezuela's rich iron ore is being used by steel plants in the United States. Dutch Guiana is the world's largest producer of bauxite (the raw material for aluminum) which has become a very vital material. The United States depends on Bolivia for tin, Chile for nitrates and Brazil for manganese.

These are but a few of the many problems on the international level that President Eisenhower refers to as the "main battle". It is at the international front that the spread of cancerous Communism must be isolated and defeated. Otherwise, the United States will someday stand alone and weakened by the Communist disease which has spread over the world.

III

A Hearing and Its Issues

From the voluminous transcript of two million words in the McCarthy v. the Army Hearing, these issues were clearly formed:

1. Can Congress demand or subpoena classified documents from the Executive Department of Government?

2. To what extent may a witnesses from the Executive Branch of Government under Executive Orders refuse to testify?

3. Did Private G. David Schine receive

preferential treatment while in the Army at the insistence of Senator McCarthy and Roy Cohen?

4. Did the Army hold G. David Schine as a "hostage" to slow down or to avoid investigation of the Army?

During the hearings, Senator McCarthy presented the Subcommittee with a spurious two and one-quarter page letter which was reported to be a copy of a classified document prepared by the F. B. I. and sent to the Army. Mr. Jenkins: "Identify the letter when you say 'this letter'."

Mr. Collier: (Mr. Collier is one of Mr. Jenkins's Assistants) "This is a letter produced yesterday by Senator McCarthy. This is not a carbon copy or a copy of any communication prepared or sent by the F. B. I. to General Bolling on Jan. 26, 1951, or any other date. The F. B. I. has in its files a letter —"

Mr. Jenkins: "Are you now stating what Mr. Hoover personally told you?"

Mr. Collier: "Yes, sir."

Actually, several paragraphs had been extracted from a fifteen page memorandum sent to the Army by the F. B. I. and put in the form of a letter. The important issue here is whether Senator McCarthy as a member of the Legislative branch of government is entitled to these several paragraphs of secret or classified information given to him by an undisclosed Army officer in violation of his oath as an employee of the Executive branch of government.

In the way of background you will recall that the Government of the United States is divided into three distinct branches. They are the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial. This is called the separation of powers. The Federal Constitution does not expressly provide for a separation of powers, but the doctrine has been incorporated into the Constitution from:

Article I, section 1, which provides that

"All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress. . .";

Article II, section 1, which provides that "the executive power shall be vested in a President,";

Article III, section 1, which provides that "the judicial power shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may from time to time ordain and establish."

Montesquieu maintained that "There can be no liberty where the legislative and executive powers are united in the same person, or body of magistrates," and "if the power of judging be not seperated from the legislative and executive powers." *The Federalist* did not interpret this to mean "that these departments ought to have no partial agency in, or no control over, the acts of each other." But, it did mean "that where the whole power of one department is exercised by the same hands which possess the whole power of another department, the fundamental principles of free constitution are subverted."

The fine line dividing the domain of these three branches of government has been constantly in dispute. In President Washington's administration, the House of Representatives formed the first committee to investigate the Executive concerning General Arthur St. Clair's defeat at the hands of the Indians. The committee demanded certain papers concerning General St. Clair's campaign. After several cabinet meetings, President Washington and his Cabinet came to the conclusion that: "The executive ought to communicate such papers as the public good would permit and ought to refuse those the disclosure of which would injure the public." A Senate committee went to President Lincoln and demanded that he reorganize his cabinet. Senator Trumbull's view that "he (the President) is just as much subject to our control as if we appointed him, except that we cannot remove him and appoint

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Mr. Robert H. Staton, the author of this article, is a writer of articles and short stories and has served as Lecturer at Butler University. Mr. Staton has appeared as a guest speaker on many radio programs such as the National Foundation for Education in American Citizenship program. He has special interests in Labor and International Law as well as contemporary American political problems. Mr. Staton is a graduate of Indiana University where he received the B.A. Degree in Economics. He will receive the LL.B. Degree from Indiana University School of Law in January, 1955, and he plans to practice law in Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. Staton is a veteran of World War II and served in the European Theater of Operations.

another" is a good representation of the climate of thought in Congress at this time. President Lincoln, however, managed to circumvent the demands of the Senate committee. It was President Johnson's recalcitrant attitude toward Congressional views of the Presidency that provoked his impeachment proceedings. President Wilson felt that the President "is at liberty, both in law and in conscience, to be as big a man as he can" inspite of Congressional views. The Executive has steadily increased in both power and prestige, but there is no

indication that the struggle for power between the Legislative and Executive branches of Government will ever cease.

In a speech at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, Senator McCarthy said that he was going to "remind" President Eisenhower "what happened back in 1924." "You will remember", he said, "that in 1924 we had a Republican President (Coolidge) then also. The attorney general in the Teapot Dome scandal refused the congressional committee's access to files for grand corruption. . . (President) Coolidge demanded his resignation and ordered that if any of his Cabinet members know anything about this, to testify freely and give all the facts." It is interesting to note that none of the witnesses under Executive Orders has been ordered to testify to all questions by President Eisenhower, and Mr. Brownell is still Attorney General of the United States. This should give Senator McCarthy his answer.

Did Private G. David Schine receive preferential treatment from the Army? Captain Miller, Private Schine's Company Commander, testified that when he asked Private Schine "what he was doing riding back and forth from the (rifle) range in the truck while the rest of his trainees, fellow trainees, were at the (rifle) range being formed to firing orders, preparing to fire," Private Schine replied, that he "was studying logistics." On a second occasion Private Schine had the field first sergeant cornered trying to extract the favor of being put on an earlier firing order, so he could be finished early. When Captain Miller approached to admonish Private Schine for seeking favors, Private Schine told him "to lower" his voice and "that it was his purpose to remake the American military establishment along modern lines." Certainly, an army private with the important mission of remaking the American military establishment and studying logistics should not be treated as any other regular trainee.

Private Schine was so indispensable to Mr. Roy Cohen and the Subcommittee Staff that he was given twelve more passes than his fellow trainees in order that he could finish up work with the Subcommittee. Yet, no work done by Private Schine from the time of his induction to the time of the hearing could be shown. Perhaps, Private Schine's intrinsic position in regard to Mr. Roy Cohen and the Subcommittee can be somewhat elucidated by referring to a monitored phone call between Senator McCarthy and Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens.

Senator McCarthy: "I would like to ask you one personal favor. For God's sake, don't put Dave (Schine) in service and assign him back to my Committee. . . He is a good boy, but there is nothing indispensable about him. From my desk today I can pick up letters from perhaps a half-dozen letters from mothers whose boys are in worse shape than Dave; and it would be embarrassing if held to me. . . If he could get off weekends — Roy — It is one of the few things I have seen him completely unreasonable about. He thinks Dave should be a general and work from the pent-house of the Waldorf."

Secretary Stevens: "That is where my problem has come from, right from the start. You never have done or said anything that spurred me on this situation at all, other than to take a friendly interest."

Senator McCarthy: "If you put him into service to work with the Committee, all the devil would break loose and the President would be calling you not to play favorites because anyone is on a committee. I think for Roy's sake, if you can let him come back for week ends or something so his girls won't get too lonesome — maybe if they shave his hair off, he won't want to come back."

The charge of holding Private Schine as a "hostage" is without foundation according to Mr. Carr's testimony. He testified

that the term "hostage" was merely used in a facetious manner by Mr. Adams as was his habit. The "blackmail" charge is equally without foundation. But, this does not completely exonerate the Army. The circuitous approach taken by the Army concerning the Fort Monmouth investigations and the proposed investigation of the Loyalty Board is certainly not commendable. The cloud of indecision hung too long over their heads, and the lack of firmness and forthrightness to take a position in regard to the investigation of its establishments does not show the kind of leadership for which America is so rich in tradition.

IV The Resolve

The spurious two and one-quarter page letter which Senator McCarthy received from an unidentified Army officer was clearly in violation of the Army officer's oath. Furthermore, there appears to be a very serious question as to whether the Espionage Act has been violated by the unidentified Army officer and Senator McCarthy. Senator McCarthy has testified that "I have instructed a vast number of those employes that they were duty bound to give me information even though some little bureaucrat had stamped it secret to protect himself. . ." This is unquestionably improper conduct on the part of Senator McCarthy, but it is extremely doubtful that the Senate will censure him for it. There are several reasons why Senator McCarthy will not be censured in regard to the spurious letter. One reason is that most congressional investigations start from some secret information which has leaked from the Executive department through some employee to Congress. If Senator McCarthy is guilty so are a lot of other Senators on Capitol Hill. Senator Karl E. Mundt, Acting Chairman of the Subcommittee, has said, "I do all I can to get it. . . That's the way you play the game." It appears to this

writer that this sort of "game" could be very dangerous to the security of the United States where such classified information finds its way into the hands of an indiscreet Senator who might try to make it public. The second reason goes to the historical roots of Congress which has been discussed briefly in part III. The Legislative branch is not very likely to concede any additional powers to the Executive branch.

The treatment of General Ralph Zwicker by Senator McCarthy is improper and censurable. Here is what was said to a loyal, patriotic combat soldier: "I mean exactly what I asked you General, nothing else. And anyone with the brains of a 5-year-old child can understand that question." When the General did not agree completely with Senator McCarthy, he received this blast from Senator McCarthy: "you should be removed from any command" . . . you are "not fit to wear that uniform, General. I think it is a tremendous disgrace to the Army to have this sort of thing given to the public. I intend to give it to them." The old stand-by excuse that you have to be rough when your dealing with Communist certainly can not be relied upon by Senator McCarthy. This was a highly decorated General of the United States Army dedicated to defend his country against all its enemies unto death. Senator McCarthy knew in advance from the executive session that General Zwicker's orders to discharge Major Peress had come from his superiors.

Another example of Senator McCarthy's recklessness and irresponsibility is exemplified by Mr. Hensel's Affidavit in which he states that on May 3, 1954, Senator McCarthy said that he was willing to withdraw the charge that Mr. Hensel, Assistant Secretary of Defense, was the guiding influence in preparing the Army's report against him if in doing so he would not be made to look like a "damn fool".

The important question here for the

American citizen is: *how far may Senatorial immunity be extended to the detriment of individual liberty?* There is no legal remedy afforded the private citizen against such treatment. President Eisenhower gave the only answer to this problem at a press conference in March, 1954: "We are defeating ourselves if either by design or through carelessness we use methods that do not conform to the American sense of justice and fair play. . . Obviously, it is the responsibility of the Congress to see to it that its procedures are proper and fair."

It will also be the responsibility of the Senate to determine whether Senator McCarthy should be censured for besmirching the dignity and prestige of the United States Senate. Senator McCarthy impugned the authority of the Gillette-Hennings Subcommittee when it repeatedly invited him to appear before it to discuss charges made against him concerning: income tax evasion, improper handling of campaign funds and accepting fees from private corporations illegally. There now seems to be a burning question as to the disposition of Communism. There now seems to be a burning question as to the disposition of funds contributed for the fight against Communism. Senator McCarthy's only reply was that the committee's work was a "dishonest use" of public funds when the contrary is obviously true.

V

Conclusion

Senator McCarthy has done a great service for his country by alerting the American people to the dangers of Communist subversion in America, but in his zeal to project himself into the fight against Communism, Senator McCarthy has either by

design or inadvertence made himself the issue. It is the opinion of the very distinguished Communist investigator Frederick Woltman* that "Senator Joseph R. McCarthy has become a liability to the cause of anti-Communism. . . He has distorted the present-day picture of communism out of all semblance to reality. And, thereby, he has spread a blanket of confusion over an area where clear thinking is most imperative. . . With Asia and West Europe threatened, he has distracted public opinion from the world's critical danger spots. And weakened America's leadership against Soviet aggression."

Since the passage of the Smith Act, the membership of the Communist Party in the United States has dwindled from 100,000 to 25,000. The Communist Control Act of 1954 shows every promise of making our law more effective against Communism.

What is the present threat of Communist in the United States? Mr. Woltman states that: "The fact is that there's nothing today like the Red climate in America of 10 years ago. The public is alert to the Communist conspiracy. Mr. McCarthy's contribution to that alertness was a definite one, though later. The party liner, who operated openly — and brazenly — in official circles in the 1930's has disappeared. Communism has lost most of the intellectuals. The fellow traveler, who joined fronts, lending his prestige indirectly to a cause he dared not join directly, is virtually an extinct animal. . . Yet, Sen. McCarthy continues to use the blunderbuss, firing in all directions at once."

What affect will McCarthyism have on the political stability of the Republican

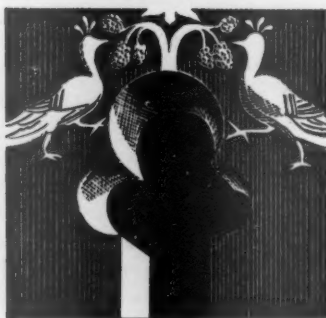
* Mr. Frederick Woltman is America's No. 1 newspaper authority on communism and Communist. He has been investigating and exposing Reds in this country for the past 16 years. He has received many distinguished citations including the Pulitzer Award in 1946 for revealing Communist infiltration in the infamous Amerasia case,

and his exposure of Gerhardt Eisler as the top Kremlin secret agent in the United States. This writer has cited Mr. Woltman since he has the most complete and extensive private files on American Communists in existence which is used by F. B. I. agents, Army and Navy intelligence Officers, congressional and civil service investigators.

Party? Mr. Leonard Hall, National Chairman of the Republican Party, had previously considered Senator McCarthy a political asset, but just before Senator McCarthy's dispute with the Army he said, "McCarthy has done more harm than good". A Minnesota Young Republican Organization recently adopted a resolution with the following provisions: 1. that the Senate remove McCarthy from the Chairmanship of the Subcommittee on Investigations since

his investigations are aimed at "personal popularity and contrary to the best interest of the present Republican administration."; and 2. that the Republican Party "disassociate itself from the activities" of Senator McCarthy. This resolution was passed 349 to 60.

Whether Senator McCarthy has become a liability to the Republican Party may be ascertained in some measure by the 1954 Fall Elections.



BIRTH OF AN IDEA

(AN ALLEGORY)

ELENA PROKLOVA

(This is written in the belief that an "Idea" is a part of the absolute — therefore impersonal and eternal. It cannot be possessed by any one individual. It comes unbidden — to inflame us with its divine fire, but never stays too long — for its abode is in eternity.)

Once, quite without any forethought, I felt an irrepressible desire to follow, to trace mentally, that path which any creative idea must traverse before it appears on earth. . . My thoughts, as though on rusty wheels, moved awkwardly, and after each feeble movement, stopped. . .

Suddenly, piercing the gloom of my lethargy, there was a flash. An Idea, unearthly and mysterious, appeared. She looked like an ancient Greek goddess, but more magnificent and fairy-like. I immediately felt her "inner substance" which enveloped me in its disquieting mood. I vainly tried to grasp that mood, to name it, but it evaded me. However I could easily grasp its general direction:

My beautiful visitor was straining in the direction of intangibles. Just as easily she could have turned to other worlds, the worlds of pressing realities and by her presence she would have instilled new life into all dead matter there. Through varying rhythms and turns she could have crystallized into an atmosphere of style, cool and static; like Narcissus, contemplating her own changeable symbols. . . I knew that with one sweeping movement she could have also changed her course in the direc-

tion of fanatical self-forgetfulness, absorbing and tragic! Whatever the course, I would have followed her blindly. I was now her slave.

With an intoxicating speed we soared. At first vague and ephemeral, and then more and more clear became the outlines of the worlds surrounding us.

Intriguing, meticulously formed, detailed images appeared. They grew and changed. New fascinating and amusing details boldly demanded attention. Some, stronger and more significant than others, separated themselves from the rest. The tension grew. Soon a definite pattern appeared and cleared our course. The small details, persistent and disorderly, surrounded the stronger ones which, repulsing them, intervened to protect and carry the Idea forward. With an obstinate ferocity, the little unusual forms continued to detour and confuse the now apparently faint Idea, trying to destroy her.

With a last, magnificent effort, like a big free bird, she freed herself and disappeared, alone in the boundless spaces. Stars fell on the earth, scattering sparks, and some, reaching my heart, remained there. . .

Little frightened details moved into the shadows and slowly disappeared.

Only a quiet glow remained on the path below, left by the Idea and her attendants.

A PHANTASY

The moon is magic, the moon is not real — it is a magic lantern.

The quiet scene, the little houses and trees, the road, and we two standing in its path of light are all on the screen of this magic lantern.

We exist only in the imagination of some playful God. We are frightened; we know that with one click in the magic lantern

The mood which I had previously searched to understand with such unquenchable thirst now emerged clearly.

— we shall all disappear together with the houses and the trees. . .

The magic of the moon holds us; we are willed by it to be — to remain as we are, reflected through its light, held by its magic.

. . . If we could only be on the inner side of the lantern, looking out, securely planted in a magic sphere serenely contemplating the quickly changing scenes of the magic lantern!

SHADOWS

A VIGNETTE

Remember those moments when the last word would die out with the shutting door, and the soft retreating steps would leave you alone to drift into the gentle sleep of childhood? You were then left to your own world of make believe — alone with your shadows.

With years you have learned to evoke out of the distorted shadows on the wall, shapes more familiar, shapes that were now easier to recognize in the world about you. You gave life to those shapes, those shadows, and they began to live and follow you from your dreams to reality.

As everything around grew and changed, something uprooting and even effacing that which seemed to be most stable, these shadows alone remained invariably unchanged . . . Shadows . . . transcendental counterparts of the physical world — the unrecorded images of the past and present!

Here they are on that wall now, between the door and the ceiling; there they were yesterday — ten years back — 20, 30, 40, 50. . . Here they will remain as long as this house stands, although its many inhabitants

are no longer seen anywhere. Another house will be built in time in the same place, and they will again take possession as its rightful owners — ad infinitum.

"Remember", they say, "here on this wall hung the portrait of your father — the convex angle of the light path touching his lips, his smile. . ." Yes I remember, remember so well . . . although neither the man nor the portrait is anywhere about — his smile lives in these shadows as securely and radiantly, as before. . .

Here stood a vase brought from the Caucasus and broken, within a few years, but as I now look at the square shadow cast by the window above, it seems to me that the reddish spark is there again, and the beautiful vase, masterpiece of the lost art, appears to my mind's eye. Caucasus . . . a square of light . . . a wish, as a point of departure, and a host of memories, a world in itself, follows suit. . .

Such are the shadows of our life, they live and remember, and we remember with them.

Sometimes, they seem to speak to us,

and we try to grasp their secret message. Gradually, we realize that being immortal, these shadows speak of naught, but immortality; they say that as they move and dance with the flickering candle, the dance

of life goes on too, mutable but eternal. . .

Strange, disorderly shapes, fragments of unending reality! And the mind spins order and meaning into their ephemeral geometry and asks: remember?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The superbly sensitive vignettes of Miss Elena Proklova, which we are happy to reprint herewith, were brought to our attention by our good friend, Dr. Keram Chobanian, of Boston, Mass. Miss Proklova, of Russian extraction, has always been conscious of Armenian history and the culture of the Armenian people, and the contributions of Armenians to the history and culture of Russia. Her high regard for Armenians is reflected in these contributions to THE ARMENIAN REVIEW. Miss Proklova lost her parents during the Russian Revolution and was brought as a child by friends to this country, taking up residence with her aunt and uncle, Capt. and Mrs. Kedrina. Capt. Kedrina, who served as Chief of Communications of the Russian Imperial Navy, was a man of great erudition, a mathematician, physicist, poet, musician and expert in aeronautics. For many years he worked in the fields of philosophy of aesthetics, poetry and music. He maintained a personal correspondence with his good friend Paul Valerie. His volumes of Russian and French poetry are to be published soon in France. It was her uncle's influence that played a large role in the development of Miss Proklova's wide and searching interests. Her aunt, Mme. Kedrina, created an interest in her young niece in the field of ballet, and for a time, Miss Proklova maintained a ballet studio in Santa Barbara, California. She studied at Santa Barbara State Teachers College, in California, and today teaches the Russian language at her own studio in Boston. She writes and paints in her "spare time."

THE PROFESSOR FROM CAIRO

HAIK MARCAR

I have always had a healthy respect, one that borders on reverence, for men who brave mental or physical tribulations without suffering emotional scars. And one who shields himself with a coat of mirth against a melancholy strata is one who has my admiration. For me, an ounce of humor is worth more than a pound of seriousness. And when I smile, I carry my burden an extra mile. But for quite some years, I have neither heard of nor met the man of my dreams. In fact, the one and only person whom I was fortunate enough to know, wasn't quite a man then. He was just a care-free orphan boy of thirteen, who happened to be in the same school with me.

Paul, the wonder boy of our school, had no worldly goods to his credit. But then, there was nothing he had no access to. Be it candy or toilet articles, he helped himself freely and extensively. Both teachers and students liked him. Though he was aware of this, the knowledge of it never marred his natural and unaffected boyish charm. He was never seen to cry or to be sad, even though some of the emotional crises he had been through would have made a much older person weep with agony. But Paul managed to inject a bit of his cheerful personality in everything he touched. Even the cab driver, a tall sikh, full of infinite admiration for boyish pranks, paid his tribute to the architect of innocent rascality, by offering him free rides to and fro, from school. And in return, as a gesture of gratitude, Paul christened the

man Fiftyone — after the license number on his cab.

Usually on Saturdays, Paul would perch on the upper branches of the forbidden mango tree that stood near the wall separating the school from the city. To avoid a chance discovery by Mr. Hughes, the Principal, I would have the unique privilege of a watchdog. He would stretch himself leisurely on his back, place his head under a thick foliage of leaves, then move his mouth within close proximity of a ripe mango, and by opening a hole at the free end of it, he would, by the universal and unscientific process of oral suction, leave the fruit empty but still dangling from its twig. In this celestial posture, he resembled an infant with the milk bottle in his mouth. Finally he would blow some air into the deflated mango to bring it back to original size and shape, and then move on to another one, and so on till he had had his fill. Of course, this type of crop damage was invariably attributed to the birds by the Principal.

As I remember, it was in the summer of 1939, a few months before Hitler unleashed his war machine on Europe, when Mr. Leo Tartarian, later nicknamed by Paul, Leo the Tartar, and often referred to as The Professor From Cairo, arrived in our school. He had come from Cairo at the invitation of the trustees to teach at The Armenian School in Calcutta. He was a handsome young man in his late twenties, a little on the short side but well proportioned. His

dark-wavy hair was always brushed straight back without a part and a ray of prematurely grey hair around his temples brought his almost crimson complexion to a sharp focus. Emphasis on ideas was easily recognizable from the accentuated furrows on his forehead, rather than the intonations in his voice. Outside of class-room he enjoyed a reasonable amount of privacy without being aloof.

Paul was enjoying his third mango when he heard the familiar tone of Fiftyone's horn. "Who's that," he asked in surprise, as he jumped off the tree.

"I don't know," I replied. "Maybe the new teacher."

"Let's go and find out," Paul suggested.

When the Professor saw us approaching, he asked Paul to take him to the Principal's office.

"I'll show you the way, Sir," said Paul. The professor paid the cab driver and followed Paul. When Paul returned from the office, he held a one rupee note in his hand and gazed at it with wonder and amazement as if he couldn't believe it was real. That was the biggest sum of money he had ever had.

During the next few days we got acquainted with The Professor and got to like him. He took more than usual interest in Paul. Now, whether this interest stemmed from pure admiration of Paul's character or because pity and sorrow for a poor orphan boy had had their melody played on the Professor's heart, was something that puzzled me till the Professor would invite Paul to have dinner with him and during such occasions Paul would tell the Professor something of his own background. On one of these occasions, Paul had told him of his only uncle, who had been shipwrecked on an English ship somewhere in the Pacific on October 23, 1938. "I am sure he is still alive."

Paul had said this with unshakable faith. He was now without any relatives in the

world. The Professor thought that further investigation was necessary and so he wrote to the British Admiralty in London inquiring into the case of Paul's uncle. After some weeks of correspondence, one day he informed Paul that he had located his uncle and had requested him to write to him. A week later Paul received a letter from Cairo. It was from his uncle. He wrote in great detail how he had been shipwrecked, but had managed to swim for a long while till another ship picked him up. And finally how he had started a small business in Cairo and was reasonably successful. Enclosed in that letter Paul found a money order for ten rupees. From then on, at the beginning of every month he got a letter with a money order for the same amount. This being far more than he needed or expected, he started a savings account and deposited the full amount every month. This he had said would pay for his passage to Cairo, where his uncle wanted him to go after graduation.

The Professor's language class called for an essay a week on Indian culture. Paul wasn't doing well at all and every one thought he would fail, but then he came up with a surprise. He had written an essay on the "Sacred Cow". The Professor liked it so much that he made Paul read it to the entire class.

"The Sacred Cow," Paul had read, "like all cows, has a bushy tail, long enough to fight off flies; it has four legs and a pair of horns that are always dirty. The Sacred Cow is not a cow in the true sense of the word. It does not give milk and never bears young ones. In fact, it has none of the feminine qualities except for vanity, something common to all females, but carried to excess in the human species. The natives believe the Sacred Cow to be the reincarnation of their ancestors and for this reason alone consider it sacrilege to use the 'Cow' as beast of burden. The followers of this system provide their gods with choice food

and drink. It is said that once a dhobee, (laundry man) while feasting was approached by a hungry Sacred Cow. The man being a religious fellow, shared his food and drink freely with his god and soon both he and the god were full of good spirits that dulled their senses. The cow lost all sense of divinity and the man all sense of reverence for his god. While still under the acute influence of alcohol, he piled all the clothes on the cow, then mounted her, and started on his delivery route through the main street. This caused indignation among the native cow-lovers. Soon he was surrounded by a host of angry natives in front of a traffic light and forced down from his divine perch. Before the crowd could pass judgment on his misconduct, the law intervened and took him to court on three charges. First for riding a beast of burden without a license. Second for going through a red signal, and third for disturbing the peace. He paid three rupees to cover all the charges and from that day on severed all relations with cows and cow-worshippers. The Sacred Cow is welcomed at any Hindu food shop and permitted to enjoy her favorite dish and then, perhaps, if pleased, leave her blessings in the form of steaming cow-dung on the premises," Paul had concluded.

"Excellent," the Professor had remarked. "Where did you get all that information from?"

"What information, Sir?"

"You don't mean to tell me all that is fiction?"

"Having four legs and an elastic tail is no fiction, Sir."

"Remarkable, Paul. Simply remarkable," The Professor had commended.

Two months before the end of that year, we had begun rehearsals on the Nativity play written by the Professor, who had talked a great deal of the importance of live plays. He was anxious to create an interest in us for the esthetic and moral

values of the stage. On the opening night the curtain went up one half hour after the scheduled time. But with all that, the first act, Mary with The Baby Christ in the manger, was very impressive and well performed. The audience was well pleased and their applause indicated they were very much impressed. But when the second and the last act opened, The Wise Men bearing gifts for The Infant, nothing seemed to be coordinated. When the Wise Men pointed to the sky and said, "There's the Star!" The star was missing. This was our cue. Paul and I were the star. We were supposed to take a light inside a card-board box cut in the shape of a star and covered with cellophane paper, behind the drop curtain to indicate the 'Star'. The cue was repeated several times but still there was no 'Star'. And so the play continued without a 'Star' but that wasn't all. The Wise men moved onward and said all together, "I hear an angel singing." But neither The Professor nor the audience could hear any singing. The Wise men repeated their lines to remind the angel of his cue, but unfortunately, my brother, Manuel, who lost his only chance of ever becoming an angel, was engaged in a game of black jack, with Paul and myself. While waiting for our cues, we played cards on the second floor, right above the stage.

Long after the audience had gone home disappointed, the Professor had come upstairs and had asked, "What are you doing here?" To this Paul had given one of his classic replies, "We are waiting for our cues, Sir." The Professor, apparently, too disillusioned and disappointed for words, had managed to suppress his emotions and had gone to his room in complete silence. Even Paul could not fathom the misery and sorrow the Professor had suffered.

A year had gone by since The Professor had first started his teaching career in our school, and already there were rumors that he was to return to his native Cairo because

the Indian climate didn't agree with his health. Paul and I paid no attention to these reports till the following summer, when the Professor had called us up to his room and asked us to have our friend, Fiftyone, come to take him to the Howrah station. On the way to the railroad station, The Professor seemed very jovial. He tried to amuse Paul, but for once in his life, he seemed gloomy and heart-broken. At the station while waiting for The Punjab Express, The Professor had said with much difficulty, "I am going back to Cairo. I will miss you, Paul . . . you are a remarkable boy. . ." Then making a final effort, he had said, "Don't forget to write to me . . . you can write me at your Uncle's address. And don't forget to visit me when you come to see your uncle. . ." All this while Paul silently suppressed his feelings.

When the train began to move, the Professor waved us goodbye from the window of the train. Paul had kept his eyes fixed on it till it disappeared into the night. When I next looked at Paul, he was wiping the tears off his eyes.

Five years later, a month after Paul

had graduated and was preparing to leave for Cairo, a letter had arrived for him. The handwriting was unmistakable that of his uncle's. While Paul was reading it, I had noticed an internal battle of emotions raging within him. Something very powerful was mastering his emotions. At last he gave in. Mingled tears of joy and remorse rolled down his cheeks. He wept bitterly. And all that he could say was, "It's from The Professor." In one of the paragraphs he had written: "I hope you will forgive me for playing the part of your uncle. I am sure I could never measure up to his stature. I should have told you the truth when The British Admiralty informed me that they had no record of your uncle among the passengers or the crew on S. S. Colombo on October 23, 1938. I didn't have the heart to tell you the truth then, because I felt your need for an uncle was more important than the cold facts. But now that you are old enough, I hope you will forgive me, and if you still wish to come to Cairo, I will be glad to do all that your uncle would have done for you."

A week later Paul left for Cairo.



BENEFACTORS OF MOORAD-RAPHAELIAN SCHOOLS

FATHER SAHAK DER MOVSESIAN

Principal of the Moorad College in Sevres

The Armenian people has had many benefactors but these two, Edward Raphael Gharamian and Samuel Mgerditch Mooradian, have become worthy of an everlasting memory and fame. The Raphaelian and Mooradian wills represented the culmination of a friendship and understanding between the two families and the Mekhitarian Community. These endowments came about through the co-operation of the men of mind with those of money.

Edward Raphael, the son of Raphael Gharamian, lost his father when he was yet young. The father left his wife and children with a great deal of wealth, who went to Ponticherry, India where the wife's parents lived. Edward was sent to study in France. He was unable to finish his studies because of the French-English wars. His mother, wanting him to be in a safer place, had him go to Kootnooror. Unfortunately, he was robbed on his journey and left lying half-conscious. Some kind fisherman found him and sent him to his mother. Edward's family lost its fortune when the English captured Ponticherry.

"Seeing this ill-luck," writes Edward in 1784 in his autobiography, "I started working and doing business with China, Manila, Bengal, and other places. And seeing that God blessed my earnings, I married Mar-iam in 1772 who was the daughter of Stephen Manuel. I begot three boys and two girls and I pray God to grace them with intelligence and good conduct."

He was a good father and a sincere and staunch lover of his people. The plight of the Armenian race was always a matter of concern to him. "In truth, my heart is much grieved," he writes in 1785 to the Mekhitarists of Trieste, "seeing the suffering of our race and the wretchedness of their ignorance. There is not a thing to excite the jealousy of co-operation among us. There are only religious arguments between brothers. Our hard-earned money we squander and give to the Turks. And what do we gain? Nothing, but shame, slander, and poverty. Oh, ignorant race, put aside your foolishness, be of one accord, let us appropriate our earnings in the search of knowledge which is the door leading to manliness and independence."

The desire for civil liberty burns in the heart of this Armenian merchant. Inspired by a warm patriotism, he leads in aiding our literature and establishing centers of learning. Himself, under the influence of Anglo-Saxon culture, he wants the Armenians to become similarly proud, patriotic, free, and confident. He not only wants civil independence, but also freedom from dense Asiatic darkness and ignorance. He believed

ABOUT THIS ARTICLE

This highly interesting and inspiring account of the founding of two well-known Armenian institutions — the Raphaelian Schools (in Venice, Italy and Sevres, France), by Father Sahak Der Movsesian, was translated by Mr. Armen Avakian, who himself studied one year at the Raphaelian school in France.

that the untold sufferings of his race was to come to an end by means of knowledge and education from which would develop a desire for independence.

At his time the only books published and circulated were those relating to religious questions. This situation needed a remedy. The Armenians must learn their history, their language, and must broaden themselves by reading translations of great international works. Edward Raphael had a plan. The Mekhitarists of Trieste, who were at that time hard-pressed for the gold that was coming from India to various other Armenian institutions, approached him. But, he was not like other benefactors, he explains in a letter to the above named monastery: "I am not like those Armenians who give huge sums to various organizations and churches and receive nothing in return but the words, 'May the Lord bless you.' I know that my deeds will bless me." Following this principle he suggested to the Mekhitarists of Trieste that they translate the sixteen volume work of the Frenchman Rollin, his *History of Rome*.

As a youth he grew to revere this immense study and vowed that he would some day have it translated into the Armenian language. He wanted the Armenian youth to be instructed with the aid of this story of Rome which would serve as an example. Edward Raphael firmly believed that patriotism, bravery, the idea of law and order, and above all else the love of unity were the conditions upon which depended their having a free and independent fatherland.

He gave 5000 rupees toward the publication of this immense history of Rome. He promised the Trieste Mekhitarists 5000 rupees more on the completion of the first volume. Unfortunately, they were unable to do much with the translation of this difficult work and only succeeded in publishing the first chapter. This failure caused him a great deal of sorrow, but his boyhood

dream came to be realized later, after he was no longer living.

There were two "cardapets" who had come to ask him for aid — Father Boghos Meherian and Father Nikoghaïos Pouzaian. He offered to help them upon two conditions. First of all, Father Pouzaian must take his sons Alexander and John to London and look after them for five years. Secondly, Father Boghos Meherian must stay in Madras to teach the Armenian language to his youngest son Louis and his two daughters. They accepted these conditions.

This was the first time that an Armenian of India was sending his sons to study in Europe. He wrote his sons very beautiful letters full of parental advice and caution. In reference to learning their mother tongue, he writes: "My sons, I repeat and advise. You are Armenians by birth and at no time must you forget your race and mother tongue because by the laws of nature and good breeding every man must love his race and aid in its further glory, etc."

Edward Raphael, not forgetting the promise he had made to Father Pouzaian, set aside in his will of December 31, 1789, the sum of 26,000 rupees which was to be kept in a bank and the interest from it was to be used in the publication of Rollin's *History of Rome* and of other archaeological works. The income from the principal, after completing the above publications, was to be used in establishing a school for poor Armenian children with an enrollment as large as would allow both the teachers and students to live comfortably. It further states that Father Pouzaian is to be a teacher in the school and executor of the will during his life and that he is to have the sole right to name his successor. Therefore it is apparent that the will was made in favor of the Vardapet rather than the Trieste Mekhitarists to whom he belonged.

In 1791 Raphael set sail for London with

his son Louis and an Indian servant. He wanted to see his daughter Anna-Mariam. After a two months' journey, they reached the Cape of Good Hope where a cruel English captain treated him in an insolent and insulting manner. This affected him so much that he became ill and a day before his arrival in London, he died. The captain did not even allow his body to remain on the boat and ordered it to be thrown overboard. Although this national benefactor has no monument and burying-place, his name is immortal to the Mekhitarists and to the thousand of graduates from his schools.

Father Pouzaian was very much affected by the loss of his dear friend. He was invited to Madras to participate in the execution of the will. Before returning he went to Saint Lazarus, the island of the Mekhitarists in Venice, with Raphael's three sons. There he asked forgiveness from the Abbot Melkonian for having parted from the mother institution and returned to their fold. He turned over all of his rights as administrator of the educational fund to the abbot and his successors.

After establishing himself in Venice, he went to London from which point he planned to go to Madras to arrange for the receipt of the fund set aside for him. However, Edward Raphael's oldest son, Alexander, caused him a great deal of difficulty and kept postponing the settlement date of the estate. The Vardapet did not live to see the results of his friend's wishes. He did see the start of the translation of Rollin's huge work which was completed in 1815 and the archaeological works which were completed in 1825.

Unfortunately, the opening of the school was postponed for many years because of Alexander Gharamian's trickeries. He was jealous of the grace and honor enjoyed by his father's name.

The Raphaelian will brought about ano-

ther good fortune to the Armenian race. It was the will of Samuel Moorad.

★ ★ ★

Megrditch Samuel Moorad, born in 1760 in Tokat, Asia Minor, is worthy of undying fame. After a great deal of moving about, his father, Megrditch Agha Mooradian with his two children, Samuel and Charles made a visit to the Mekhitarists in Venice and enjoyed a very warm reception lasting four months. Here Samuel, at this time fifteen years old, was impressed by the example of perfect law and order in this detached bit of Armenia. No doubt it brought about his later appreciative and benevolent attitude toward them when he became able to aid them in a material way. Leaving the island of St. Lazarus, the father and two sons set sail for India. The two boys lost their father before their arrival in India. A rich cousin adopted him and soon he was learning the ways of commerce. At this time he showed great ability as a merchant and attracted the attention of Edward Raphael. When Mariam, Raphael's wife died he decided to go to London. But before his departure, he married his daughter Anna, to this young man, Samuel, through the agency of Father Boghos Meherian and placed him in charge of his business besides naming him executor of his will.

In 1790, Father Meherian, losing his health, desired to return to Europe. However, he had no funds so Samuel Moorad obligingly financed his trip back and further promised to aid his race as much as the Lord would give him success. Father Meherian was shipwrecked near the Cape of Good Hope where his Mooshetsi spirit gave him the courage to swim to shore. He went to Holland, whence he wrote a letter to Father Pouzaian and asked him for advice as to the next step. The Vardapet replied that he should first go to Venice and ask forgiveness for having left the order of that Abbey.

The death of Edward Raphael brought sorrow to all concerned. However, the execution of the will became the real problem at hand. Samuel Moorad wanted to hurry up the business of red tape and postponements. He invited Father Pouzaian to Madras. As we saw in the biography of Edward Raphael the Vardapet was unable to go and soon after died. This death caused Alexander, Raphael's oldest son, great sorrow. But in spite of his devotion to the former teacher, he refused to aid in the execution of the will for eleven years and was forever bringing up difficulties. Two Vardapets were sent from Venice to London to visit Alexander and to persuade him to come to the Abbey. Each stayed with him for four years and finally succeeded in making him come.

In the meantime Samuel Moorad was very much disappointed in his brother-in-law. He wrote many letters to him but the ungrateful man never even answered. In these letters we see Samuel's strong patriotism and love for justice. We also learn that he sponsored the publication of many translations and various Armenian-English and English-Armenian dictionaries. He realized that his race and its language were destined to be a thing of the past and something had to be done to prevent it. With this in mind, he requested that a Vardapet be sent from Venice to act as teacher to his own children and those of the other Armenians in Madras.

These events show how keenly he felt the need of instruction among the Armenian race. Fortunately the Lord had granted his wish and had blessed him with great wealth. With this success he now could keep the promise he had made to Father Meherian. Samuel Moorad died April 20, 1816. His will written the year previous contained the following provisions:

"I have set aside a fund for the poor and the orphans of Armenia. The sum of approximately \$240,000 from my estate shall

be placed in that fund. The whole of the above stated sum of \$240,000 shall be used to establish a school for the orphans and poor of the Armenian race. Furthermore, be it provided that land be bought under the direction of the Mekhitarists of Venice and that the income from said land be used to aid as many poor and worthy students to study and to learn languages and then to return each to his country of adoption as the income above stated will allow.

"I place hope in God that other rich Armenians who realize the need of education follow the example I have set in providing for such an institution, that from this at least some light of knowledge and philosophy might be spread among our race, and that our country-less race might wake up from its lethargic sleep."

Provision was also made that in case any of his sons should die without heirs, his share too would go to that fund. It is interesting to note that he left each of his sons close to 4 million francs (\$800,000).

In the meantime, the Mekhitarists, unaware of the will or even of his death, were anxiously waiting for Alexander to come to Venice. In September, 1816 he did come. He was given a warm reception and in return he made several large gifts. While Alexander was still in Venice, he received a letter from Edward and John, sons of Samuel Moorad, addressed to the Abbot. However, this jealous man kept it and, after three days of delay, decided to read it at the executive committee meeting. After reading it to them, he made the following statement: "But, I am very sorry to inform you that the execution of this will, under English law, is forbidden until the will of my father, Edward Raphael, is carried out." Fortunately, the vardapets were well aware of the English laws and could not be fooled easily.

The vardapets knew that they must act quickly in order to forestall any difficulties

Alexander might put before them. They decided to send Father Sarkis Theodorian, a well-built and brave man who was suited for this difficult task, to India. On his insistence Father Sookias Somalian, later the Abbot, was allowed to go with him. These two, armed with the signature of every Vartaped in the Abbey, plus all sorts of documents and proofs of identity, set sail for Madras on January 16, 1817.

The chances of success looked very slim when they arrived in Madras and found that one of S. Moorad's sons, John, had left for Europe on Alexander's suggestion and that Edward was unwilling to discuss the execution of the will without the presence of those two. They also learned that the two brothers were now sorry that they had sent an invitation to the Mekhitarists and were willing to pay 100,000 rupees to the person who could get it out of their hands. The vardapets spent many months in this fruitless mission undergoing many hardships. Finally, with the aid of the widow Anna they managed to procure the cost of passage back to Venice. This first unsuccessful attempt, which Alexander Charamian back in London was ridiculing, did not discourage the vardapets.

In the meantime, John Moorad and his family were squandering their fortune in the fashionable centers of Europe. The problem of collecting the fund was given over to an Englishman, Mr. Ennis, who in turn placed his son-in-law, Mr. Minchen, who was then in Madras, in direct charge.

The Moorad brothers knowing the severity of the English courts in cases dealing with funds left for education, orphans, or the poor were careful not to break relations with the Mekhitarists who were forever trying to bring John to Venice. Finally, through the repeated requests of his mother he did come in February, 1821. However, he didn't come to execute his father's wishes, but instead set down various impossible conditions and barriers. He

departed from Venice leaving behind nothing but insulting words for the Abbot.

In Madras, Edward had made the following insulting remarks to Father Theodorian: "Who is that Armenian race who will dare to come forward and demand her rights from us. We don't recognize her and we don't even want to remember her name." He represents a living picture of many Armenians who, dazzled by the life of other nations, look upon their own with contempt.

While at St. Lazarus, John made a request that his mother had asked him to make. The widow wanted a chaplain for her household. The Moorads had their eye on Father Theodorian. This brave man agreed to return to Madras provided the will would be executed. This fair demand angered John Moorad and he left for Paris. The Mekhitarists, wanting to see the funds safe in the hands of the British court until its disposition could be made, delegated Mr. Ennis and Mr. Minchen to work with that in view. Then the Order decided to send Father Theodorian a second time to Madras as chaplain to the Moorad household and as representative-at-large of the Mekhitarian interests. But just before his departure His Beatitude Akontsi, the Abbot, died and he remained for the funeral services of his beloved superior. Then he left for Madras by way of London armed with affidavits and papers of identification.

While the Vardapet was in Madras, he received the news that Father Somalian had been elected Abbot, the very same whose health had been ruined by the difficulties encountered in Madras and who suffered ailments throughout the remainder of his life. While Father Sarkis was sending letter after letter to his spiritual head informing him of what was going on, the Moorad brothers both of them back in Madras had a dispute and separated. Because of this the two brothers wanted to see the house accounts which they had not seen since

their father's death. They found that they had squandered not only the income from their personal inheritances, but also one half of the principal. John Moorad had spent eight hundred thousand rupees during his stay in Europe. This staggering waste did not bring them to their senses. Instead they now wanted to seize the income of the educational fund. They claimed that this income rightfully belonged to them because they had not received the income from that portion of the estate while their father was alive. Abraham Aghanoor, their brother-in-law and the accountant of the house, out and out refused to give in to their base intent.

An unfortunate change occurred at this time. The honest Attorney-General Minchen was transferred to Calcutta and in his stead dishonest and graft-loving Herbert Kampton was named. Immediately upon coming into office, Kampton ordered that the will be executed. The Moorad brothers becoming frightened sent £11,000 (\$55,000) to Alexander in London. Finding this out, he demanded an explanation. They replied that they had transferred their rights to Alexander and had given him authority to negotiate with the Mekhitarists. This reply did not satisfy Kampton. He threatened to place all of their funds in the government treasury. This threat threw them into action. A compromise with the Community was suggested, but John Moorad was against it and had in mind the idea of sending the principal of the educational fund to Europe and then to do with it as he pleased. To bring this about they planned to give Kampton the sum of 25,000 francs (\$5,000) as graft. Hearing of this intended coup, the Attorney-General got the idea of gaining a much larger sum. He gave them the following advice: "I as Attorney-General and protector of the written testament, shall make protestations before the court against the participants for delaying the probation of the will and shall demand immediate

execution. However, I shall so form this protest and demand that it will be declared invalid by the court. It will be so worded that even the validity and standing of the original document will be declared unadmissible. Thus you will be free from any sort of demands by the Mekhitarian Community. I shall do this in consideration of 100,000 rupees for services to be rendered."

Edward Moorad agreed to participate in this infamous fraud while his brother John, who had some scruples and respect for the church, flatly refused to be a party to it. It was at this moment that Father Theodorian came forward to protect the interests of the Community and of the uneducated Armenian youth. Informing the Abbot of these events, he requested that they send him another affidavit giving him powers plenipotentiary.

The newly elected Abbot seeing the realization of the will in a doubtful state, wanted it to come to a head at once and sent the Vardapet the desired powers. This clever man through the mediation of Boghos Lazarovitch, cousin of Samuel Moorad, went into direct negotiations with the Moorads and first of all prevented them from carrying out the intended fraud. The Moorads in a written agreement ceded the Mekhitarists 183,323 hoon (\$320,250) which included interest on principal for ten months to the amount of 11,571 hoon (\$20,250).

Nevertheless, the brothers, not realizing the good they had done, were sorry that they had made the agreement and started to figure out various means to nullify the effect of this last agreement. On the one hand they would write to Venice that the rights of the Armenian orphans would be protected and that soon they would receive their share. On the other hand they would refuse to recognize the sovereignty of the Community protesting before the highest English court in Madras. They wanted to

have the Vardapet placed in jail on the basis of their perjured testimony.

At this moment Kampton, seeing his hopes of receiving graft fading, presented an unjust protest before the highest tribunal forcing the Moorads to place both the principal and income of the estate under government supervision. Thanks to the exceptional powers of Father Theodorian, they were saved from the clutches of Kampton. In return for that kindness they testified before the court that the Vardapet was planning to escape from British territory and seek safety on French soil besides taking with him the trust fund. Thus towards evening twenty police all fully armed headed by the city sheriff and under the guidance of the Moorad brothers, appeared before him. This shameful event was so shocking to Anna, widow of Samuel Moorad, that she died.

Thrown into a cell full of wasps, this brave and patriotic Vardapet won even the favor of the sheriff, who going to the Moorad home, described the unhealthy surroundings of Father Sarkis Vardapet. Edward forgetting himself shouted, "Let him rot in the jail." Then the two brothers continued, "We are going to wreck his abbey and we are going to obliterate even the name of the Community in order that from now on there will not remain a right-ful claimant."

The Englishman was so astonished by this reply that he related it to others as ear-witnesses and took down the names of all actual witnesses.

The imprisoned Vardapet, fearing new trickeries, handed over the documents of deposit and trust to the court. The untiring and courageous plenipotentiary wrote to the Abbot on May 13, 1828, "I am healthy in body and in good spirits. The state of affairs brings honor to the Mekhitarists and aids in definitely establishing our rights. The residents of this city are on my side and say that the truth will come out in

a few weeks and the rights of the Community will be defined by the court." Thus, Father Sarkis in his cell was forced to demand justice, while the Moorad brothers were daily waiting for the news of his death. On July 22, 1828, after spending a hundred days in jail, he came out victorious.

The Moorads, having petitioned the highest court, received therefrom the decision and left the court "with lowered face and angered spirit." The final decision was delayed many years because the court was continually demanding various documents and proofs that the Mekhitarian Community actually existed.

Every document being in order, the final sitting of the case took place on February 10, 1832 and ended in a complete victory for the Vardapet. His lawyer, Mr. Savage, spoke with great severity in regard to the brothers who, "without any right were at fault for not carrying out their sacred duty as administrators and for that dishonorable affair they had had with Father Sarkis." He further went on to show cause why "from this day on they should have no right to meddle in the work of administering the will." The effect of Mr. Savage's accusations and statement was shown by the nods of approval on the part of the judges. The Chief Justice, Sir Jaff Peshmire, whose just decision everyone applauded, gave the final decision with the following penalty: The administrators John and Edward Moorad had to pay an indemnity of 100,000 rupees to Father Theodorian. This amount added to the trust fund swelled the total to 2,000,000 francs (\$400,000). In order to definitely settle the whole affair the Vardapet and the Moorad brothers drew up the following agreement on March 31, 1832: The former promises to withdraw his claim filed against the administrators for conversion of profits and interest. The latter with premeditation and of their own free will agree to abide by all deci-

sions thus far and promise to refrain from all protests and leave every dispute in its present standing whatever it may be, for any reason, in any place, or cause having to do with section VI, that is referring to the educational and orphan fund set up under the will of Agha Megrditch Samuel Mooradian.

According to that agreement, the Mekhitarists, more generous than they should have been, were leaving the Moorat family 600,000 rupees. During these many years of litigation the fund had doubled itself to about 1,200,000 rupees (\$600,000). This family was allowed to keep roughly half of it so as to save them from utter ruin. The net fund left for the school after deducting court and other costs totaled £72,604 (\$363,020). Father Theodorian carefully and faithfully brought it to Venice, not even touching a penny of it.

It is an undisputable fact that the victory of the Moorad will is without doubt unprecedented in the long list of Armenian endowments. It is not without reason that John Moorad himself was amazed and said to the Mekhitarists' hero, "In truth, the success of your work is a mystery, yet truly under the guidance of God."

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The amount brought by Father Theodorian was immediately invested in land holdings which yearly yielded good returns. Everything arranged, there remained the task of opening the schools.

The abbey of St. Lazarus opened the Moorad Varjarian in the historically famous university city of Padua. The building, one of the city's finest palaces, was to serve as their temporary quarters until a new set of buildings could be built plans of which showed it to be as beautiful as the historic University of Padua itself.

The first group of youths having arrived, the official opening took place August 15,

1834. A few months later, October 29, the savior of the will arrived from Madras together with the Aghanoorian family which planned to settle permanently in Italy and whose last shining star was to be the beloved poetess, Victoria Aghanoor. This was a day of boundless joy for Father Theodorian. Surrounded by his friends and various Italian officials, he was being congratulated in every tongue, in every manner. He is worthy of the name, "the second father of the poor and orphans of the Armenian race."

While the Mooradian Varjarian was blossoming in Padua, the Raphaelian Varjarian in honor of its benefactor Edward Raphael Gharamian, was established in Venice in accordance with the Lord Chancellor's decision. "Under the direction of the Mekhitarian Community of that place (Venice)," according to the will of the Armenian merchant and "the final authority of its direction to be in the hands of the successive Abbots," according to the will of Father Pouzaian.

Father S. Theodorian was named vice-principal of the school out of respect for his untiring efforts in protecting both wills. The opening of the Varjarian took place on September 11, 1836 in the Palazzo Pizzaro, a truly beautiful edifice looking on the Grand Canal. All of the Vardapets, the Abbot, and the Aghanoorian and Lazarovitch families were present at the opening ceremonies together with many state and church dignitaries. Alexander Gharamian, the son of the benefactor, was conspicuous by his absence in spite of a specially addressed invitation. The school was consecrated by the celebration of high mass.

Thus, two schools came to be established in two intellectual centers of Europe — Padua and Venice. Thanks to their educational program, they formed two huge beacons. For a whole century they have given light to each succeeding generation and shown

them the right path in the tortuous and bewildering labyrinth of life.



An unawaited storm broke upon the fate of the Moorad lyceum.

Instead of being happy that the desire and will of their good parents was accomplished and that two well-ordered and permanent centers had been opened in Europe equipped to be of great service to the Armenian race, John Moorad and Alexander Gharamian had started upon an unworthy deed.

They had requested the Austrian government to take over the Moorad Varjarian of Padua and to place it under their jurisdiction in spite of the signed agreement they had made in the final settlement. The question was decisive and the government demands unjustifiable. Therefore it became necessary to take a course which would save the school from ruin and yet allow the Abbey to get out of the fight honorably. The Abbot's arguments and objections written to Metternich, a resolute friend of absolute monarchies and an ardent enemy of liberty and democratic ideas, were fruitless. Anyone who spoke to him of liberty and of treaties, appeared to him as a fool, a revolutionist, and therefore a dangerous man.

As a last resort the executive committee of the Community decided to send as envoys Father Sarkis Theodorian and Father John Sorgoodjian to the Emperor. They left for Vienna on July 30, 1843 having a personal letter of introduction from the viceroy of Italy and a personal friend of the Mekhitarists. They expected a personal audience with the Emperor upon the strength of this letter in order to present their resolution and request.

The envoys spent seven months in the glittering capital of Austria. They knocked in vain at the doors of every high official. The Emperor considered it enough to grant

them a gracious interview, politely listening to their request, admitting their rights, but saying, "I am sorry, a certain prince has informed us that your adversary is one of your own brothers." The brother to whom he alluded was A. A. who was father confessor to the Empress and for that reason had a strong influence upon the inner court circles.

Truly, it has been a puzzle to the Abbey as to the opposition of Alexander and John to the Mekhitarists. The former was bound with the Abbey with the title of "benefactor and brother" and the latter as "friend and son." The puzzle was solved by the death of Alexander in London where Father Theodorian went in 1850 to examine all of his correspondence written in Armenian.

Therefore the enemy being from the inside hope was lost. The Canon Meshootar advised the envoys to return to Venice at once and do what they planned quickly and quietly. They returned to Venice toward the end of February, 1844 dejected and discouraged.

The same Vardapet envoys reached Paris in September, 1844 and learned that which the Mekhitarian order had long ago learned that sooner or later Paris must become the center of their educational activities, not only because it is the intellectual center of the world, but also because of those age-old ties with which the Armenian race is bound with a natural sympathy to the patriotic and hospitable French race.

That which the friendly Canon had advised had long been decided by the executive committee in a secret meeting. It had decided to break relations with the cardinal eagle, free itself from the Metternich knot by moving to Paris, and thereby coming under the protection of the French government. This fast and brave decision, the only one of its kind in the minutes of the Abbey of St. Lazarus, brought words of admiration from the Armenians and aston-

ished the Austrian government whose head, Metternich, was thus put to shame.

This conviction became more firmly established when the envoys learned of the sincere love and deep reverence which the French leaders and intellectuals held toward the Armenians and the Mekhitarists. The most ardent of the envoys, Father Theodorian writes enthusiastically to his superior that, "not only do these regard the intended enterprise a very simple problem, but also consider it an honor to have an Armenian educational center in the capital of their country. Furthermore, the proposition will succeed since it is to come about through the agency of a Community which they consider to have reached a peak in development, knowledge, and which they consider as an intermediary between the West and the East and the first to spread the light of knowledge among the latter and their own compatriots as well."

The two envoys, after paving the way, presented the official document of His Exe. Mgr. the Abbot Sookias Somalian to Francisos Gisot who was the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the real power behind the throne of Louis-Phillippe. The official document, after describing in length the purposes and accomplishments of the Moorad institution went on to state, "the Community is recognized as is the fact that the Armenian race always holds the name of France dear to her and places her national hopes upon that love. It is known with what hospitable magnanimity France is accustomed to treat strangers. Therefore fully confident, it requests that he receive in his fold men who because of their devoted passion and courage are his sons anyway." The request was a success. Du Chattel, assistant to M. Gisot gave the Mekhitarian envoys the welcome news on May 19, 1845. the Royal decree was handed them. However to place the establishment of the lyceum in Paris on as stable a foundation as

possible, they asked for a restatement of the agreement from M. Gisot. They received a fitting reply together with a new edict of the King Louis-Philippe in which he not only welcomed the Moorad college, but placed them under his protection. The building of the Paris school, the former palace of Prince Conde, was purchased at a cost of 500,000 francs (\$100,000). The opening took place in 1846 under the leadership of the newly elected Abbot Mgr. Kevork Hurmuz, postponing the actual celebration of its opening until September 24, 1848.

The establishment of this institution in the French capital attracted a great deal of attention and praise from the government and from high church officials to whom that college represented a missionary agency of western civilization under French influence.

In truth, the Moorad College of Paris during a twenty-five year existence shone as the beacon of the Armenian intellectuals from which graduated capable men who carried their torches of knowledge into the field of politics, literature, and business. Unfortunately, German shells ruined the building as a result of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. On that account the institution was transferred to Venice where it was joined with its sister school thus becoming the Moorad-Raphael College.

In spite of this forced moving and the sale of the Paris property, the Mekhitarists had not forgotten the idea of re-establishing in Paris. It is true that the Moorad-Raphael Varjaran was enjoying the protest: on and aid of the Italian government and especially of the pro-Armenian House of Savoy. Nevertheless, French culture and literature was dear to a great number of Armenians and on the other hand they had given their word of honor to the French government that they would reopen the Moorad College. Thus it came about that St. Lazarus again decided to open a school in his-

toric at Sevres, a suburb of Paris. The beautiful and airy chateau of Madame Pompadour was purchased in 1928. The following year sixteen students registered, ten of whom received full tuition scholarships from Mr. Kalust Gulbenkian and two from Boghos Nubar Pasha. These two men by their unforgettable good deed, became the founders of the student body of the school and at the same time encouraged the Mekhitarists who had made great moral and financial sacrifices. The second year the enrollment rose to thirty students and reached sixty in the third year. The official opening ceremonies took place on June 8, 1930 under the chairmanship of the former Minister of the Navy George Leygues upon whose right sat the Abbot Mgr. John Apkar by order of the French government. Many other high French officials both in political and church circles were present as well, together with leaders of various Armenian organizations. The opening speech made by the former Minister of the Navy contained these words, "Look about you, where are the Asiatic empires and great races? All of them have passed into history, but you still

exist and shall continue to live since you have the will to live and are a civilized, tradition-loving and hardy people." The military band sent by General Gouraud played "La Marseillaise" and "Pam Porodan" after which Mrs. Leygues drew forth the French flag, to show that the Moorad College was under the protection of the French government.

The opening ceremonies of this lyceum attracted so much attention that they were broadcast throughout the world.

This institution is not only one of the leading schools among all in Armenian quarters, but a national center as well. Every patriotic Armenian who comes to Paris considers it his obligation to visit the national varjaran, to see the thorough education given to children born in all parts of the world and to see the order and careful management of the Mekhitarist fathers. It is natural that the existence of this varjaran in a luminous center like Paris fills our hearts with joy and confidence in seeing the future of the Armenian race being forged there.



BLACK HOPE

A Short-Short Story

RICHARD SIMONIAN

Damn that drunkard! — putting on airs in the middle of the night. Why doesn't he let decent people sleep at least? Awake and listening for nearly an hour, she had heard the crying on the other side of the wall get progressively louder. It was a man, and his sobs, muted by the thin partition which separated the two apartments, resembled the pain-stricken whimpering of an injured animal. The whimpers, intermittently accentuated by loud hammering noises, were becoming more frequent. She rolled over on her side and shook her husband by the shoulder. "Michael, Michael, wake up."

"What? What's wrong now?"

"Listen."

"Listen to what?"

"To him — Baroz. He's drunk again."

And then he heard it too: sharp, fitful moans that seemed to come from the man's stomach. His wife threw back the covers and got out of bed and went over to stand beside the wall. The colorless nightgown hung loosely over the pendulous folds of her body, and the pasty complexion of her face blended with the yellow, faded wallpaper. With an impatient growl, he got out of bed too, and went over to stand beside his wife. They both stood silently with their bare feet sticking to the cold, linoleum floor, and listened. A few minutes passed and they heard nothing. Then a soft laugh filtered through the thin partition; and suddenly, as if the wall had not been there, a piercing scream burst full upon them. With an involuntary shudder, she pressed against her husband.

"Michael, call the police."

On the other side of the wall, Boraz cringed on the floor of the bedroom closet with half his nightshirt draped over his left shoulder and the other half stuffed in the crack between the threshold and the bottom of the closed door. He held a shoe in his right hand and, squatting in the corner of the closet, he lashed out with every sob squashing the cockroaches which crawled slowly towards the tips of his bare toes drawn up beneath him. With his small blue eyes wide open and his gourd-like Adam's apple working in rhythm to the heavy beat of his heart, Boraz' face puckered into an expression of helpless fear. He struck out savagely, but the little beasts drew relentlessly nearer. Saliva ran out the corners of his mouth and he trembled as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the closet, enabling him to see each grotesque detail of their bodies: their yellow eyes bulged out at him and their bodies collapsed with a sickish crunch as he brought the shoe down on their backs. Unable to look at the cockroaches any longer, he let the shoe fall and pressed his hands over his eyes: They had reached his toes and were crawling up his legs — but he felt something more than their crawling, a strange sensation, — and then he realized, that, as they crawled forward, they were eating the hair off his body. Within seconds, his legs and chest were as smooth and hairless as a newly born child. He felt as if a whisk-broom were being dragged across his face as the cockroaches crawled over his mouth

and eyes, leaving only dark blotches where his eyelashes had been. He winched and clamped his eyelids more tightly together. He twitched convulsively with the urge to wipe the perspiration running down the sides of his nose, as they ate the hair off his head, but he was too frightened to take his hands from his eyes; then suddenly, he could no longer feel the insects on his body. He opened his eyes to find that it was true: they were gone! Elated by his sudden deliverance, Boraz relaxed and began to laugh. But with a vague afterthought, he put his hands to his head, and shuddered: it was completely bald and stickywarm like a freshly peeled grape. With one final shriek, he vomited and collapsed on the closet floor.

She had been lying awake trying to shut out her husband's crying with the bedclothes pulled up over her head. When she heard the knock on the door, she got out of bed immediately and opened it. The three men came in, and without saying a word she walked over and opened the closet door. One of them made a cursory examination, as the two others dragged Boraz from the closet.

"What happened, lady?"

"He's drunk."

"Yeah, I can see that. He smells like a gin mill. But what else? What happened?"

"He's always drunk."

"Okay, lady, we won't bother you anymore now. Take him out, boys."

She had clear white skin, drawn tightly over prominent cheek-bones and a small straight nose. She was wearing a pair of blue faded pajamas, bought probably during a pregnancy and almost three sizes too large for her. The men looked at her impassive face with indifferent curiosity and shrugged their shoulders at each other as they passed out the door. She watched them carry him down the hall, and, as

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



RICHARD SIMONIAN

Richard Simonian, whose contribution on these pages comprehends his first effort for the REVIEW, was born in New York City, April 18, 1932; but he has lived for the most part in Worcester, Mass. After studying three years at Harvard, Simonian traveled to Paris where, at the University there, he did work in French literature. This led to an A.B. degree in Romance Language from Harvard, awarded this year. He is currently attending Law School at Columbia University. "Law," he writes, "I expect will be my profession, while writing, I hope, will remain my ambition"

they disappeared out the front door, she turned and walked back into the apartment. Her face remained expressionless as she looked down at the closet floor and the torn pieces of her husband's nightshirt which still lay on the threshold. With a gentle nudge she pushed them into the closet with her toe, and closed the door. She started to turn around, but paused momentarily as the ambulance doors clanged shut outside in the street, and she waited until it drove away, before putting out the light, and going to bed.

CEPHALIC INDEX OF ARMENIANS

VAHE A. SARAFIAN

Introduction to Cephalic Index

One of the most important measurements of mankind ever studied by physical anthropologists is that known as "cephalic index". Believed by many scientists to be a key feature of racial inheritance, the cephalic index is very simply stated as being the maximum transverse (i. e., "across" the width) measurement of the head times 100, divided by the maximum length of the head. In effect, this index is a ratio of the length and breadth measurements of the head, and indicates the relative roundness. Roundheadedness, technically known as *brachycephaly*, does not refer to the actual shape as much as to the closeness of the breadth measurement to the length measurement. Thus, a theoretical cephalic index of 100 would mean that the width of a head were identical to its length. *Dolichocephaly* (that is, "longheadedness") indicates that the particular head has a metric superiority of the length measurement beyond the index considered as a norm for all mankind. *Mesocephaly*, or *mesaticephaly*, means merely in the middle range.

Cephalic index is generally featured as one of the key observations which differentiate the races of mankind. The so-called Alpine stocks are classified as a round-headed race, as are also the Dinaric and

others. The Mediterranean race, its various types, Nordic, etc., are classified as dolichocephalic, or long-headed. Stature, skin, eye, and hair pigmentation are also generally considered in the racial classifications. On skulls, where pigmentation is a minor issue, the cephalic index becomes even more important as a feature of racial classification.

Factors Influencing Cephalic Index

There have been many discussions of the validity of the cephalic index as a criterion of race. Questions have been raised especially as to factors which may vary or influence the cephalic indices of individuals or of groups. A great deal of the stress in such discussions has been put on the effects of diet and dietary change. Because of the prevalence in early European archaeological sites of definitely dolichocephalic skulls, and the relatively late appearance of brachycephaly in such diggings, it is generally felt that dolichocephaly may be subject to change by dietary influences. The appearance of brachycephaly in skulls at about the same time as Europe received the practice of agriculture, with its resulting settled economy, is sometimes interpreted as having created a dietary condition which influenced the basically dolichocephalic stocks toward brachycephaly. Another interpretation has been that the bra-

chycephalic peoples brought agriculture into Europe, merging with or eliminating the hunting and fishing dolichocephalic peoples already settled.

A full discussion of the question of how brachycephaly became established in Europe is not in the scope of this article, but it is interesting to note that sites uncovered in the Near East show an earlier appearance of brachycephalic skulls. Marked brachycephaly appears in almost all early agricultural sites in the Near East, and such skulls do appear to be associated with the whole complex of the Bronze Age-Neolithic blending in the Near East.

Just how important diet is in the actual degree of brachycephaly is still open to discussion. An important study by Ivanovsky in Tsarist Russia during a famine period does indicate that a certain effect may be traced to diet. Before the onset of the famine, Ivanovsky found that 88 Armenians from Erivan Province had a cephalic index of 85.1; the same individuals after the famine had a C. I. of 86.7. It is impossible to discover how much of the reported change was because of loss in the fleshy part of the head cover and how much was because of actual change in the skull configuration.

Another important aspect, practically unstudied at this date, is the question of varied brain inheritance in individuals of varied C. I. That the higher civilizations in early history often show a predominance of brachycephaly in representations on monuments and in skull finds is important. The Hittites, for example, are reputedly the bearers (possibly the discoverers) of iron-working. The Iron Age in the Near East is a period of great advance in civilization. At the same time, it is a period of widespread brachycephalization of populations. That the Hittites oftentimes are represented as being remarkably like the Armenians in physical appearance and

skull structure may or may not be significant. At any rate, the Armenians have a long history of brachycephaly; they also have a long history of aspiring to higher civilization, *and greater ability to reach such civilization*, than most of their neighbors. It is remarkable that no scientific study has as yet been attempted, despite the manifold difficulties, in studying the importance of brain inheritance in relation to cephalic index, for it is known that the levels of higher consciousness (the "civilized" parts of the brain) are located in the various areas of the skull which are often emphasized in the Armenian type of brachycephaly, which involves both an exaggeration of the frontal areas laterally and a raising of the height of the head.

Another factor which may involve head indices and which has not yet been studied sufficiently is that of age. No study has yet been made of stability of the cephalic index at various ages. It is not only conceivable *but probable* that, as the individual matures or ages, his cephalic index changes accordingly. Yet, disregarding the potential impact of the age factor on their figures, scientists have assembled large series of observations and dealt with the groups thus formed in total disregard of such a variable. It is known that the sutures of the braincase, the skull, close and cement themselves together at various ages. Thus, at full maturity when the braincase is fully closed, the cephalic index may prove distinctly different from a C. I. recorded at an earlier age, when the skull was still subject to unequal expansion. Until this problem is clarified by definitive studies, it is useless to take a series of individual measures of cephalic index as being absolute.

It is the strong suspicion of this writer that the cephalic index of Armenians does vary with age, brachycephaly being more emphasized as the individual grows older.

Especially, it has impressed this writer that the extreme of occipital flattening, a minor characteristic of many Armenians, may well prove to be involved with age, perhaps as part of the process of degeneration after achievement of maturity.

An anthropologist of some note years ago claimed that Armenians born in the United States showed significantly less brachycephaly than Armenians born in Turkish Armenia. While Boas may have been right, his conclusions must be disregarded because of inadequate sample size. However, the factor of age may also have been involved in his finding, for those born in Turkish Armenia most probably exceeded by some years those born in the United States.

Sex may also have an important bearing on the cephalic index finding. Kherumian came to the conclusion that Armenian women are slightly more brachycephalic than Armenian men (84.96 against 84.62). He compared this finding with Boas's and Kossovitch's, which similarly showed slightly higher brachycephaly for the females. Boas found that the Armenian women were 86.2 against 85.6 for the men, while Kossovitch found the women to be 84.74 against 83.47. In all these findings, however, there are fatal weaknesses, for the variation can be accounted for statistically within the range of probable error and by the small number of individuals involved, thus forming too small a sample for proper evaluation.

It is significant, perhaps, that when all known cephalic indices for Armenian women are assembled into a composite series and their mean established, as I have done with 263 Armenian females recorded by others, the mean established

does not vary significantly from the mean established in a like composite study of Armenian males. I found by this method that 263 Armenian females yielded a mean of 84.87 (possible variation, plus or minus 0.45) against a mean for 1,179 males of 84.81 (possible variation, plus or minus 0.37).

Geographic and climatic factors have also been considered theoretically in interpretations of cephalic index, but no conclusive or especially indicative results found. Boas claimed, as shown earlier, that transplantation to America has produced a tendency toward more long-headedness and less brachycephaly among the Armenian population. His study falls on a number of counts, however, both as to statistic methods and validity of observation. His series is too small to be sound statistically. Far more important, moreover, was his failure to take into account family relationship with its varying inheritance possibilities and location of ancestral origin in Armenia. Other anthropologists, observing the appearance of heterogeneity in their samples, have attempted to correct the extent of such error by dividing their series into various groups by geographical location in Armenia. Even in this there are weaknesses of statistical logic apparent. Yet, on the whole, Hughes and Kherumian, who have pioneered in this more commonsense approach to Armenian statistics, have advanced the cause of scientific study of the Armenian population greatly.

Systems of Classification

Deniker has arranged a scale of rating for the categories of cephalic index which has been found helpful. With measurements listed for both skull and living samples, he offers the following:

<i>On Skulls</i>	<i>On Living</i>	<i>Category</i>
to 71	to 73	Ultradolichocephalic
72-73	74-75	Hyperdolichocephalic
74-75	76-77	Dolichocephalic
76-77	78-79	Subdolichocephalic
78-79	80-81	Mesaticephalic or mesocephalic
80-81	82-83	Subbrachycephalic
82-83	84-85	Brachycephalic
84-85	86-87	Hyperbrachycephalic
86 up	88 up	Ultrabrachycephalic

It is worthy of note in the above system of classification that the index of the living runs about two points higher than on skulls. Adjusting the following skull measure figures of Martin accordingly, we can achieve a comparable figure for the living as well (the figures in parentheses):

which varied in degree only in the various districts.

Weissenberg found that 20 Armenians from the Caucasus, with a mean of 84.1, fitted Chantre's finding. *Ivanovsky* (88 individuals from Erivan Province, C. I. of 85.1), *Anserov* (113 Armenians from Nak-

MARTIN'S SKULL CLASSIFICATION

to 64.9	(to 66.9)	Ultradolichocephalic
65.0-69.9	(67.0-71.9)	Hyperdolichocephalic
70.0-74.9	(72.0-76.9)	Dolichocephalic
75.0-79.9	(77.0-81.9)	Mesocephalic
80.0-84.9	(82.0-86.9)	Brachycephalic
85.0-89.9	(87.0-91.9)	Hyperbrachycephalic
90 up	(92.0 up)	Ultrabrachycephalic

Various Series Studied

Among early series of Armenians studied, perhaps the most important was that of Chantre, whose investigation of the cephalic index of some 292 Armenians stood for a long time as the most indicative sample; he secured a mean for the total series of 85.77. Of some value, in a preliminary way, was his attempt to ascertain the variability of the Armenian population from district to district. Although his number for each district was insufficient to be conclusive, he did establish a tendency toward regional variation. For example, Chantre found that the Yozgat District had a C. I. of 84.15 while the Armenians from Erivan Province whom he measured had a C. I. of 85.47. His study revealed a consistent brachycephaly among the Armenians,

hitchevan-on-the-Don, C. I. of 85.2), *Hrdlicka* (25 Armenians of various areas, C. I. of 85.35), *Deniker* (Transcaucasus, C. I. of 85.60), and *Pittard* (124 Armenians from the Balkans, C. I. of 85.69) all agreed substantially with Chantre's results.

While Boas agreed with Chantre on the cephalic index of Armenians born in the Near East, securing a C. I. of 85.11 for 75 individuals from Asia Minor (that is Turkey and Turkish Armenia) he asserted that Armenians born in the United States show an immediate tendency toward less brachycephaly and more dolichocephaly. Nine U. S.-born Armenian males yielded a mean cephalic index of 80.60, in the mesocephalic category. Of course, nine individuals do not form a satisfactory series for statistical study, and there are other objections to

Boas's study as well. However, another study, on 234 Armenians from Asia Minor, placed the Armenians in the sub-brachycephalic class with a mean of 83.47; this study, by Kossovitch, may reflect the variability of results possible by sampling error on a basically heterogeneous population.

Showing divergence in the other direction, that is toward more extreme round-headedness, is the series of 92 Armenians in Syria studied by Ariens Kappers, with a mean of 86.11, a hyperbrachycephalic result. Von Erckert likewise found a mean of 86.21 in a study of 19 Armenians in the Caucasus.

Substantially, then, we see that the earlier studies agreed that the Armenians are a brachycephalic people, but there are indications of great variability within the Armenian people, samples being easily rendered nonsignificant by individual variations.

It is the considered judgement of this author that no single series of the earlier ones is sufficiently large to be statistically significant.

Three Later Studies

The three most important studies are those which may now be considered standard, namely those of Seltzer comparing Armenians and Syrians, Hughes (an unpublished Ph.D. thesis), and Kherumian. Seltzer fell into the pitfall which weakened the value of the earlier studies, namely taking the Armenians as a single unit instead of differentiating the various geographical or family units. He found that 101 Armenians yielded a mean of 85.81. By analysis, we can determine that most, if not all, of Seltzer's sample were indi-

viduals tracing to Kharpert, Sebastia (Sivas), and Cilicia. It is impossible to verify this, however, nor do we know what number can be ascribed to any individual district.

Byron O. Hughes's study of native born Armenians, unfortunately still unpublished, is the largest and most comprehensive somatological study yet undertaken of the Armenian people. With 1,099 Armenian males ("native born") in his series, Hughes found that grouping by area of origin revealed significant variations. Dividing the total series into ten groupings and two general categories, (Kharpert, Sivas, Erzerum, Istanbul, Marash, and Gesaria in the West category; Van, Diarbekir, Bitlis, and Erivan in the East), he found his samples to vary in number from 58 for the Diarbekir area of 214 for the Kharpert area. Within the Western category there was no real solidity, for statistically significant or noteworthy differences existed in cephalic index between Erzerum as against Kharpert, Marash, Gesaria, and Sivas; to a lesser degree Sivas was differentiated from Kharpert, Gesaria, and Erzerum. The Eastern category showed general uniformity, with Bitlis only verging toward differentiation from Van and Erivan. Hughes displayed these results in three tables (reproduced below) which indicate the statistically calculated degree of differentiation between the various groups. In this, it is clear that there are strong links, as well as differentiation, between the East and West groups. *The more one studies the Armenian people, the more one realizes that the various elements which have combined to form the nation have not merged smoothly or evenly in all areas.*

HUGHES'S X. P. E. CEPHALIC INDEX TABLES

Western Groups:	Kharpert	Erzerum	Marash	Gesaria
Erzerum	5.94	—	—	—
Marash	0.80	3.78	—	—
Gesaria	1.21	5.15	1.18	—
Sivas	2.38	3.81	1.16	2.64

<i>Eastern Groups:</i>	<i>Van</i>	<i>Diarbekir</i>	<i>Bitlis</i>		
Diarbekir	1.46	—	—		
Bitlis	2.64	0.87	—		
Erivan	0.06	1.49	2.64		
<i>Comb. Groups:</i>	<i>Kharpert</i>	<i>Erzerum</i>	<i>Marash</i>	<i>Gesaria</i>	<i>Sivas</i>
Van	5.35	9.39	4.03	2.71	6.95
Diarbekir	2.44	6.11	2.16	1.02	3.78
Bitlis	1.58	5.71	1.43	0.20	3.10
Erivan	5.27	9.24	4.02	2.71	6.82

The actual means found by Hughes for the various sections and for the total series reveals the following spread from brachycephalic to hyperbrachycephalic:

	No.	Range	Mean
Erivan	98	74-94	84.07
Van	131	74-97	84.09
Diarbekir	58	77-97	84.72
Istanbul	86	71-94	84.98
Bitlis	83	71-94	85.12
Gesaria	77	74-97	85.21
Total	1099	71-97	85.44
Kharpert	214	74-97	85.65
Marash	80	71-97	85.76
Sivas	143	77-97	86.19
Erzerum	129	71-97	87.28

Using cephalic index as the sole standard for the moment, we can conjecture from the above that there are migrational or familial relationships between the various areas. Such relationships, of course, are partially subject to check through historical records or knowledge, but such historical interpolation can not be undertaken in this article. Suffice it to say that the relationships most strongly indicated are as follows:

Kharpert — with Marash, Gesaria and Bitlis

Marash — with Bitlis, Kharpert, Gesaria and Sivas

Sivas — with Marash

Erzerum — with none of the other categories (discussed below)

Gesaria — with Diarbekir, Bitlis and Kharpert

Van — with Diarbekir and Erivan

Diarbekir — with Gesaria, Van, Bitlis and Erivan

Bitlis — with Kharpert, Marash, Gesaria and Diarbekir

Erivan — with Van, Diarbekir and Bitlis

The case of Erzerum is a little strange-appearing, for it is the heart of Armenian recorded history, and has been the source of many colonies established in Sivas, Kharpert, and other areas. However, it is understandable historically, for the major devastations visited upon Armenia after the Arab and Turkish conquests could well have taken place primarily in the Erzerum area. Other complicating factors

are present also in the inclusion of the geographically distinct valley of the Chorokh River in Erzerum Province, for the Chorokh Valley may represent a distinct, or nearly distinct, ethnic sample. Traditionally coveted by both Armenians and Georgians, the Chorokh Valley may well be inhabited by persons derived from the ancient, pre-Aryan Armenian highland population, and so represent an island of *relatively* unmixed aborigines. At any rate, it is plain that the 219 Armenians from Erzerum Province measured by Hughes have a mean showing an extreme degree of brachycephaly, 87.28.

The fact that large numbers of Armenians from the Erzerum District have migrated to the Caucasus and Russian Armenia during the past 150 years would lead us to expect to find a higher degree of brachycephaly reflected there also. This is verified when a number of studies are compared. Although Hughes's study showed that Erivan Province went most closely with Van and was less brachycephalic than the other areas, when we compare series listed for "Erivan" with those using the more general "Transcaucasus" or "Caucasus", we immediately find a rapid rise in brachycephaly, as would be expected in reflecting the Erzerum immigration into the Caucasus. The fact that this increase can be attributable to such immigration is seen by the mean found by Anserov for the long-established Armenian colony at New Nakhitchewan (on the Don River). Approximately the same as for the Erivan area, the New Nakhitchewan figure shows the high means recorded for the Transcau-

casus and the Caucasus as being intrusive.

Caucasus Comparison

ERIVAN: Hughes, mean 84.07; Weissenberg, (Caucasus), 84.1; Ivanovsky, 85.1; Chantre, 85.47.

TRANSCAUCASUS: Deniker, 85.60; Twarianovitz, 86.89.

CAUCASUS: Von Erckert, 86.21; Erikson, 87.02.

NEW NAKHITCHEVAN: Anserov, 85.2.

Seltzer's and Hughes's Analyses

After finding the means for the entire group, both Seltzer and Hughes attempted to determine what happens to the means of the Armenian population when the light-eyed or mixed-eyed individuals were removed from the sample. With a mean for the total series of 85.44, Hughes found that the blue-green- mixed eyed group had a mean of 84.24, while Seltzer found that his similar sub-series yielded a cephalic index which was almost identical, 84.88. Analyzing even more finely, Hughes determined the means for the various grades of eye-color, as well as for what he termed a "pure Nordic" element in the sample. His mean cephalic index for the "pure Nordic" Armenian was 76.35, while for the mixed group it was 84.24. Showing thus that the lighter Armenians were probably racially different in part of their inheritance, he proceeded to indicate that when the light-eyed elements are removed from the population considered, the mean for each province or district becomes more brachycephalic, that is that the lighter elements tend to move the mean toward long-headedness (dolichocephaly):

	Total	With Light Removed
Kharpert	85.65	85.75
Van	84.09	84.77
Sivas	86.19	86.20
Erzerum	87.28	87.72

Istanbul	84.98	85.22
Diarbekir	84.72	85.59
Marash	85.76	85.97
Bitlis	85.12	86.10
Cesaria	85.21	85.28
Erivan	84.07	85.41

Seltzer sought to isolate an extreme type of the Armenoid race in his study of the Armenians and Syrians. He found that the cephalic index of those individuals whom he isolated on the basis of a number of features as "ultra Armenoid" was a mean of 88.06. Hughes, attempting a similar project on his purely Armenian series, found a cephalic index of 86.68 for his "pure Armenoids". It is, perhaps, significant that in his own series the mean for the cephalic index of 129 Armenians from the Erzerum area exceeded considerably the mean of his "pure Armenoids".

Kherumian's Study

Kherumian, in the latest extensive anthropological study of the Armenian people, a work ranking with that of Hughes at the top of such studies, has tended to show a lower mean cephalic index than did Hughes. The difference may be due entirely to divergences in the samples used, for Hughes was limited to those Armenians who had immigrated into the New England area of the United States, while Kherumian is similarly limited to those who immigrated into France. While Hughes and Kherumian have both done excellent work in preparing their results and presenting them, Hughes must be considered generally more inclusive. Kherumian's total series of males numbered 351, as against Hughes's total series of 1,099 Armenian males. Consequently, the number in each of Hughes's categories by area are considerably higher than in those of Kherumian. Statistical insufficiency and consequent unreliability thus may be a problem in individual parts of Kherumian's samples.

To obviate the difficulties inherent in such number limitations, Kherumian has presented his findings in two broad categories, the one (115 individuals) he terms the East Group, the other (236 individuals) he considers the West Group. In the East Group, roughly equated to the Armenian heartland of history, he includes all persons from the Transcaucasus, Kars, Erzerum, Trebizond, Erzinga, Khozat, Kharpert (the city and the east part of the province), Moush, Bitlis, Van and Persia. In the West Group, he includes New Armenia (Cilicia), Armenia Minor (western Kharpert Province and Sivas), Diarbekir, Turkey, Thrace and Syria.

Kherumian finds a mean cephalic index of 83.39 for his 115 Armenians in the East Group. Excluding Kharpert Province entirely, we can place Hughes's samples for Van (131 persons), Erzerum (129), Erivan (98), and Bitlis (83) in Kherumian's East Group. By so doing, we find a Hughes sample of 441 individuals against Kherumian's 115. The Hughes sample shows a mean cephalic index of 85.21 against Kherumian's 83.39. Adding the 214 Armenians of Hughes's Kharpert sample to the total, we would have 655 individuals with a mean C. I. of 85.35 against Kherumian's 83.39. Merging the two series of Hughes and Kherumian, we would have a sample totaling 770 individuals, with a mean cephalic index of 85.06.

For his West Group's 236 individuals, Kherumian establishes a mean C. I. of 85.22. Excluding Kharpert Province entirely, we can place Hughes's Sivas (143 individuals), Istanbul (86), Diarbekir (58),

Marash (80), and Gesaria (77) series in Kherumian's West Group. Thus, we find 444 individuals with a mean C. I. of 85.54 against Kherumian's 236 individuals with a C. I. of 85.22. Merging Ariens Kapper's 92 Armenians of Syria (mean C. I. 86.11) with the two series of Hughes and Kherumian, we obtain a total of 772 individuals in Kherumian's West Group, with a mean cephalic index of 85.50.

Thus, it becomes obvious that the larger the series included, the more complete it becomes for any large area of Armenia, the more it removes the signs of differentiation between Armenian regions, for the means approach closer as the numbers involved become larger. *This may indicate that there is a basic uniformity to the entire Armenian population, and that the differences which are obvious between small sections and family lines must be treated in a finer way than by forming the samples into generalized regions.* Because of Kherumian's failure to indicate a breakdown in detail of the various sections forming his regions, we cannot test his figures in reverse fashion against the two general groupings of Hughes.

Area Findings Compared

Because of the similar failure of other authors to isolate their series into places of origin, we cannot present a carefully completed comparison of findings for each area. However, there are a few mentions made in the literature which can be utilized.

While Hughes established a mean of 86.19 for the Sivas (Sepastia) area, on the basis of 143 measurements, Kherumian reports finding a mean of 87.94, but no number is given. Chantre found a mean C. I. of 84.15 for the Yozgat area of Sivas, which is in sharp contrast to the two above findings for the whole province. However, Chantre's study was limited severely in

number, and so may not have statistical validity. It is interesting to note that 234 Armenians from Asia Minor measured by Kossovich yielded a mean of 83.47. Since, presumably, his sample was drawn mainly from Thrace, Lesser Armenia, and the Turkish Provinces, rather than from Turkish Armenia proper, this may indicate a large element of less brachycephalic and more mesocephalic persons in the western colonies, reinforcing the likelihood that Chantre's Yozgat sample had a certain degree of validity, despite the much higher degree of brachycephaly found for the entirety of the province of Sepastia.

Cilicia, generally speaking, seems to tend toward a high degree of brachycephaly. Hughes found a mean of 85.76 for 80 individuals from the Marash district. Kherumian, without specifying the number measured, reports that he found a mean C. I. of 86.84 for all Cilicia. Ariens Kappers, who measured 92 Armenians in Syria, presumably overwhelmingly Cilician Armenians, secured a mean cephalic index of 86.11.

Van Province, on the other hand, seems to reveal the lowest degree of brachycephaly existing in any part of Armenia. Hughes found a mean cephalic index of 84.09 for 131 individuals, while Kherumian reported a mean of 82.59, with no number specified.

Erivan Province, roughly synonymous with modern-day Soviet Armenia, has the largest number of individuals studies, for nearly all studies of Armenians in the Caucasus area concerned Erivan Province to some degree. Hughes found the mean cephalic index of 98 U. S. Armenians from Erivan Province to be 84.07, nearly identical to his finding for Van Province. Ivanovsky reported that 88 Armenians from Erivan yielded a mean of 85.1, while Chantre reported a mean of 85.47 without specifying number. Twarianovitz and Deniker reported 86.89 and 85.60 means respectively for the entire Transcaucasus, which included

large numbers of Armenians from outside the limits of Erivan Province. To a degree, the increase in mean value when the term "Transcaucasus" is applied tends to reinforce the idea that Erivan Province, together with Van Province, forms a belt of lower brachycephaly.

The Sarafian Series

In assembling scattered series into larger and more comprehensive units, this author has performed a necessary service. With the exception of the Hughes study, no series on the Armenians existed heretofore which included sufficient individuals to present an impressive statistical sample. In the present work of the author, there is another advantage than merely in number of observations, for each individual anthropologist varies slightly in his personal technique. Where one may find one figure, another will slightly lower or slightly raise the figure. By assembling as many studies as are available together, this author hopes he has succeeded in achieving more valid samples, more viable results, and more absolute figures.

We have already discussed composites for the East and West Groups of Kherumian. For the former, we established a sample of 770 individuals, with a mean cephalic index of 85.06. For the latter, we established a series of 772 individuals with a mean C. I. of 85.50. Now, we shall attempt to expand the total number without following as strictly defined limits to the two regions.

Adding to the East Group of Kherumian the series listed for the Transcaucasus, and New Nakhichevan, we can establish a new series of 1,218 individuals. To obtain this new series, we use the series of Weissenberg (20), Ivanovsky (88), Twarianovitz (105), Erikson (103), Anserov (113), and von Erekert (19), in addition to the two series of Kherumian and Hughes. This large series, which can roughly be called the

East Armenia-Caucasian Group, reveals a mean cephalic index of 85.40.

Starting with the composite already established for the West Group, namely the figures of Hughes and Kherumian and Ariens Kappers, we can quickly create a series reaching the figure of 1,306. The new series comprehends the areas of Lesser Armenia, Diarbekir, New Armenia (Cilicia), Syria, Turkey, Thrace, and Dobroudja. The samples drawn on are those of Hughes (444), Kherumian (236), Ariens Kappers (92), Kossovitch (234), Boas (75), Pittard (124), and Seltzer (101). The composite series of 1,306 yields a mean cephalic index of 85.16. This new figure, of course, is slightly less brachycephalic than the new figure found for the East Armenia-Caucasian Group, but it is so close as to be almost identical, certainly not statistically significant. *Thus, we see once again, that as the smaller units of consciousness in the Armenian nation are disregarded, we achieve an ever more convincing appearance of homogeneity.* It is well within the evidence presented to insist that the Armenian people as a whole show a strong degree of uniformity in their overall racial picture, at least as evidenced by cephalic index. *Through the establishment of regional composites, we have formed an East Armenia-Caucasus Group with a mean of 85.40 and a West Armenia-Turkey-Balkans Group with a mean of 85.16.* Now, we shall investigate the overall mean of the entire Armenian nation in similar fashion.

By taking the mean of the means of fifteen studies, totalling 2,842 individuals, we secure a mean of 84.39 for the entire Armenian people. The studies utilized are those of Hughes (1099), Ivanovsky (88), Kossovitch (234), Weissenberg (20), Kherumian (351), Boas (75), Anserov (113), Hrdlicka (25), Pittard (124), Chantre (292), Seltzer (101), Ariens Kap-

pers (92), von Erckert (19), Twarianovitz (105), and Erikson (103).

Approaching the problem of the overall, national mean in another way, that is by statistical assembly of all individual measurements available to the author, we can assemble an unsegregated series of 1179 individuals of male sex and 263 of female sex. The mean for the male series is 84.81, with possible variation of plus or minus 0.37. That means that the true mean may be as low as 84.44 or as high as 85.18 for this series. The series of 263 female Armenians reveals a mean of 84.87, plus or minus 0.45. The limits for the means of this female series are from 84.42 to 85.32, remarkably similar to the means of the larger male series.

Inasmuch as females are generally held to be more toward brachycephaly than the males, Scheidt believed it necessary to add 1.1 to all values for classification set up for the males. Thus, in the tables of Deniker and Martin presented earlier, we would have to raise each figure by 1.1 if referring to females. With the Armenian male C. I. mean for the series of 1,179 individuals at 84.81, we would have a population classified under both the Deniker and the Martin charts as "brachycephalic". With the female series of 263 individuals yielding a mean of 84.87, we would still classify the Armenian women as brachycephalic in the

Martin classification, but sub-brachycephalic in the Deniker. *Thus, if the Scheidt differential be applied, we would be dealing with a population in which the males showed a tendency toward greater brachycephalization than the females.* The unusual fact, if such it were shown to be, would indicate an unexpected racial trait involved in the Armenian nation, and would call for extensive studies to determine its validity, and to isolate which of the racial elements entering into the Armenian population is responsible.

Evidence of Heterogeneity

Kherumian, analysing the percentages of various studies occurring in the various categories, has established a strong divergence in the means of the parts of the series studied. In his own series, with a main summit in the distribution curve at 84, there are subsidiary summits at 82 and 89. He found that Kossovitch had main summits at 81 and 82, with secondary summits at 84 and 86.

Pittard had a main summit at 85, with secondary summits at 82 to 84 and 86 to 88, while Ariens Kappers located a principal peak at 83, with a clear secondary at 86.

In the following chart, I have attempted to present a synthesis of various percentages of occurrence as reported by Kherumian:

Mean: *	Kherumian		Kossovich		Pittard		Anserov	Boas
	Male	Female	Male	Female	Male	Male	Male	Male
To 75	1.7	.65	1.3	4.4	—	2.7	—	—
76-77	4.0	1.95	5.6	1.5	.8	.9	—	—
78-79	6.6	5.19	8.9	7.3	3.2	4.4	5.33	—
80-81	14.2	12.99	24.8	8.0	10.4	6.2	6.66	—
82-83	18.5	17.53	20.1	11.7	19.2	19.5	22.67	—
84-85	19.1	21.43	16.7	16.0	23.2	18.6	20.00	—
86-87	12.0	18.83	22.6	51.1	43.2	16.8	22.67	—
88 up	23.9	21.43	—	—	—	30.9	22.67	—

* In Percentages of occurrence

Perusing these percentages, we can readily see that there is a substantial propor-

tion of dolichocephalic and mesocephalic individuals in the Armenian nation. It is obvious, *with all types of long and short-headedness occurring*, that the Armenians cannot be considered homogeneous on an individual basis, for when coupled with other traits, the divergences in the cephalic index pattern do indicate racial differentiation, as will, be shown in a later article in this series.

My composite series of 1,179 males from all areas reveals a total of 242 individuals falling into the dolichocephalic and mesocephalic and mesocephalic categories of Deniker, that is, 21.37%. 488 individuals have indices falling in the hyperbrachycephalic and ultrabrachycephalic ranges, that is, 41.39%. The remaining 37.24% are in the sub-brachycephalic and brachycephalic range.

My similar female series of 263 individuals is noticeably more middle-of-the-roadish, yielding 51 persons (19.39%) dolichocephalic or mesocephalic, 102 (38.78%) hyper- or ultrabrachycephalic, 110 (41.82%) subbrachycephalic or brachycephalic.

Comparative C. I. Table

In order to present a tableau perspective of how Armenians fit into the regional picture, where cephalic index is involved, the following comparative table adapted from Deniker, is included. It must be remembered that series included are "raw", that is not analyzed on the same bases of validity as used in this particular study, and are not, therefore, reliable absolutes of resemblances or differences of the groups involved.

Origin:	Number:	Mean:
Gypsies of Lycia	15	75.2
Aderbaijanis	208	78.1
Spaniards in General	8,368	78.2
Persians in General	168	78.4
Kurds	332	78.5
(Transcaucasian) Tats	29	79.0
Sicilians	32,526	79.0
Mingrelians and Imers	67	81.4
Ossets	261	82.6
Georgian-Gruzins	90	83.5
French in General	15,914	83.6
Cherkess-Kabards	165	83.7
Eastern Chechens	78	84.5
Lesghi-Didos	52	84.6
Akhaltsikh Jews	53	85.2
Lesghi-Darghis	130	86.2
Lesghi-Udes	25	86.6
Georgian Lazes	27	86.8

Concluding Table

Because we have been dealing with a multitude of figures, with an unavoidable confusion consequently always likely, it seems advisable to conclude with a com-

prehensive table, in which all the Armenian series discussed or treated in the body of this article may be juxtaposed for clearer comparison.

Author:	Origin:	Number	Mean:
Hughes	"Pure Nordic" Armenians	—	76.35
Boas	U. S. — born males	9	80.60
Kherumian	Van District	—	82.59
Kherumian	East Group	115	83.39
Kossovitch	Asia Minor	234	83.47
Hughes	Erivan Province	98	84.07
Hughes	Van District	131	84.09
Weissenberg	Caucasus	20	84.1
Chantre	Yozgat District	—	84.15
Hughes	Blue-Green Eyed	—	84.24
Sarafian	Composite-Diverse Origins (mean of means)	2,842	84.39
Kherumian	Diverse Origins-Total Series	351	84.62
Hughes	Diyarbekir District	58	84.72
Kossovitch	Females	—	84.74
Sarafian	Composite-Diverse Origins- Males	1,179	84.81
Seltzer	Mixed light and brown eyed	—	84.88
Sarafian	Composite-Diverse- Females	263	84.87
Kherumian	Females	154	84.96
Hughes	Istanbul District	86	84.98
Sarafian	Composite-Kher. East Group	770	85.06
Ivanovsky	Erivan Province (before famine)	88	85.1
Boas	Asia Minor	75	85.11
Hughes	Bitlis District	83	85.12
Sarafian	Composite: W. Arm., Turkey, and Balkans	1,306	85.16
Anserov	Nakhitchewan on Don	113	85.2
Hughes	Gesaria District	77	85.21
Kherumian	West Group	236	85.22
Hughes	Kherumian's East Group Area	655	85.35
Hrdlicka	Diverse Origins	25	85.35
Sarafian	East Armenia and Caucasus	1,218	85.40
Hughes	Diverse: Total Series	1,099	85.44
Chantre	Erivan Province	—	85.47
Sarafian	Kherumian's West Group (Composite)	772	85.50
Hughes	Kherumian's West Group area	444	85.54
Deniker	Diverse Origins	341	85.60
Deniker	Transcaucasus	270	85.50
Hughes	Kharpert District	214	85.65

Pittard	Balkans	124	85.69
Hughes	Marash District	80	85.76
Chantre	Principally Transcaucasus	292	85.77
Seltzer	Principally Turkish Armenia	101	85.81
Hughes	Non- Blue-Green eyed	—	85.88
Ariens Kappers	Syria	92	86.11
Hughes	Sivas District	143	86.19
Von Erckert	Caucasus	19	86.21
Hughes	"Pure Armenoids"	—	86.68
Ivanovsky	Erivan Province (after famine)	88	86.7
Kherumian	Cilicia	—	86.84
Twarianovitz	Transcaucasus	105	86.89
Erikson	Caucasus	103	87.02
Hughes	Erzerum District	129	87.28
Kherumian	Sivas District	—	87.94
Seltzer	"Ultra-Armenoids"	—	88.06

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IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KURDISTAN

ARAM HAIGAZ

After days of travel through and over the mountains of Kurdistan with the men of Izzet Beg as our guides, we finally arrived at our new official quarters in Yellijeh. Even before our arrival, however, in all probability, as result of the Kurdish guides who accompanied us, our reputation as good functionaries of the government already had reached the village and had been spread among the villagers of the district. Its former Mayor, Hashim Effendi, having found a concubine for himself from among the women of the village, confined to the four rooms which had been assigned him, divided his time between his rich table and his carousals in his illicit bed. The villagers had deeply resented the behavior of this man and the woman. They themselves were far from being saints, it's true. Promiscuous adultery, however, was regarded as a customary and contemptible sin for any Kurd, man or woman. But, to become the permanent concubine of a Turk and to commit open adultery was an insult which no one could stomach.

This was the situation when we arrived at Yellijeh to replace Hashim Effendi. Four Hanums (Ladies), two women and two girls, an attendant, a servant and a maid servant. The new Mudir fulfilled all the qualifications of an honorable officer. That was the reason why our arrival was met with manifest joy and great hopes.

To them the Hanums were curious delightful creatures, something out of this world, and from the first hour of the first

day, when we still were not settled down, we had many callers loaded with their gifts. They were not costly articles, these gifts, but objects which had been plucked from the peasants' plain, unvarnished hearts and from their poor economy. Ten eggs, a lamb, a chunk of cheese, a chicken which had ceased to lay eggs, a portion of ground grain, or some home-made butter. In short, they were every day commodities of life which designated the social or class rank of the bearer.

I do not know what the Mudir or his wife thought of these gift-bearers but I was sure that each of them, independent of the quantity or the quality of the gift, had some sort of expectation, some favor to solicit, the atonement of some offense which had been committed long ago but which might come into the open some day, or as an insurance for some rainy day.

I arrived at this conclusion when one day, scarcely two months after we had settled down, a Kurd with a jet black beard and with small beady eyes which moved like quicksilver, called on me and announced that he wanted to see the Mudir. He was a man with small, very small bones wearing a white woolen Shalvar (baggy breeches). His hands were thrust deep into the thick coils of his waist band which served at once as his armory and his treasury. I noticed that the lines of his thin lips were lost between his beard and mustaches, and he constantly blinked his eye like a man

who had been standing in a smoke filled room for a long time.

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Kzır Ismayıl. Kzır Ismayıl of Chamlija. I am the village chief."

"All right. Wait a minute while I see if the Mudır is alone."

To express his conformity, the man kissed the two forefingers of his right hand, raised them to his forehead, and slightly bent his waist in a gesture of bowing low.

When I entered into the office, I found the Mudır and Nayileh Hanum bored with ennui. "There is a Kurd outside who wants to see you, Beg," I said. "He says he is the Kzır of Chamlija and his name is Ismayıl."

"What kind of a man is he. Does he look like a civilized man?"

"He is dressed in a new attire. He carries in his waist band a dagger and his purse."

"How do you know that he carried a purse in his band?"

"Because he never takes his hand out of the coils."

"He looks like a promising prospect."

"I don't know, but if you ask me, he looks like Satan, or a snake hiding in the reeds."

Nayileh Hanum who had picked up her embroidery and was about to leave, suddenly stopped and asked:

"What did you say he looks like?"

"He looks like Satan, Hanum."

"Have you ever seen Satan?"

"I have never seen him in the flesh but I suppose he must look something like this man."

There was the trace of a faint smile on Mudır's face as he ordered me to go out and bring in this Satan.

As I escorted Kzır Ismayıl into the guest room, I saw that Nayileh Hanum, peering through a slit of the door of her private chamber, was intently watching us.

"*Selamn Aleykum, Beg,*" the Kzır saluted.

"*Aleykum Selam.* Please, be seated."

"Welcome to our district."

"Thank you. Have a cigaret."

"Thank you, Beg. I don't smoke."

"Go ahead. Don't be shy."

"Really, Beg. I don't smoke. Thank you very much. Are you satisfied with our district, Beg?"

"So far I have had no reason to be dissatisfied, except that we have neither telephone nor telegraph. It takes such a long time to receive my orders from the Central Government, and often I have no news of what is going on outside the borders of our village."

"May God preserve our Government, my Beg. Some day, thanks to you and the Government, we too may enjoy these blessings."

"There is a fight going on, there is war, the fatherland is in danger, and yet we sit still here and do nothing, know nothing."

"And if we had news, what could we do, my Beg?"

The Mudır did not reply to this simple man's philosophy, and for a moment there was a lull. The Mudır obviously was getting bored while the Kurd was apparently excited. He had come to say something, he had some business to transact, and yet he lacked the courage to come to the point. I was laughing at him inwardly. Seated there, he kept fidgeting. He took out a huge handkerchief from the folds of his shirt and wiped off the sweat of his face. He shifted his fluid, mobile eyes from me to the Mudır, and with a swift jerk of his thumb he beckoned the Mudır to dismiss me.

"Muslim, my son, go fix us some coffee," the Mudır lightly sneered at me.

As I went into the kitchen and thrust the brass coffee pot into the fire, Nayileh Hanum came to me and asked: "What did the Kurd say? What does he want? What kind of a man is he?"

"How should I know?" I was annoyed.

"They had scarcely saluted each other when they threw me out."

A few moments later I took in the coffee, made of roasted barley and peas. The Kurd was gesticulating lustily. But when he saw me he instantly clammed up.

"Keep talking," the Mudir encouraged. "Muslim is a member of our family. We hold no secrets from him."

The Kurd still hesitated. Feeling certain that I would know all about it after the Kurd had departed, I went out of the room and entered the Hanum's chamber.

"Hanum, that little man has come on a big business. He has brought with him some great secrets and he refuses to talk in my presence."

Half an hour later, with ceremonious bows and *temennahs*, the Kurd took his leave. Hanum and I rushed to the Mudir's office and stood there expectantly.

"Our affairs are in good order," the Mudir announced, rubbing his hands and going through the motions of washing them in the air. "Do you know why the scoundrel came to see me? Well, he has brought me a list of offenders."

"A list of offenders?" I asked surprised.

"Yes, various kinds and degrees of offenders. Best of all, most of them are well-to-do. He thinks, a plain summons from me, and pronto, all of them will be panic-stricken, and laying their hands on their purses they will rush to my feet."

"Then I was right when I resembled him to Satan."

"You were quite right, but this is a useful Satan."

"I think he is a scoundrel, a traitor and a conspirator."

"What does all that matter to us? The man spreads butter on our bread. But I haven't told you the juiciest part of it. He says a woman by the name of Khadijeh has a peerless horse. According to him, it must be a two year old steed, or perhaps a little more. He swears that the like of

that horse cannot be found, not only in our district but in the whole province of Sebastia, including the stables of Governor Muammer and the Kurdish Shieks and the Agha's."

"If he insists so much, he must know something. That much is plain. The question is, through whom shall we get hold of the horse? Is Khadijeh in the list of the offenders?"

"Her name is not in the list nor can you buy the horse from her with money. The Kzir says she is crazy about her horse and even denies its existence."

"Then what shall we do? First, we must establish the horse's existence, after that we shall find a way of acquiring it."

"It will not be very difficult to find a way," the Mudir said confidently. "Khadijeh's brother is a deserter from the army and lives in the mountains."

"That much is enough for us," I added, following the thread of his thoughts, "we must somehow get hold of her brother."

"Yes, but how?"

"Cherkez Kiamil Beg is pursuing the deserters, when he comes these ways we will send him to their village. . ."

"Impossible. That will be folly. When the Cherkez hears about the horse, or if he sees him, God forbid, that will be the end. You don't know these Cherkezes, they will give a right arm for a beautiful woman, a beautiful horse, or a good rifle."

We all fell into deep thought.

"Why can't we summon Khadijeh here and talk to her directly?" I asked, after a minute's thought.

"We have no excuse to summon her here."

"We will find one."

"All right, tomorrow morning you mount your horse and go to Chamlija. If you fail in your mission I will have you skinned alive. Stop at her house and keep your eyes peeled. Under the excuse of caring for your animal, you will have a chance to

go to her stables and will search it. See if you can find some trace, some proof which we can use in the future."

"If such a horse really exists, I don't see how they can keep it a secret."

"The Kzir swears about its existence, and that it is a thorough-bred, but does not know the hiding place."

"If he knows everything, he must also know the hiding place. The scoundrel is plainly lying."

The Mudir, who had a bad opinion about the Kurds, did not object, and the next day, before sunrise, I set out on my mission.

It was a cool, beautiful summer morning. The sun had not risen as yet, but the birds were trying to rouse it from its sleep. Through the reeds and the lower parts of the valley a blue mist was slowly rising, and clumps of white clouds were lazily wafting across the sky. A heavy dew had descended through the night, and in the chalices of upturned blossoms and on the leaves of spreading plants, the fluid drops of the dew scintillated like diamonds. Right before my eyes tulip buds were bursting and sparkling under the shining sun as I rode along. One wondered how they could resist bursting into flames.

Over the back of the damp and still dusky pathway my horse fleeted lightly, his small sharp ears perked up, looking at the grazing rabbits in the bushes. I was almost happy, taking deep drafts of the fresh, cool air which invigorated my veins. To share my happiness with my horse, I bent over and caressed his arched neck.

In this happy mood, a little before mid-day, I arrived at Chamlija, and inquiring about Khadijeh's home, I stopped there for the night. Khadijeh was not surprised seeing me, nor was she taken aback. In the villages of Anatolia where the thing called Hotel does not exist, a traveler stops at the home of a noted villager, or one who is regarded as wealthy, but when the traveler is a man of official capacity, the

hospitality to be accorded him is almost obligatory.

Apparently, Khadijeh and I fulfilled these qualifications. She as a wealthy widow whose hospitality, by various expectations, was sought after and was preferred by sensual Turkish officers; and I, as I told her as soon as I dismounted my horse, was the representative of Mudir Beg, the lord and master of the district.

She was a woman of approximately forty, and despite a face ravaged by the small pox, quite attractive.

We sat opposite each other on the soft throw rugs of the guest room and started to talk. She answered my questions in her broken Turkish, murdering the grammar. Nevertheless, we understood each other without any difficulty. I explained to her that I was Mudir's secretary and agent and had come to see her on a special mission.

"Welcome, a thousand welcomes," she was very lavish in her courtesies, and yet her face was clouded. I waited until she recovered her calmness, until she stopped torturing the red apron which covered her knees. I pitied her and, in my turn, was on the verge of losing my courage.

"I see I have frightened you," I finally broke the silence. "Do not be afraid, you have not committed an offense and we have no ill will toward you. And, to clear you of all uncertainties, I will plainly say that you have a young horse. I want to see it once."

"It is a lie. Who told you? Come to the stables and see with your own eyes. Search everywhere. *Wallahi*, I have no horse."

"I don't know whether it is a lie or true. That is what we were told."

"Who told you?" her eyes sparkled with anger.

Then I was sure that the horse in question really existed.

"The person of the informer is not im-

portant. We know that its color is chestnut, that there are white markings on its forehead and on its three legs. We know that it is two years old, and that it is an Arabian horse. We know that its mother was brought from Aleppo and that she gave birth to it right here."

After hearing these details which the Mudir had given me, Khadijeh was astounded and frightened. She opened her lips to say something but instantly changed her mind and could find no words to utter. She covered her face in her hands and started to cry.

I stood there confused. What could I do to quiet down this poor woman? If at that moment the scoundrel Kzir was with me, I would have taken him under my feet without hesitation. I wondered with what expectations this reptile had crawled inside our home. And right then and there I vowed that, upon my return, I would leave no stone unturned until I stripped that scoundrel of all official favor. And while I had come with the explicit purpose of acquiring the widow's horse, I resolved that under no circumstances would I take possession of it by force or the threat of force. I put my hand on the trembling shoulder of Khadijeh and said to her calmly:

"Do not cry. I believe you. I will go to the Mudir and tell him that a horse of that description does not exist. Perhaps you already have surmised that I am not a Turk but a Fla, a Christian. Jesus is my witness, I will do my best to help you and to keep your secret. I also want you to know that I have not come here with evil intentions. We do not wish to seize your horse by force but to buy it. The Mudir told me that, if I failed in my mission, I should take you to him. If you can arrange for the care of your home and the animals, we shall go. If you do not wish to come, you may stay. I will return alone, and as I said

before, I will do my best to close up this matter peacefully."

Khadijeh dried her eyes with the tip of her apron, cleared her nose, and coming to me, held my hand, and despite my reluctance she kissed me over and over again.

"I will tell you something, but before I do so, you will swear to me," she said, smiling for the first time.

"I swear on whatever you want, on Jesus our prophet, on Allah, or the *Peyghamber*."

"No, none of these. A little while ago you said you are a Fla."

I nodded in assent.

"Are your parents still alive?"

"No, they were killed in the massacres."

"Did you kill the Turks in return?"

"We killed some, but because they were larger in numbers, and since they were supported by the government, they won in the end."

"*Yazoukh, Yazoukh* —A pity, a pity! I want you to swear on the grave of your parents."

"What do you want me to swear?"

"That you will say nothing to anyone about what I will show you."

"I swear."

"Come with me."

Taking my arm she led me to a tall-roofed structure of rough stone and mud which served as the barn. On the right wall an opening led into the stalls which likewise was built of unhewn stone and mud. Here in the dark, damp stall reeking with the smell of straw, she once again turned to me and said, "Don't forget your oath."

"I won't forget."

Approaching the wall she pried off a square block of stone which had been carefully set in, put it down, then turning to me, with a voice which shook with emotion, said, "Look."

Looking at me from the other side of the hole was a small handsome horse's head with fiery eyes, rosy nostrils which trembled

ed, and with sharp-pointed ears pricked up, the like of which I had never seen in my life.

"*Maashallah, Maashallah!* God keep him from evil hex. *Maashallah!*" I was breathless with astonishment.

Khadijeh was crying and laughing. "Is he not a beauty?" she asked.

"Lovely is not the word. He is a miracle. There's none like him. *Maashallah.*"

To save him from the dogs and the wolves which swarm around us I have kept him here. I feed him from this hole, creeping through this hole I take care of his cleanliness. When I miss him, and that happens several times a day, I come here and speak to him."

Again her voice shook and her eyes were filled.

"How long can you keep this wondrous animal confined here without any exercise?" I asked her.

"That's my only worry," she said sadly. "I asked the advice of my brother-in-law who is the Kzir of this village. He knows horses well. He came here and examined the animal, rubbed his knees and shoulders."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said the animal is firm as steel and he is strong. He told me I have no cause of worry."

"Is this Kzir brother-in-law of yours a reliable man?"

"O yes, after all he is my brother-in-law, the brother of my dead husband."

I could scarcely restrain myself from laughing, and telling her that it was this reliable brother-in-law of hers who betrayed her to the Mudir, but I had sense enough to keep silent.

When we came out of the barn she invited me to dinner. "I have not much, only what God has given," she apologized. "But, thanks to Him, I can rustle up some bread and some mouldy cheese."

"I am very fond of mouldy cheese," I said.

She set the table. The delicious smell of the melting butter over the flames filled the house and when she set the smutty platter on the table, the round, yellow eyes of the eggs were verily wallowing in a sea of crisp, sizzling butter. The bread was of wheat, and the cheese was not mouldy.

As an indication of supreme respect, she did not sit with me, but hovered over me standing, her hands folded under the red apron which reached down to her moccasins.

"Please, sit down," I invited as I dunked the bread into the delicious butter, "I am not used to being surrounded by servants and I get a bit uneasy. Please, sit down."

She obeyed me. With a swift motion she flung the long locks of her hair which covered her breast over her shoulder, and, planting her elbows adorned with many bracelets on her knees, she rested her head in her hands. In this position she was gazing at me sidewise like a bird, and each time I took a morsel to my mouth, her red luxuriant lips parted ever so slightly.

"How old was your mother when she died? Was she young?" she asked suddenly.

"Huh," I grunted.

"Did you have any brothers or sisters?"

"Brothers, yes. No sisters."

"Did they all die?"

"Yes, all whom the Turk could reach died."

"*Yazoukh* — A pity. May the Turk's home go up in flames, may his hearth be demolished, may the fires of hell shower on his head, may the curse of the Armenians be upon him."

"Where there any Armenians in your village too?" I asked.

"There were," she said. They exiled or killed all of them. But the man who organized their massacre died like a howling dog.

For seven days his soul was tortured. The ghosts of the Armenians whom he had killed came back and squatted on his chest until he choked. You should have seen it, how, lying there, lost in his perspiration, he was wrestling with them. It served him right. After seven days he died."

"Was there no one in the village who could have saved a few of the children?"

"The first days there was no permission to leave them behind for adoption. Afterwards, when the tension was relaxed, no children were left either to adopt or to hide. All had been drowned in the Euphrates. The witnesses wove a dirge over them which runs:

*"Frat urmaghe ne yaman derin,
Frato dolanda kiz ile gelin,
Al aghchig, aghchig, sonen da frat,
Musliman olanda alerson murad."*

"Armenian girls:

The Euphrates is cold and dark
For those cast into its depths.

Wiser are those who become Moslems."

"Will you sing it for me, Khadijeh? I want to hear the tune too," I begged her.

She hesitated for a moment. She looked at my face twisted with emotion, at my eyes, at the morsel of the bread, and my hands pushing back the table, then with a soft melodious voice she began to sing. And I, without being ashamed, cried like a little boy as I listened to her artless song, its simple words and its monotonous melody. Infected by my emotion, she raised the tip of her apron to her eyes.

"You did not eat your dinner," she said.

"I had enough, thank you."

From that moment until my departure we did not speak to each other, but I felt that the barrier which had always separated us now lifted. Khadijeh was dear to me now like a sister. Had she not shared my grief? Had she not wept for all the Armenian dead?

Late in the afternoon when the shadows fell in the valleys and the air was somewhat cooler, I started to leave. I took my horse out and threw the saddle on his back. As I was fastening the saddle she stood there, her hands folded before her, silently watching my movements.

"Good by, Khadijeh," I said, as I put my foot in the stirrup.

"Good by, friend, God be with you."

"Don't you worry."

"I won't."

She was crying.

I bounded on my horse and dug in the spurs. The wise animal, chewing at the reins, bounced forward. When I was gone quite a little ways, I turned around and looked back. Khadijeh was rooted there, on the bank of the stream where I had mounted my horse.

I wheeled my horse around, rode back to her, and leaning over from my saddle said to her, "I am a man of my word."

Then, without waiting for her answer and without looking back, I rode away from Chamlija and from Khadijeh.



FREEDOM

*Imprisoned there within a cage
of roughened twig,
once gilded bird, now still and gray,
who used to sing
in silver tones, cast down its eyes
and died. No more
sweet visions to this life
its velvet throat would bring . . .
and like pearls fell the tears of the fledglings
in sorrow.*

*A rose once grew as red as blood,
the fairest one
that e'er before had shown itself
to Man. One morn,
by one enraptured by the sight,
'twas plucked it from
proud stem. But swift did die,
which had in haste been torn . . .
and like pearls fell the tears of the seedlings
in grief.*

*Of angel-form and virgin-hue
were cloudlets in
their azure pool at dusk—until,
on fearful tide,
the thunder rose and grasped them in
her fiery breast
to clothe them all in tints
of gloom. For shame, I sighed . . .
and like pearls fell the tears of shy dreamer
in sadness.*

*Yet—
castled 'loft in diamond glow tow'rs mount
of all Man's dreams.
And proud the land and those who stand
below and see
redemption in brief span of time.
Unlike frail bird
and bloom and cloud, these live
till soul and soil be free . . . !
and like pearls fall the tears of the angels
in joy!*

PATRICIA T. KOJOIAN

THE DOG FIGHT OVER A LOAF OF BREAD

The Story of an Escapee from the Soviet Hell

ARMEN SANINIAN

By the time I reached Siberia the human cargo of my wagon was changed more than ten times. At each stop of the train I met new people who, like me, were slaves, and yet, their sad appearance left a mysterious, sinister impression on me.

They never smiled, and it was a rare thing when their tight lips exchanged a couple of words. They never fought, not even for such compelling matters as, for example, the need of finding a place to sit or lie down in this closed cage which was called a wagon. Silent and unperturbed, these slaves stood on foot for long days, never relinquishing their sense of mutual care and respect.

Few were not the instances when, those who were comfortably ensconced on their upper wooden berths, would come down from their "royal" heights and would offer their seats to those who were standing.

"Comrade, you can occupy my berth for three or four hours while I stand for a change."

This fraternal spirit among the civil prisoners did not jibe well with the plans of the Cheka, and consequently, a sufficient number of criminal prisoners were introduced into each wagon who made life miserable for the others. If in a wagon the criminals outnumbered the civilians, or felt sufficiently strong, then the condition of the civilian prisoners doubly deteriorated. The criminals robbed them of their

bread rations and their berths and forced them to stand on foot. All the criminals were armed with factory knives at the connivance of the guards.

The number of the criminal prisoners assigned to Siberia was comparatively small, just enough to supervise the slave laborers in concentration camps. The greater part of the criminals were kept in local prisons and were let loose on anniversary occasions of the October Revolution. Thus, the Soviet concentration camps were restricted to political offenders, whether actually guilty or not, whose total number revolved around ten to twelve millions.

I do not think there is a more infernal punishment for man than what one experiences during transportations of the slaves in the Soviet Union. In those days I never regarded myself as a human being nor a caged wolf. I was just an inanimate object. An object which, was needless for the masters like, say, a broken brick whose existence, or non-existence, is of no significance. And yet the brick never merits the hatred of man because it does not live, does not talk, does not feel, does not think nor suffer. I was suffering because I knew how to feel and think, because I was suffering from hunger, from the filth, from the crowding, the weariness, the cold, and primarily because, being a human being, my most elementary rights, even the rights of a prisoner in a barbarian country, were

taken away from me. And this was not just for a day, a week, a month or a year, but for years without end.

Was it worth living under such conditions? Of course not. Therefore, I decided to run away when the chance arrived and risk being shot. And yet, for a prisoner there is always an opportune moment or there is not. The venture is conditioned by the prisoner's psychological state of mind, rather than the objective setting.

Our train came to a sudden stop, felling the standing prisoners like a scythe which mows down the grass.

"They have unhooked the locomotive. It looks like we are going to stay here for a long time," one of the slaves observed.

"What good will that do us?"

"You can't tell. They might give us some bread."

I could not recall when last I had had anything to eat. We had gone without food for quite a few days.

"In our country he eats who works. What have you done that you should demand anything to eat. Tell me, what have you done?" This is what the captain of our guards had said to those who had asked for bread two days before. The answer was so logical that the slaves had been confounded.

"But you yourself do eat, citizen captain," one of the slaves ventured to ask.

"And how." The chief guard wiped off his lips as one who had just swallowed a huge chunk of roast chicken.

"And what are you doing to be entitled to your food?" the slave insisted.

"What am I doing? I am transporting dogs like you," the captain barked angrily and slammed the wagon door.

The train scarcely had come to a stop when I heard voices coming from the other wagons.

"We want bread."

"We want water."

"We too want bread and water," one of

the slaves of our wagon took up the strain. For a whole month, whenever the train stopped, this was the chorus which was repeated.

"We want bread," shouted a group of the slaves, approaching the wagon door.

"We want water," others repeated. Gradually, others joined the chorus, swelling the chant.

Suddenly the wagon door was opened and in came two priests and a third, each carrying a bag.

"Here you are. Go ahead and de-kulak these kulaks," said the guard chuckling, as he pushed the three inside. The kulaks were the property owning farmers in the Soviet Union whom the government persecuted as enemies of the regime. To de-kulak them meant to deprive them of their possessions and reduce them to the status of the proletariat. In other words, the guard was throwing the three kulaks to the dogs.

"What is he saying?" there was an instant commotion among the prisoners.

"I say these three carry dried bread in their bags. Take it, eat it and shut up," the guard said.

The starving slaves looked at each other in confusion, then hung their heads. It was plain that a fierce fight was going on inside each of them. The stomach insisted on carrying out the guard's order while their sense of shame restrained them. However, it seemed it was not so easy to go without food for days and at the same time to be so meticulous about the moral code, especially since the law, in the person of the guard, permitted the resort to force.

The newcomers lowered their bags in the center of the wagon and stood beside them. There was no room to sit down. A young slave, approaching them, started to fondle the bags timorously.

"What do you want?" asked one of the priests.

The lad blushed, and finding no answer, retreated.

A bolder slave took up the cue: "Father, the guard said you have bread, and these few days we have had nothing to eat."

The priest looked at him, then stooping down he picked the bag and emptied the contents on the floor.

"The guard lies. See, I have no bread."

Some linen, an aluminum plate, a spoon and a cup. This was the contents of the bag. There was no bread.

"And you, Father?" the slave turned to the second priest.

"I too have no bread," the priest said and likewise emptied his bag.

"And you?" the slave turned to the third man desperately.

"I am not a priest," the latter protested vehemently.

It was difficult to tell whether he was a priest or not. His attire was not that of the priest but he sported a long white beard, freely swept in his eyebrows and hair. He wore on his head a military cap, God knows how old, without the visor. But, no matter. The question was not his calling, but whether he had bread or not.

It seemed he was a cunning fellow. He knew very well what they wanted of him, but he wanted to leave the impression that the guard's decision to "de-kulak" applied only to the two priests, and that he should be left alone. But, when he said he was not a priest, he committed a great psychological error which proved his undoing. He would have fared better had he been more candid and given a straight answer.

As I watched the drama, I could see that the great majority of the slaves disapproved of the slave's inquisition, which meant they were opposed to the verdict of de-kulaking the man. But after his answer the verdict became a certainty.

"I am not asking you if you are a bishop, a priest or a commissar; all I want to know is have you bread or not?" the slave became

bolder once he sensed the rest were with him.

"What business of yours is it, whether I have or not?" the man raised his voice.

With an oath the slave made a dash for the bag.

"I won't let you have it, I won't," and the man threw himself on the bag.

Only a mother who wants to protect her child from danger could have fought as savagely, and yet he failed. The slave grabbed the handle of the bag, and pulled it loose from under the man's belly. Like lightning, the owner seized the bottom of the bag with his claws and teeth and tugged at it. "I won't let you have it, I won't" he shrieked.

There was a frantic struggle between the slave and the owner for the possession of the bag. They pushed and kicked, clawed at each other, tumbled over the spectators, fell down and rose again to continue the fight. The slave, who was exhausted by hunger, could not wrest away the bag; on the contrary, the owner took possession of it several times and again covered it with his body. But the slave came back again and again.

It was a disgusting sight, and I, from my higher berth, was watching the actors and the spectators. It was difficult to tell on whose side was the sympathy of the starving prisoners. Did the owner of the bread have a right to hang on to his supply, especially when they were trying to wrest it from him by force? On the other hand, it seemed the slave, who had gone without food for such a long time, also had a little right to share the bread. It seemed to me the slave did not want to rob the man simply in order to satisfy his hunger, but as a means of preventing his dying.

It seemed to me, if from the beginning the man had shared his property with his kindred-in-fate he could have saved the other half. But judging from his impetuosity, it seemed he was ready to fight a

whole army before he would part with his bread.

"I won't give it to you," he repeated in his throaty voice, without letting his teeth go off the bag. At that moment he was pitiful in his greed, with his eyes red from anger, with the spittle flowing from his mouth, wetting the bag and the bread inside. His claws were so firmly clamped on the sides of the bag that I thought it would be impossible to wrench it from him without plucking his nails and teeth.

By this time the pesky slave, too, was considerably weakened by his exertions because he called on his fellow-slaves to come to his assistance. "Ho there, come over and help me, I am not fighting for myself alone," he pleaded, and yet no one moved. His antagonist now held the bag. The poor man thought he had won the fight but he was ready to resist further if necessary. His yellow-colored dirty beard was wagging violently as he raised his head in anger, staring at his attacker defiantly.

Mad with hunger, the slave made another effort. Approaching the old man, he made a grab for the bag but the owner, like a wolf, bared his teeth and tried to bite the extended hand. He missed it and this gave the slave sufficient time to grab hold of the mouth of the bag. In the ensuing tug of war the bands of the bag broke loose and several scraps of dried black bread scattered on the dirty floor.

"Bread!" exclaimed the slaves in a chorus, as if at a given command, and made a rush for it. They were trembling like men who were seeing their loved ones after long years of separation. Their eyes, shrunk from starvation, strained and shone in order to see the scraps of bread a little better, the appearance of which was something like a miracle in our caged wagon. There was no question about it. It was real bread, each slice of which could revive them, soften the pain in their stomachs, restore their

hope to prolong their slavish existence.

The slave let go of the bag and pounced on the scattered scraps. Still on his knees, he gnawed at the dried scraps voraciously, disregarding the blows which the old man was showering on his head. He rose to his feet and kept devouring the bread, swallowing it in huge chunks, his adam's apple jerking violently, and blood oozing from a corner of his mouth.

"It's bread, bread. See? He is eating it," screamed one of the slaves as he rushed to the owner. "Give me some, too."

"I won't give, I won't," and the old man clung tightly to his bag.

But it was already too late. A third slave, a fourth and a fifth followed suit and in a moment all was bedlam. The bag was torn open, and now, every one was for himself. It was a huge pile of slaves, unutterably filthy, emaciated, disheveled and starved, rolling and writhing, sometimes receding and at once closing ranks again, twisting and shouting like a mad tornado. Were it not for the restrained sobs, the moanings and the groanings, the random oaths, and the screams caused by the pain of hurt hands, feet and heads, an outside observer would have thought this was an army of ghosts who were being held together by some demonic power.

Suddenly I heard a revolting guffaw booming from the outside, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha. Standing there at the open door of the wagon were some ten Chekists, warmly clad and with ruddy cheeks, chortling over the drama which was being enacted inside. They were having the fun of their lives, slapping their knees and splitting their sides with laughter until tears came out of their eyes.

One of them noticed that I had not joined in the orgy of de-kulaking the bourgeois kulak. "Hey there, you," he called, "why don't you join in the fun?"

"Shut the door, please, it is too cold," I replied with a calmness which surprised

even me, and, falling to my side, I covered my face with my hands in order not to see the horrible sight.

When I sat up the door of the wagon already was closed. All the slaves had retired to their places, silent and quiet, as if they were asleep. Not a noise or even a whisper. The air stood still. I wondered what this could be.

I looked at the agronomist lying next to me. His eyes were closed, as if forcibly done, but something like a smoke was rising from him which took body and stood in the air. Next to him lay a history professor. His eyes too were shut, but again the same smoke oozed from his eyes. Next to him lay Kolkhoznik Bedo, the same smoke from his eyes. Next to Bedo lay an architect, a soldier, a teacher, all, all of whom had taken part in de-kulaking the old man.

What could this be? I attentively looked at the face of the agronomist for the second time. It was an unbelievably emaciated face. His chin and cheeks were covered with a fleecy beard two inches thick. His closed eyes had sunk so deep in their sockets that one would think they had hit the bottom of twin wells.

But the smoke? The thing which was oozing from their eyes was not smoke but the reflection of contrition. Shame. They were ashamed with themselves for having taken part in the loot of an old man, a slave like themselves, a misfortunate like themselves, like themselves caged in a cold wagon and doomed to die. They felt sorry that they had wrested from him the few pieces of bread which belonged to him, for the possession of which he had so fiercely fought.

Then I understood. It was unmixed, unanimous shame which stood in our prison-wagon. From the spot below where the two priests and the old man were supposed to be, a deep sigh was heard. I stooped

down and looked. Seated side by side on their knapsacks, their heads lowered on their knees, the two priests seemed to be fast asleep. Next to them, prone on his face, his body convulsing, the old man was crying. At first he was crying quietly, then it became murmers, as if talking to himself. There was no resentment in his voice, nor protest, but a certain refinement of the language which, apparently, himself did not notice. There was a tinge of suffering, a grief which had been caused by the likes of him who spoke of human happiness.

He was telling the story of how he had saved those few pieces of bread. How, on one cold winter day, the Cheka had entered his home and had thrown out in the cold his family of twenty, the cries of his daughters-in-law and their children, how they had separated his sons from the rest, how he had wandered from exile to exile, how he had saved his few pieces of bread from his prison rations. The bread had moulded, they had told him to sprinkle it with salt. But where to find salt in a prison? Etc. etc.

"That's enough, shut up!" shouted one of the slaves.

"That's right, Shut up!" others shouted.

The agronomist sat up with a start, seizing his stomach. "O my stomach, my stomach's on fire," he moaned.

"How come?" I asked.

"I ate some of the poor man's bread and that must be the cause. Didn't you have any?"

"No."

"How could you resist it?"

"Instinctively, it seems."

"I envy you now."

"You may well envy me."

"If the next time they give us any bread, I will not eat my portion, I will give it to him."

"That's a very good thought."

With a jolt our train started. We were on the move again.

JOEY

PASCAL A. TCHAKMAKIAN

Amidst the buzzing roar and laughter, happy welcome and friendly hand shakes dispensed by and between the hundreds of youngsters assembled on the playground, Joey gave the impression of a lost lamb.

It was the first day of school for everyone; thus, a merry atmosphere, a great day like a Fourth of July, full of smiles, hopes, stories and renewal of old acquaintances half forgotten during the summer's vacations.

Here and there, scattered in circles, the boys, in long pants or over-bleached dungarees, opened sport shirt or stiff-starched white shirt, and the girls looking like serious little ladies with spotless skirts and tight hairdo's, were mixed together, on the Lincoln Public playground, in the best democratic way.

Joey, his back against the white wall of the school, could only watch, with a hidden delight.

He was a stranger in this crowd. He felt like a stranger in a foreign land, unable to recognize any familiar face or perceive any familiar voice, as it was the first time he had ever come to that school. He was softly amused by the business of that human ant hill, moving his lonely heart, by its festive and, say, colorful atmosphere of that sacred day.

His delight was interrupted, though, by the coming of a group of youngsters. In his dreamy minutes of contemplation, he hadn't seen them coming, having practically sneaked their way to him like a gang of Indians, unnoticed.

They stopped several feet from him, gaz-

ing with the curiosity of a man trying to understand another one. To them he was a "new fella", not a crawling baby starting in the first grade for whom these elders had some kind of paternal scorn, but one as young as themselves, going for his last year! As human nature often times calls for an instinctive self-preservation of some established rights, whether it is in an office, in a factory, or in a school, these "grandfathers", within their own crowd, wanted to see, to know, to evaluate what kind of a person they were going to live with.

At first they didn't speak to each other. Their eyes just conveyed the reciprocal itch of each other's mind. They were searching, by their glances, deep into Joey's heart, some forms of expressions words are too poor to describe.

Joey, in the same position, neither moved nor opened the conversation. He didn't know them, or couldn't remember most of these faces already bearing the mark of manhood. There was a tall kid, glaring at him, with jeans sticking to legs which looked like crooked poles; and several average looking ones, with a standard expression. As he recognized one small little man, blond and freckled, who lived in the same building, he ventured a smile.

At least, he thought, he could find someone to link his thoughts with. A sort of warmth passed on his lonely heart, as on two friends meeting each other in a big unknown city.

"Well," said Patrick, the one Joey knew, "here is the kid I talked about." He showed

Joey by a motion of his head, adding, "He's gonna be in our class, this year."

The group seemed rather indifferent, cold. They were like these crowds or mobs listening to a political speech, doubting every blessed word of the speaker, and always ready to search for something conspicuous in order to argue. They were the products of the big city, either bestowing an unusual compassion or able to turn, in a split second, into an extreme contempt. After all, Joey was going to share with them, with that group cemented by time and pride. He couldn't just step over!

"Are you living with your family?" asked the tall one, breaking the silence.

Joey nodded.

"And where do you come from?" he emphasized, gazing through his glasses as indifferently as a peaceful goat.

"Maine," Joey answered, "Lewiston, Maine."

Joey spelled Maine as if the word had something magic behind it. A happy smile crossed his little sad face with deep blue eyes as he recalled the beautiful state where he had lived most of his life.

The group showed a flash of interest at this comment. Dozens of questions mingled in the air, one asking whether he had been at Rangeley Lakes, seen Orchard Beach or Popham Beach, confusing Joey, who just happened to live in Maine, not to be on vacation. He felt sorry as he shook his head to every question, bewildering every one of them. How could he not know this or that part of Maine, as long as he lived there? For them, it was something strange and dubious.

"Were you a farmer, then?" asked someone.

"Oh! No," said Joey, firmly. He didn't want to be put on that ground, to be taken for a farmer. He thought they might mock him or laugh at him.

"Then what's your father doing?" said the same kid, more inquiringly.

Joey looked at the whole group in a glance. They were waiting for him to justify himself a little, as, up to now, he still remained a stranger with no definite picture.

He hesitated an unending second before he whispered, "I don't have a father; I never had one that I remember. Mother says he's dead."

The sentence opened a silence between each child, though, in the background, the laughter and yelling of the small crowd still filled the air. Wasn't it awful, they thought. He wasn't, like one of them, born in a certain hospital of the city, didn't know what vacations were, didn't have a father. . . ! He wasn't, in other words, a clean-cut, stereotyped individual with a definite outline as one is an office employee, a truck driver, or a teacher. . . !

"You poor kid," said one of the youngsters, "you're like an orphan."

The word "orphan" rang like a bell in Joey. He swiftly lifted his eyes toward the one who spoke, and, suddenly, it was as if the face of the whole world had changed. He looked like a surprised man or woman to whom you announce the death of a dear one — they can't realize the scope of the truth.

Then they gazed at him with the pity we

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

It was a happy experience for Pascal Tchakmakian to "discover" THE ARMENIAN REVIEW — something that occurred quite by accident. A resident of the United States — Boston to be more specific — for two years, Tchakmakian had not been told "that Armenians in this country have a solid intellectual magazine". He is a native of France. His dad "was secretary of the Dashnak Party there for years, and Mr. Hrand Samuelian, an ARF leader, is my relative. All my education was earned in France, and my literary activities started there. I have written, unsuccessfully, two novels in French. I have a whole volume of poems in French which I think are good and which I hope to have printed in the future. Since coming to America, I have not stopped writing. I have shifted from use of the French to the English which I should know well enough by now, and which I learned in a French College. . . I work in an office by night, and write by day. . ."

have at looking at some poor animals in a zoo. human beings have caged for one reason or another.

Joey was choking, holding his feeling in his own chest, almost ready to blow up. He didn't know what to do or what to say to make them understand, to tell them, or to break that wall of pitying irony begotten when we confront a misery deeper than ours. How can you take someone's hands or head and put them on your heart or your soul, so he may comprehend? How can you show the desert of human loneliness or that cold notion of being different from the mass?

Joey instinctively grasped this impossibility, and he suddenly broke the group. He ran away toward the gates of the school.

They turned their heads to follow Joey's run, meandering among the groups of smiling children. As he disappeared in the noisy Jefferson Avenue, one ventured, "what's the matter with that guy?"

II

Tired of walking miles of streets, with that word "orphan" repeated over and over again in the depth of his heart, pursuing him like a bad dream, Joey finally sat on a bench of the Public Garden.

He was really tired, completely unaware of where he had been, what he had seen. Nothing seemed to exist but the little complex problem he had. At first he wanted to cry loud; to empty his lungs and weep over his own fate; to let the whole world know that he felt miserable and was miserable. He couldn't figure any tangible reasons, neither define what a father is like, save perhaps what his own childish mind built. One day, long ago, as he was in a lighted wood of birch trees, in the trail of the sun playing through the lazy branches, he had schemed a world of his own. He had imagined a big smiling God behind a golden desk writing in a big book. Angels were behind and around or coming in.

It was a perfect world of no headache or property, a commonwealth where smiles and happiness seemed to be the prerequisites. His father must have been there, he thought, transmuted into another being, like an Angel. Why worry then? Why cry? Why look unhappy, he asked eagerly to himself. But each time the insinuating power of that dream was overwhelmed by the desire of factual things, like when he hears a man talk to a child, he was back on earth, with an empty thought.

He suddenly turned his eyes around the Garden, to distract or wash his thoughts and leave his problems in a hidden corner of his mind.

The park was calm, for it was mid-afternoon. A hazy September sun delicately warm, enveloped the park. It fell on the partly bare branches of the trees, slowly undressing themselves of their roasted coat, as it was the season. On the mounds, emptied of their colorful and fragrant flower beds one looks at with pleasure, the light floated, like a golden fog. In the alleys, under the wooden benches with faded green paint, on the lawns strewn with old newspapers, popsicle sticks, empty peanut bags, the coming of autumn had laid a thick, uneven layer of dead leaves; they gave a general color to the park, the color of deep brown or fainting yellow worn by the crusty and wrinkled leaves the steps of a passer-by crush in a soft ruffling sound.

Joey loved, as did most of the children now roaming through the park, the sight of that Garden. It reminded him, a little, of his native Maine, of his home town which bears the most genuine hallmark of America — the naked beauty of Nature. He also loved that park for the reason that here, with people being quiet, happy, smiling, dreamy, he could avoid the pricking inner pain of loneliness in an unknown city. He could share, with the eye of his mind, the

lacquered surface of happiness all gardens offer.

For a moment Joey was contented. His worries has vanished and he was pulled to better thoughts just by prowling, with his eyes, all around the park.

He smiled when he saw the couple of white swans loftily gliding on the pond. He wondered, as he had never seen a swan before coming to that city, why they stick one of their legs under a wing and propell themselves with the other, by a sudden jerk, underwater. He gazed at several squirrels, running here and there, and he heartily laughed to see them chasing each other, one probably being cheated, the other seeking vengeance, like human beings. Some others of these little devils were standing on the lawns, carefully watching with their frightened eyes, the paths of the people, unmistakingly smiling at their dubious attitude. When alone, again, they kept biting in a nut with the look of a wise thinking old man.

These traits of life, unable, perhaps, to move a grownup man, unable to give him any sort of strong escape from reality, were Joey's balm. They soothed him. They calmed him, as when he saw some little babies, like a ball of rosy flesh, roll on the lawns under their mother's attentive eyes. Some would run, awkwardly fall on their behind, wonder why in heaven they were on the ground, and try, with an unknown patience, to re-establish their equilibrium. Some would cry, and Joey would enjoy listening to all the honey, lamb pie, darling, poor dear, mothers would softly tell the child. The kisses and the fleshy huggins of the young mothers would bring a kind of jealousy in him, but, on second thought, he felt a wave of participating compassion, as we do at the end of a well-ending picture.

Hours passed, but he didn't notice them flying away. He was too frightened to think

of anything, which, he was afraid, would bring back his own misery again.

As the sun became like a burning ball, splashing its redness against the mass of tall buildings surrounding the park, he knew it was an end. The vague noisy cry of a flock of ducks, lazily floating on the pond, brought his mind back to reality.

His old pains came back, like the waves of the ocean or a mental hangover. He gave a last look at the park, got up, and mixed in the live streams of workers going back home, after a well-earned day.

III

When Joey opened the door of the three-room apartment he lived in, his mother was already home. At the sound of the opening door, she turned her head from what looked like a miniature kitchen.

"Where have you been," she softly asked. "My goodness, there's a long time you should have been home. Oh, well," she added in a happy tone, "you perhaps found a lot of new friends and couldn't leave them. It's good for you, Joey, to have many friends. You learn things and it helps you to live."

From the kitchen the familiar noises of a busy stove filled the atmosphere. A thin and stretched cloud of steam was lazily floating on the ceiling.

"Tell me," she inquired, coming into the room with a motherly smile, "how did you like your first day of school?"

Joey was pensively kneeling on the sofa, his head in his two little hands and his eyes set on the maze and traffic of Harvard street. Her smile slowly vanished from her lips, feeling, by this intuitive awareness of situations women, and particularly mothers, have that something bothered Joey.

"Joey," she called.

He turned his head to her, a dreamy expression on his face.

"Yes, Ma!"

"Is there anything wrong? Or. . ."

"No, Ma, I was just thinkin'!"

"Oh!" she sighed, still not convinced in herself. She returned to the little corner of their apartment, neat and clean, where several pots left a trail of vapor burst into the air.

The supper was quiet.

Joey's mother was secretly afraid to ask anything. She acted as though everything was natural, glancing at her son eating very slowly, thoughtfully looking at each mouthful as if he was mentally talking to the thing. Obviously, she had the desire to pull that curtain of melancholia in Joey's expression, but had no intention at all of searching for further explanations and opening severe invisible wounds. Apparently, it was better to let Joey "cool off", wipe out by his own self his reserved attitude. She didn't want the volcano of the human heart to blow its lava because of some more or less silly questions.

After dinner, while she was washing the dishes and preparing some sandwiches for the next day's lunches, Joey had sat in the same place by the sofa.

He stood there until the black veil of the night enveloped the entire city. The neon signs endlessly flickered, the cars rushed somewhere he couldn't imagine, the street lights splashed a pale glow on the road.

When his mother called him, reminding him it was time to go to bed, it seemed that he came back from some other worlds, way out in the open sky. He didn't answer, and she called him louder.

"Joey, it's time to go to sleep," coming in front of him.

He sat on the sofa and looked at her with a strange tenderness, with a sort of question hovering in his actions.

"Mama," he asked, and he tried to have a certain seriousness in his voice, "is it true that I am an orphan?"

The last word, as it came out of his mouth, stabbed her heart. A clump of past memories shifted in her mind. She was

struck, but the serious voice called something else than sheer emotions or usual lies.

"Who told you that?" she asked, trembling imperceptibly.

"The kids in school said I was an orphan because I didn't have a father like everybody else. Is it true, Ma?"

"Oh! How could you, Joey. Your father . . . was a good man, and . . . he, well . . ." she hesitated, "he won't come back any more. But," she added, shaking her head to prove she was right, "you're not an orphan. You have your mother."

A thin film of tears covered her eyes. She knelt, took Joey's head in her hands with more than motherly care and love, like something which represents everything we have in life.

Joey asked, all the while his mother was hiding her head behind his ears, "Can't we get a new father, Mama?"

The poor woman gulped. She couldn't decide whether she should cry at Joey's comment or laugh at it. He asked for a father almost the same way he would ask for a new toy thinking you can get everything on earth if you can afford it.

"But, Joey, you just can't 'buy' a father like . . . like . . . well, you wouldn't understand. You have to love someone, to marry him, have children and. . ."

"So why don't you marry," he said. He looked at his mother, still handsome and young, appraising her beauty as an unambitious auctioneer, adding, "You're still a nice looking mother!"

She instinctively blushed. Her heart was filled with a queer blend of sorrow with gusts of mirth created by Joey's plain talks.

"Please, Joey," she said smiling, we'll talk of it some other time. Come, now, it's getting too late."

She took the little man by the hand and stepped to the bedroom. She undressed him very slowly, thinking, in a more mature way than Joey, of the clichés which made her life: the day she married, ten years ago

with John. He was no Casanova or Hamlet, but strongly built and very honest. They had loved each other for years before they could settle down someplace, for both of them were not in the group of highly paid workers. Their years of peaceful marriage wasn't the tremendous romance one sees sometimes in five-inch letters on a newspaper. Their was the simple and humble love of the people, until the day John contacted a certain fever and died almost within the next week. From that day on, she left her little home town in Maine and went south to work, forget, and give Joey a good education. All dressed up, almost looking like a doll with his curly hair, Joey squirmed in his bed.

His mother sighed, for herself. Her son was a sun to her heart, innocent, a charming face with a tiny nose and rosy cheeks. He was like a warm wind on a frozen pond.

She pulled the woolen blankets tight up to his chin and bent a little to kiss him. The soft skin of Joey brought a wave of

happiness, and she kissed him several times all over the face.

Weeks and months passed in school. Joey avoided the crowd of children, though that, as soon as they knew his whole story by way of rumors or else, they genuinely wanted to include him in their games. He was almost indifferent and cold until the day he triumphantly walked the alley leading to the gates.

A tall man, strongly built, well-dressed as an office employee, was smiling at him. Joey felt like a Conquistador, proud, and giving a wide glance around himself, he almost yelled from the stream of youngsters, running and tumbling over each other like acrobats, "Hi, Pa!"

The man softly walked to Joey and brought him to a car parked nearby.

From there on, he mixed with "his" crowd. As in the army, once you went through basic training and some kind of initiation, you lifted your own self up to a mental point where you could look any one straight in the eye, even a general.



THE ARMENIANS OF AMERICA

JAMES G. MANDALIAN

Today there are approximately 250,000 Armenians in the United States. This number which started from humble beginnings as far back as the Colonial Era, with the arrival of John Martin the Armenian in Virginia in the early part of the 17th century, gradually swelled up to its present proportions as a result of, for the most part, steady, and several mass, influxes which were concentrated in the latter part of the 19th century and the beginning of the Twentieth century. The outstanding mass exodus of the Armenians from Turkey into the United States took place in the late 90's, following the wholesale massacres of Sultan Abdul Hamid, and after World War I. During the past five years the community has been replenished with an additional 3,000 newcomers from German and Austrian concentration camps as a result of the efforts of the American National Committee for Homeless Armenians.

The causes of Armenian immigration into United States were various. Foremost among these was the Turkish oppressive rule, the massacres of Abdul Hamid, and the Turkish deportations of 1915 which practically wiped off, or drove away, the almost entire population of Turkish Armenia. Another cause was their contact with American missionaries — their missions and educational institutions in Turkey which were almost exclusively attended and supported by the Armenians, with their enlightening influence as regards the blessings of free America. The third cause,

as in the case of many other nationality groups, was economic. The immigrating Armenians wanted to better their lot in a free country, unmolested by the fanatical enemy.

With the exception of a negligible few, the overwhelming majority of the newcomers regarded their coming as temporary. They left their families and loved ones behind, with the intention of a brief stay in which they could make a few dollars, and when the storm was over, they meant to return to the homeland to rejoin their kin. In some instances, those who had tasted of the new life, meant to save enough with which they could pay the passage of their parents or sweethearts to rejoin them in the newly-found fatherland.

But with the passing of time, and with their new experience, the original calculations of the newcomers underwent a transformation. They got married, formed families, and presently the idea of returning became difficult, if not impossible. Thus, gradually, they became reconciled with their new environment, and in the course of time they became verily enamored with it. Not knowing the language, transplanted into an entirely different world, suffering from nostalgia, in the initial stages the newcomers had a difficult and arduous time. But in this case, the Armenian organizations, political, charitable, or compatriotic, and especially the Armenian press came to their rescue, explaining to them in their language the benefits of the new

fatherland, and greatly facilitating their task of self-adjustment.

With the passing of time, the Armenian became acclimated to his new environment, learned to love America, and slowly wove himself into the American social fabric. Today there are few Armenians who have not become American citizens, while the young generation, which outnumbered the seniors, knows very little of the old country, and thinks and feels in terms of America.

The Armenians are known for their diligence, industry, their high family morals, their perseverance, and their love of the church, of freedom, and education. They are also noted for their insatiable thirst for learning. No Armenian has been a public burden in America, and crime is practically unknown among them. The gangster, the racketeer, and the bum are unknown among the Armenians. The analogs of these words do not exist in the Armenian dictionary. Armenian students in American educational institutions have been noted for their high scholarship, each year many of them being recipients of high awards as honor students. As American citizens, even by the testimony of eminent American authorities, they have been classified as among the most desirable. During the last war they demonstrated their American patriotism both on the battle and the home fronts. Thousands of Armenian youths did not even wait for the draft but volunteered in the army. The Armenian youths in the army acquitted themselves with exemplary courage, winning the high praise of their superiors, and many of them were decorated for their valor. On the home front the Armenian communities supported the war effort with their generous subscriptions to war bond and savings drives, and in two instances, in New York and California, they had the distinction of being on the top list of all nationality groups in the fulfillment of their quotas. Until recently, they confined their

civic and citizenship duty to the ballot, but lately they have become awakened, and not an inconsiderable number of them are now running for office. Civic consciousness has made great strides among the Armenians from the earliest years when their sole preoccupation was work and economic independence.

The great majority of the Armenians in America are factory workers and small shop owners, such as grocers, confectionary stores, and drug stores. A few of them have made a mark in business, such as Arakelian, the California wine dealer, A. Setrakian, George Mardikian, the famous restaurateur, Karageuzian, the carpet manufacturer, and many others. The oriental rug is another specialty of the Armenians. A generous proportion are represented in the professions, and not a few of them have made a name for themselves in the arts, the sciences, and in the field of education. Noteworthy in the latter fields are: the late Arshag Fetvajian, distinguished archaeologist and painter; the late Sarkis Khatchadourian, pianter; Dr. Varaztad Kazanjian, the famous plastic surgeon; Rouben Mamoulian, stage and screen director; Haig Patigian, distinguished sculptor; Hovsep Pushman, painter; William Saroyan, writer; Armand Tokatyan, former tenor of Metropolitan Opera; Alan Hovhaness, composer; and the Ajemian sisters Maro and Anahid, pianist and violinist respectively.

The Armenians in the United States maintain numerous organizations comprising charity, education, religion, and politics. The two foremost charitable organizations are the Armenian General Benevolent Union, an ostensibly non-partisan association, but which in reality is controlled by the political faction called Ramgavars; and the Armenian Relief Society, the foremost Armenian women's charitable organization in the world, which is an affiliate of the political party called Dash-

naks, or the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. A special women's society sponsors annual affairs to raise funds for the Armenian National Hospital in Istanbul. Another similar society works for the Armenian Sanatorium for Tuberculars in Lebanon. Numerous societies, called "Compatriotics," sponsor relief and education to their old country kinsmen, or work toward rehabilitation of their old country towns. In addition, the various communities are studded with local or regional societies, youth organizations, choral groups, and church auxiliaries.

In religion, the bulk of the Armenians are devoted of the mother church, Armenian Apostolic, known by the Armenians as "Lousavorschkan," founded by Gregory the Illuminator. The Armenians take pride in the fact that theirs was the first nation of history to espouse Christianity as the state religion. A small percent, with churches in most Armenian populated centers, are adherents of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, the latter being predominantly Congregationalists.

Being prolific writers, as in all Armenian communities of the world, the Armenians in the United States have a flourishing press, perhaps a bit out of proportion to their numbers. Foremost among these is the Hairenik Association of Boston, the press of the democratic and patriotic party called Dashnaks, or the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. Hairenik publishes an Armenian language daily called "Hairenik," the most widely circulated Armenian daily in the world; an Armenian language monthly likewise called "Hairenik," which is the outstanding magazine of its type in the world and which has had an uninterrupted existence of 33 years; an English language weekly called "Hairenik," the organ of the young generation, which is just ending its 21st year; and an English language quarterly called The Armenian Review, an imposing publication of

160 pages, which is terminating its seventh year. "Asbarez," a tri-weekly newspaper (Armenian), published in Fresno, Calif., is the Federation's organ in the far west.

"Baikar," an Armenian language daily published in Boston, is the organ of the Ramgaver Party. "Eridasard Haiastan," (Young Armenia), headquarters in New York, an Armenian language semi-weekly, is the organ of the Hunchak Party. "Lraber" (Herald), an Armenian language tri-weekly published in New York is the organ of the so-called Armenian "Progressives." "Gotchnag," an Armenian language weekly, headquarters in New York, is the organ of the Protestants. The Armenian Prelacy of New York, a faction which represents the so-called United Front, publishes its organ called "Haiastaniaytz Yegeghetzi" (The Church of Armenia). "Nor Kir" is a literary quarterly, a private publication, New Jersey, edited by Benjamin Noorigian.

Three other Armenian publications which deserve mention are: "Groung" (Crane), a non-partisan weekly, published in Philadelphia; "Nor Or," (New Day), a weekly, the California organ of the Ramgavar Party; and "Mushag", independent Armenian weekly of California published in Fresno. In addition, the various parties and societies maintain their regional or local organs, in Armenian or English, and youth papers in English, such as the Armenian Mirror-Spectator, English language youth organ of the Ramgavars.

Politically, the Armenians are divided into nominally four, but in reality three dominant parties. The most numerous and strongest among these is the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, known as *Dashnaktzoutun*, abbreviated as *Dashnak*. This is the patriotic nationalist party which was organized in 1890 for the purpose of liberating the Armenians from Turkish and Tsarist tyrannies. This was the party which in the first world war aligned the fortunes of the Armenian people with the Allies,

fought on their side, organized the Armenian resistance against the brutal Turkish deportation, defeated the Turkish army in the battles of Sardarabad, Karakilliseh and Bash Abaran, and forced the Turk to accept Armenia's right to be free. Its government signed the Treaty of Sevres which guaranteed the territorial integration of historic Armenia. The present Soviet Armenia, of which the Armenian Communists boast, is the creation of this party. The independent republic which it created and functioned for the brief period of two and one-half years, was modeled on the American pattern, with full freedom of religion, press, race or creed, and political opposition. With the overthrow of the independent republic in 1920 as the result of the combined Turco-Soviet attack, the party was driven into exile, and like all expatriated political parties of Russia, it has sought refuge abroad ever since. Today, in the United States, it maintains over 80 branches, controls the strongest press, and has a larger following than the combined following of all the remaining Armenian political parties in the States. Ideologically, it is the outstanding champion of democracy among the Armenians, and an inveterate enemy of Communism. In contrast with all the remaining parties, it still maintains that the emancipation of the Armenians is impossible as long as the Armenians are subjected to the alien Soviet rule. Its ultimate goal is the realization of a completely free, united, and independent Armenia.

The next in popularity and strength is the so-called Ramgavar Azatakan Party. This party is made of conservatives, the well-to-do class, the city folk, the merchants and rug dealers, the ecclesiastics, and insurgent Hunchakists (Reformed Hunchakists), which appeared on the Armenian scene as an organized force in the aftermath of World War I. Its name of Ramgavar Azatakan, which means Liberal Democrats, is a misnomer. As compared

with the Federation, its following is meager, with scarcely a dozen branches throughout the United States, and is founded on a negation — its hatred of the Dashnak organization. Nevertheless, posing as the friend of Armenia, it has been quite successful in misleading many Armenians. Although ideologically out of sympathy with communism, for the past thirty years, for all practical purposes, it has played the role of fellow-travelers by glossing over the Soviet abuses, and by glorifying the Soviet regime. During the thirty years of Soviet rule in Armenia, it has never uttered one word of criticism, and in one editorial it boasted that "Armenia had never been so free and prosperous in all her history as she now is under Soviet rule, and that the Armenian church had never been so free in her entire history as she now is under Soviet rule."

The third in importance is the Armenian Communist Party which hides itself behind the euphonic but misleading name of "Progressives." These are a handful of the riff-raff, the malcontents, the ignorant, and the fanatics who never saw anything good in America. They are a boistrous lot, reckless, irresponsible, unscrupulous, slanderous, and abusive, dancing where angels fear to tread. Their paper, *Lraber*, is a replica of the *Daily Worker*, if not even more rabid. They have criticised that Truman Doctrine the Marshall Plan, the State Department, and everything the United States has done for world recovery. They are the chief mischief-makers among the Armenian community, and they are chiefly responsible for the divided state of Armenians in America. In the 1948 presidential election they backed the candidacy of Henry Wallace with propaganda and funds. Before the United States entered the war, they denounced President Roosevelt as a Fascist warmonger, but when Hitler attacked the Soviet, suddenly they changed their tune and hailed Roosevelt as a saint.

Although small in numbers, they present a united, well-disciplined, and fanatical solid force; they kick up a terrific din, and by virtue of their phoney championship of Armenia and the Armenian cause, they have succeeded in hoodwinking many an innocent and unsuspecting Armenian into swelling up their ranks. They get their orders from Erivan and Moscow, although they are very careful not to expose themselves to the charge of communism, or to enable anyone to pin the charge on them. They get letters and direct press releases from Erivan and Moscow. Their party, The Armenian Progressive League of America, was included in U. S. Attorney General's recent list of subversive organizations. This group was the real driving force behind the so-called "United Front" which has been in existence for several years in opposition to the patriotic liberals, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

The last group are the Hunchaks. This is the oldest Armenian revolutionary party, organized in 1888, two years before the founding of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, which proudly calls itself "The Mother Party," meaning the first revolutionary party. Although chronologically the first, this party soon became infected with the teachings of Karl Marx, and although not outright communists, there is very little to differentiate them from the followers of Stalin. Due to an incompetent, unscrupulous, and selfish leadership, the party soon lost its prestige and was completely overtaken by the Federation. Today they are practically a defunct organization, with half-a-dozen branches, scarcely able to publish a paper, but they stubbornly drag the corpse, and the few of them which are left are deadly enemies of the Federation.

Today this entire Armenian community, with its churches, political parties, and charity organizations, is divided into two factions: the Dashnaks, or the Armenian Revolutionary Federation on the one hand,

and the so-called United Front on the other. The former is pro-American, and anti-Soviet; the latter is pro-Soviet, although they profess loudly their nominal Americanism, much the same as a host of subversive groups swear by the name of America, and justify their actions as the best manifestation of Americanism. The former is alone but strong; the latter is a conglomerate of Ramgavars, Hunchaks, and Progressives, united together in their common hatred of the Dashnaks and their subservience to Moscow.

Instead of one church, one educational system, and one set of compatriotics as formerly, today there are two sets of churches, two sets of schools, two sets of compatriotics, and two sets of charity organizations. This division, in its most accentuated form, was brought about some twenty years ago, as a result of a controversy over the Armenian Tricolor, the Armenian national flag, which the Armenian communists and their fellow-travelers repudiated. In this controversy the Armenian clergy were forced to side with the Communists until, finally, the issue came to a head in the annual Armenian Diocesan Assembly, a convention of church delegates, held in New York. In this assembly the Dashnak faction was a clear majority, and the pro-Soviet minority, headed by the Prelate, withdrew to Hotel Martinique where it declared itself as the legitimate Assembly. The two assemblies, unable to resolve their differences, finally transacted their business and settled down to their respective jurisdictions, with their churches, priests, prelaties, and their following. From this point, the rift was extended to the compatriotics and the schools, and the hostilities continued until the community was hopelessly divided.

Meanwhile, the United Front spared no effort to discredit and to destroy the Federation. This they did by posing as the only true and loyal Armenians, the only

friends and supporters of the Armenian fatherland, and by branding the Dashnaks as "un-Armenians," "anti-Armenians," "anti-Armenia-ists," "Fascists," "Nazis," "reactionaries," "mauserists," and every imaginable and reprehensible name in the dictionary. When in 1945, at the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, the Dashnak National Committee presented its memorandum in behalf of the restoration of Turkish Armenian territories and the rehabilitation of Armenian refugees, some three weeks later, the so-called Armenian National Council of the United Front, headed by its executive secretary Rev. Charles Vertanes of New York, presented to the United Nations another memorandum the preamble of which read: "The Dashnaks who presented the first memorandum are a discredited group among the Armenians. They are Fascists. Therefore, they do not represent the Armenian people. We are the one who really represent the Armenians." Or words to that effect. The "Progressive" "Lraber," the Ramgavar "Baikar," and the Huntchak "Eridasard Haiastan," shrieked from the house tops and did their utmost to have the Justice Department or the Dies Committee crack down on the Dashnaks. Avedis Derounian, alias John Roy Carlson, the author of the notorious "Under Cover," with his releases to the press, his articles to the "Propaganda Battlefront," and his secret missives to the FBI, left no stone unturned to knock out the Dashnaks.

The Dashnaks refused to retaliate in kind. They would not stoop to use the weapons which their enemies employed. They could not resort to lies, slanders, and betrayals. Consequently, they were forced

to the defensive. In vain they tried to explain, in vain they refuted the lies, repelled the charges, reaffirmed the truth, and demolished the arguments of their enemies with devastating logic. The next day the United Front's press would hit back again, repeating the same lies, as if nothing had been said in rebuttal. It has been a grim battle, but the Dashnaks have stood firm and have held their ground, with the result that the tables have been reversed now; the "Progressive" have already made a niche for themselves in Attorney General's subversive list, while the Ramgavars and the Hunchaks are beginning to show signs of worry lest they, too, share the fate of their ignoble allies.

Today, the Armenian situation is no different from that which prevails in all nationality groups which are under the direct influence of the Soviet. The basic Soviet policy is to promote disunion, division, and chaos, and in this the Communists have succeeded with a vengeance. The Dashnaks are on the Soviet black list, not because they are not patriotic, not because they are undemocratic, but because, as champions of freedom and democracy, they are the deadly enemies of communism. The fight of the Dashnaks is the fight of America. They stand solidly behind the American effort to rehabilitate the world, to restore the peace, and to safeguard human liberty. Like all expatriated democratic organizations, the Soviet has done its best to destroy them, but she has woefully failed in the effort. Each day, the Dashnaks are getting stronger and stronger, while the United Front is fast losing ground in popularity and prestige.

THE TELEGRAM

By ANTHONY P. MEZOIAN

Zeb and Lola Keswick lived in a small house near Parson's bakery. They weren't rich yet Zeb had a good job with a local insurance agency. The Keswicks married late in life and had one son named Luke. Zeb and Lola planned their whole life around Luke. They watched him go to his first party, they helped him dress for his first date, and they cried at his high school graduation — like many of the other parents did.

There was something sad about a high school graduation. The school songs were sung fairly well, the school orchestra was a bit on the heavy side, but no one gave much thought to such trivial things. Each parent was interested in his or her child. Zeb and Lola kept their eyes on Luke. He sat 'way up in the last row on the stage, one of the very first to march into the auditorium — for he was tall.

Luke was one of the last to march out of the auditorium after the exercises. Then came the traditional pictures with caps and gowns. The new graduates got all the attention now. Parents watched as the photographer rushed about fixing a cap on one student, pushing others closer to the center, and instructing the girls how to cross their legs.

With groans and yells the group soon scattered in preparation for the senior ball that evening.

"What time do you plan on calling for Dotty tonight, Luke?" his mother questioned as the three drove home in the year-old Ford.

"About eight," the new graduate was restless and fidgety.

Zeb watched his son closely. The boy drove slowly. He was very careful and always took good care of the family car.

Luke washed the car every Saturday afternoon — with the understanding that he could use it that evening, of course. The boy conscientiously watched as the car got its periodic check, grease jobs, and oil changes. Perhaps that was the reason Zeb always got such a good allowance when he turned in the Ford every two years. There was really nothing wrong with the cars except they were two years old. Luke liked new cars. It was really his idea to change the cars every two years. Luke always ordered the cars. Luke always selected the model he liked, the color he liked, but Zeb paid for it.

Zeb felt it gave his son a bit of responsibility. He wanted his Luke grow up to be a good, dependable citizen of the community.

The shiny Ford drove into the yard and Luke got out. He forgot to close the door. Zeb and Lola walked around from the other side of the family car.

The three walked across the lawn and up the field stone path to the front door.

"You forgot to close the car door, Luke," his father realized now that something was bothering him.

"Oh, what a stupid thing to do." Luke rushed back and carefully closed the door.

"What's wrong with him, Lola?" asked Zeb as he unlocked the door.

Luke walked slowly up the path. He glanced back for another look at the Ford. He had done a good job polishing the car.

It would probably be the last polishing job for a long time. He wondered how they would be able to get along without him when he left. He wondered how he could ever tell them of his plans. But then they must expect it. All young men go sooner or later. And it was best to get it over with as soon as possible. Perhaps Luke would tell them at supper time. The sooner they knew the easier he would feel.

He walked up the front stairs and closed the door behind him.

"Lobster salad and chips, Luke," his mother began to set the table.

"Swell, just what I like, mom," he voiced as he went upstairs to wash.

The table was set colorfully. Lola had picked some peonies from the back yard. She used them as a center piece on the diningroom table.

They ate in silence. Then Lola got up to get the dessert. She left the room carrying some used plates.

"What's wrong, Luke?" his father asked. "You don't seem like yourself today. Were the exercises tiring on you?" The older man saw some of his own actions in his son.

"Todd and Sam are enlisting before they get drafted. I think it's a smart move," Luke spoke quickly then glanced up at his father.

"And. . .?" Zeb waited for his son to go on.

"And, I'd like to go. . ." he stopped as his mother came into the room.

Lola quickly noticed the mood of the two men. She walked brightly up to the table. She tried to brighten up her men. Lola hummed one of the graduation tunes she had heard earlier that afternoon. She placed a dish of ice cream in front of Zeb.

"None for me, mom," Luke spoke in a melancholy tone.

"But you like ice cream."

"I know, but I'm full."

"You're not hungry?"

"I'm full."

Lola slowly placed the ice cream on the

table. She kept her eyes on her son. She sat down. The room was silent for a minute. Zeb looked at his melting ice cream. He pushed it away. The boy toyed with some tiny crumbs by his water glass. Zeb and Lola knew their son's decision. But they didn't want to hear him say it. Yet they both knew. They wanted to keep him home for a while longer. But Luke was growing. His mind was made up. They wouldn't try to change it for him.

Letters from a son in Korea become as cherished as a young boy's first wrist watch.

Lola read and reread her Luke's letters. He never said much. Perhaps he didn't want them to worry. Luke did write about the Ford. He reminded Zeb to get the oil changed every thousand miles, a grease job every five hundred miles, and to check the break fluid, tires, battery, and spark plugs periodically.

The months passed. The letters were fewer. The news from Korea was all bad news. Hundreds were being killed. Luke was really in the midst of battle. Zeb knew that as he carefully read all the news articles about the Korean War. He knew where his son's regiment was. They were north of Pusan. Zeb studied the maps the newspapers printed of the fighting areas in Korea.

The Keswicks were brave. They never talked much about Luke while he was in Korea. They worried a lot — although neither wanted the other to know. Still, Luke was their son. It was only normal for parents to worry over their sons.

The mechanics at the Ford garage asked for Luke. They knew him. They all knew it was Luke's father when Mr. Keswick drove his Ford in to be checked. The mechanics knew Luke watched over them as they worked on his Ford. Luke knew all the parts that had to be checked. He knew the type of oil that went into the crank case. He knew how to check the break fluid, the spark plugs, battery, and rods.

But Zeb merely left the Ford after he drove it into the garage. He left the car and walked into the lounge to catch up on his reading. Then the service manager would tell Zeb his Ford was ready to drive home.

Evidently, Luke was really busy. The Keswicks didn't hear from Luke for over a month. The papers reported the losses on both sides were great. Hundreds were being killed.

"I wish he'd just write a line or two," Lola looked tired and worried.

"Luke must be real busy, Lola. It isn't like him not to write," Zeb spoke in a comforting tone to his wife.

"Yes. Perhaps we'll hear soon. There must be a good reason," agreed the relieved woman.

There was a good reason. Zeb and Lola couldn't bring themselves around to believing it. The telegram was on the hall table. Zeb had read it. It was like the other wires they had heard about. Now the Keswicks had personally received one from the United States Government.

They wept together like lost, scared children. Then they comforted each other.

Zeb thought of his only son. He thought of the Ford that set out in the garage. It hadn't had a good washing and polishing since Luke had left. The service manager at the Ford garage told Zeb that the new Fords would be out soon. And Zeb had told the service manager he'd wait until Luke came home.

"When's he coming home?" the manager had asked as he gave Zeb his car keys.

"Five or six months, we hope," Zeb had spoken in a proud manner.

But now the telegram. Lola held it in her hand. She read it over and over again. It was hard to believe. Things like this only happened in stories. It didn't seem real. Why Luke had been home only six months ago on his last leave. Now he was gone. Now he was dead. Their only son.

Zeb and Lola sat alone in the livingroom. The room seemed empty as Lola stared with blurred eyes. Then she dried her tears. Again she glanced around the room. So much of it was a part of Luke — the prints of famous horses he had framed hung on the walls, the bookcases he had made himself, the lamps he had bought her for Christmas last year, the trophies he had won in bowling, the record player with all his popular records. Lola looked at Zeb. He looked confused. He looked lost.

Perhaps Zeb was questioning God's reasons for taking their only son away from them. Perhaps.

Zeb seldom drove the Ford that sat out in his garage now. Perhaps it reminded him of Luke. But then everything did. But the Ford especially. Zeb didn't think he would buy a new one this year. The Ford was two years old. And he did turn his others in every two years. But Luke wasn't here now. It wasn't fun any more. Luke really got all the enjoyment from the new cars they had bought. Luke had ordered them. He had told them what color he wanted. He had told them what accessories he wanted with the car. He had told them what price he should get on the Ford he turned in towards the new one.

Yes, Luke was a smart young man. Even the auto salesmen mentioned it to Zeb. They never dickered in their prices with Luke. For Luke had his own price. They could take it or leave it. They always took it at his price.

Zeb wouldn't know where to begin if he did want to buy a new car this year.

It was difficult trying to concentrate on work after the terrible news. Zeb seemed to lose all interest at the office — even though they all tried to cheer him up.

Lola went about her work at home. But she seemed to lose all interest in life. She didn't want to go out. She merely hung on to the things that reminded her of Luke.

Slowly the Keswicks began to close themselves off from the outside world. They stayed at home, read and listened to the radio.

"I saw two new Fords today," Lola spoke in a low tone. "The lines are really beautiful this year."

"Yes, I know. I saw one," Zeb agreed. He continued reading the evening paper. He glanced quickly over a full page advertisement picturing the new Ford.

The telephone rang and Lola answered it. Slowly and thoughtfully she returned. Zeb looked up at her. He expected her to tell him who it was. Lola seated herself.

"Well?" Zeb wanted to know.

"The Ford dealers."

"We don't want one this year. Did you tell them?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Because? Why? Didn't you explain?"

"No."

"What is it, Lola?" he realized the telephone call bothered her.

"They said that Luke had ordered one and we could pick it up whenever we were ready."

"Luke?"

"Yes, he did. He wrote from Korea five months ago. They have the car he ordered — radio, heater, undercoating, two-tone blue." Lola had tears in her eyes.

Zeb smiled with sadness. He cried with happiness.

"I'll take tomorrow afternoon off. Will you come down to the Ford garage with me to pick up our new car?" Zeb seemed like a changed man.

"Yes."



NICHOLAS IORGA AND ARMENIAN STUDIES

DINU ADAMESTEANU

Romanian Academy of Rome

In the night of the twenty-seventh of November, 1940, Nicholas Iorga was killed by criminal hands. The political struggle had shaken the life of the country to such a degree that students arose to kill their teacher. The death of this savant of world reputation was a great loss for all those who knew him, heard him speak, and for those who read his books. The world of Romanian scholarship lost in the death of Iorga one of the figures which for three decades had held high the torch of the nation in the historical, literary, and artistic field.

Born in 1871 in Moldavia, Iorga passed in the shortest time possible through the necessary educational steps to arrive at university teaching at the age of twenty-five. Gifted with phenomenal memory, with an indefatigable desire to know, and with an extraordinary capacity for work, he entered the field of historical science with a vast study of the figure of Philippe de Nezieres, in connection with whom he discovered a great number of documents published in *Notes et extraits pour servir a l'histoire des Croisades au XV siecle*. After this study, the period of the crusades with the foundation of the Latin states of the orient was one of the fields to which he brought new light. One followed another, new studies dealing with the Romanian problem, its historical events, as well as religious and cultural, in order to finish

with the most exhausting work of the *Histoire des Roumains*. As a tireless researcher in the inexhaustible archives of Paris, London, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Rome, as well as elsewhere, Iorga found himself soon in possession of thousands upon thousands of documents which he with masterly hand and mind used to reconstruct truth, to bring new light upon the problems, not only of Romania, but of all Europe. There is no nation with which the Romanians have had a diversity of contacts which has not been treated by Iorga with new historical methods, based especially upon the new documents which he collected. Thinking only of the new conception that Iorga introduced with his writings concerning Byzantine life, concerning the figures and events of the crusades, we would be inclined to believe that the work he accomplished was truly of great importance. But when one thinks of the infinity of problems in humanistic studies treated by him, as for example, his writings about the Balkan states, on their relation with the Romanian-Byzantine or Romanian-Armenian culture, then we realize that his work is not only that of a great historian, but also of a titan of his preferred discipline. This man who has given to humanistic science more than one thousand publications, not to speak about the thousands and thousands of articles in periodicals, may be compared with the few

humanists of the Renaissance. The importance lies not in the fact that he has written so much, but that each subject treated by him is approached with completely new method. His procedure of finding always a connection between the figure and its action carried him to new historical horizons never reached before him. The characters treated by him appear well placed in the epoch in which they appear, and based upon the documents collected by him, they live their lives bounded by everything that is around them. This is one of the great merits of Iorga, and the historical school founded by him follows today his direction.

From the very beginning of his researches in European archives, in his intention to collect material for the history of Romania, Iorga realized that an important factor in the epoch of the crusades as well as in the formation of the Romanian principality was represented by the Armenians. Therefore, everywhere in his historical studies, as well as in those of the old Romanian literature and art, he had to speak, and often, of the Armenians. Speaking of the formation of the Moldavian dominions, (principato) Iorga asserted that, "les Arméniens sont devenus des collaborateurs pour la création de l'état national roumain en Moldavie" (*Choses d'art arméniennes en Roumanie*, Bucarest 1935, p. 7). He was the first to throw light on the influence of Armenian art on Romania, and vice-versa. All this has been studied by Iorga insofar as the literary field is concerned. This influence at first sight would seem a very normal phenomena, but considering the isolated character of the Armenian colonies in Romanian territory, it is difficult for a scholar to specify this influence. In this lies the merit of Iorga. In order to come to similar conclusions, one takes for granted that he must have known well the history of the misfortunes of this nation, and this is proved perfectly by read-

ing some pages of his *Breve histoire des Arméniennes* (Paris, 1930). The Armenian colonies in Romania in the Balkan peninsula, in Poland, and in the occident have been studied meticulously by Iorga in the *History of the Armenians* as well as in a series of other studies as *Etudes Byzantines*, *Histoire des Etats Balkaniques*, and in other articles and lectures which will be indicated at the end of this paper. Only he who had the patience to collect thousands and thousands of documents in the vast archives of Europe was able to trace the diaspora of the Armenians. The Armenians of the Crimea, those from Lemberg, those from Moldavia, those from Transylvania, and those from Wallachia, have been presented by the pen of Iorga with the history of their peregrinations and their cultural manifestations. Therefore, Iorga's words are most correct: "la vraie histoire arménienne, si on veut l'écrire, il faut la chercher où elle est, ne pas s'en tenir à la seule terre arménienne. En effet, une nation est partout où est pénétrée sa civilisation. Il peut arriver que sur le territoire ancestrale, à un certain moment, cette civilisation n'existe pas et qu'au contraire, il y ait des transports de cette civilisation dans d'autres domaines" (op. cit., p. 14). In this large sense was conceived the history of the Armenians and thus appears the fragmentary presentation of Armenian life during the Crusades while the Latin states of the orient were created.

Together with these studies, Iorga revealed his mind full of comprehension for the great Armenian colony that is found in Romania, and it dates from the period of his governing in 1936 that the Armenian community had its bishop recognized by the state on the same basis as the other religious confessions. It was to the merit of this same Iorga if Armenian life is better known in Romania and in the whole European southeast. Lectures were held, Armenian publications on Armenian subjects

were printed, and even a chair was set up by Iorga in the picture of his *Instituto di Storia Universale*. The Armenian society of Bucharest sponsored all Armenian manifestations of a cultural character and thus it arrived at an exposition of Armenian art which put in evidence perhaps for the first time in Romania and in the European southeast the important role which these colonies played in the domain of art. Iorga took part with other enterprising minds in all these activities, and among his innumerable articles, notes, and lectures, one can also enumerate a series of four lectures held in Bucharest and another at the "Union armenienne de Paris," 1929, and also about ten articles published in the "Neamul Romanesc."

Even on the basis of what has been said, one can realize immediately with what ardor Iorga embraced the Armenian problem. Only as a result of his studies may one consider as clarified a series of historical problems and in addition the historical problem of the Armenians with which he was occupied as early as 1913 (*Armeniens et Roumains, Une parallele historique*, 1913). The then young man, full of curiosity about everything that was a manifestation of human life, who with penetrating eye had observed from the first

years of his childhood the life of the Armenian colony of his native city of Botsani, was impelled to initiate the writing of the history of this nation whose destiny has so many points of similarity with that of the Romanian, and whose fates were closely bound together. It was a matter of grief for the entire Armenian colony of Romania to learn of the loss of the imposing figure of the historian and of the protector of their cultural aspirations. Their sorrow unites with that of men in every nation where belief in humanism is held.

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A BOY; A DOG

LAWRENCE E. GAROOGIAN

"Life is a Search for Love"

— Sherwood Anderson

The dog, the one the boy had brought into the yard with him this time, stood in the sunny portion of the yard, next to the boy, and the boy watched the dog's tongue and listened to his panting. The labored breathing with its wheezing sound and the saliva that formed along the dog's tongue and dripped from his muzzle worried the boy; he leaned toward the dog and touched his nose to make sure it was moist and cool. You're hot aren't you boy? he asked. The dog's panting continued. The boy untied the rope he was using as a leash and brought the dog to a cooler portion of the yard, one covered by the shadows.

After a while the dog's breathing sounded better and the boy felt better. He tied the rope to a loop attached to a garage door, and sat down next to the dog. Then he began to stroke the dog's fur the way he had done most of the afternoon.

He looked at the shadows. He did not know how long he had been sitting in the yard: when he had brought the dog there — it had been after lunch then — the coarse concrete had reflected the sunlight from its entire surface. Now, almost all the yard was covered by the invading shadows. He felt cheated because the afternoon has passed so quickly. In a little while he would have to go home for supper and everything would be as before, as it has been a few days ago.

The dog he had brought home then had

looked like a gargoyle in his mother's living room.

Take that mutt out of the house before he scratches my furniture, his mother had said.

His mother had stood at the entrance to the living room watching the boy and his dog; she had shouted commands but they had been ineffective because she was afraid of the dog and would not move from her spot.

"Please, let me keep him."

"I told you no. He's the third dog in two weeks. Won't you ever listen to me."

"I need a dog. Please, let me have him."

"Take him downstairs before he makes on my carpets."

"He a good dog, mommy. He's part collie."

"I'm going to tell your father when he comes home."

"He's a wonderful dog though."

"If we lived in the country we could keep him."

"You don't have to be afraid of him, Mommy, he won't hurt you."

"Take him down stairs already." Her voice had a pleading tone. "I don't want a dog in this house."

The boy had taken the dog from the living room; his mother had run into the kitchen so as to avoid being near the dog. Then the boy had taken the dog from the house.

Now in the yard, he smoothed the dog's rough coat and pulled out the burrs that had become lodged in the matted hair. He

talked soothingly while his hands searched for the foreign particles. In a little while the dog's coat began to appear almost clean, and the boy admired him. He's beautiful, he thought. He could no longer see the skin that was drawn too tight and the bones that were too prominent. He could only see that the dog possessed a curious eagerness; he could only feel that he wanted him. Don't worry, boy, you'll be my dog, he told the dog and himself reassuringly. This time I'll cry. She'll let me keep you then.

The dog's eagerness seemed to be renewed now that he had been brought from the sun's direct heat; he pulled away from the boy and began to play within the area the arc of the rope allowed. The boy caught him, turned him on his back, and began to scratch his stomach. The dog pulled away and they pursued each other. The dog stopped in front of the boy, his head between his out stretched paws; the boy's hand came from behind his back and tried to swipe the dog's feet from the ground. The dog backed away deftly and repeated the procedure over again, stretching his paws out each time as if he were yawning and then moving away when the boy's hand came from behind his back. They played until the boy grew tired.

The boy leaned back against the garage door, ignoring the dog's playful gestures, and told himself again that his time he would cry; then he continued one of the day dreams he had started earlier.

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"Here he comes," someone shouted.

"Yes, that's him, that's the boy," another voice said.

"Hooray, hooray," the crowd shouted.

"Mommy, is that the boy that saved the girl?" a girl asked.

"Yes," the mother said drawing her child a little closer. She watched the procession of men coming from the woods; they, she

had heard, had wanted to carry the boy on their shoulders, but he had refused.

"They're almost here now," a voice from the crowd informed everyone waiting to see the hero.

The boy came behind the men with his dog trotting at his heels; the boy dragged his boots. But even though he was tired, even though he had looked for the little girl for twenty-four hours with the grown men without stopping, he held his head high, like a real hero, like the heroes in the story books.

Now the procession of men emerging from the woods had turned into a parade and they waited for only a moment while the child was returned to her mother. The mother, the boy noticed, was still crying. And then they continued to march to the site of the town proper, and the boy and his dog were at the head of the parade. The news of the boy's saving the girl seemed to have preceded the arrival of the parade, and the towns people were already crowding the streets, and the Mayor and his committee had erected a platform for the returning hero.

The boy, as he walked toward the town on this cold morning, was first feeling the full weight of his fatigue, but as before, and he even forced himself to stop scuffing his boots, he held his head high, and walked with the best posture — a hero's posture. I wish I had a son like that, some women in the crowd said. And their desire seemed to be echoed by a thousand other womens' voices.

"I wish I had a son like that," some man said, and his cry was also shouted.

"Look at the way he walks," a mother said, and she tried to straighten her son's posture.

"And look at the dog following the boy, that's the dog that helped the boy find the girl," someone close to the boy shouted to the crowd.

The parade of men were almost in the

center of the town and they walked toward the platform and the Mayor. The men, against the boy's wishes, lifted the boy on their shoulders and everyone cheered and they brought the boy to the platform and put him next to the Mayor; the dog was also raised to the platform.

"You did a very heroic deed, son," the Mayor said.

"It was nothing, sir," the boy answered as he knew one of his story book heroes would.

"No, no, you're too modest."

"You're too modest," someone in the crowd repeated, and the crowd took up the chant.

"It was the dog that did all the work," the boy said. "He has a wonderful nose."

The boy bent down and patted the dog on the head; the dog, leaned close to him.

"Yes, we must give the dog credit too," the Mayor said and everyone praised the dog.

"The dog's a hero," they shouted.

"My mother didn't want to let me have this dog. But you can see that a dog's important," the boy said. "Yes, a dog's important," they shouted.

"I want to give you this medal," the Mayor said. It was a beautiful medal with a red, white and blue ribbon.

"I can't accept it, sir," the boy said. "Give it to my dog, he's the real hero."

"We have a medal for him too," the Mayor said happily.

The boy accepted the medals from the Mayor and pinned one into the dog's collar; the Mayor made a speech about how wonderful it was to have such a boy in their town, and then the people carried him with the dog following, on their shoulders.

As the boy walked back to his house he heard people say that they would remember him and his dog and what they did for a long time.

★ ★ ★

The boy focused his eyes on reality

again, and noticed the dog playing with a piece of paper. He pulled the dog to himself and looked into his eyes. You love me don't you, boy? he asked. He waited as if anticipating a reply. I love you too, the boy said. He petted the dog's head affectionately. We'll protect each other, won't we, boy. And we'll always be together; nobody will get between us, you're a one man dog, I can tell. We'll do everything together, like in my dreams. He petted the dog and talked soothingly and watched the length of the shadows increase.

Finally, after he had savored the last few moments for almost a half hour, after he had told himself that he would wait until this spot was covered by the shadows, then that spot was covered, he prepared to leave. His stomach felt tight as if it were being pinched, as he took the rope from the garage door and thought of his mother. He saw his mother walking through the house, then seeing the dog; he shook his head but the image persisted. She would scream, he was sure of that now, but he wouldn't be afraid.

He walked the dog through the alley that led to the street and when he saw the red facade of his house at the other end of the street, his stomach tightened again. He sat down at the curb, the dog's body leaning against him, and looked at the house, not knowing what to do, but waiting. His supper would be ready soon and his mother would be impatient.

He stood up and began walking toward his house, the scuffing of his feet sounded his reluctance. Some boys were playing ball

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nineteen-year old Lawrence Edward Garoogian, a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., is currently an English major at Brooklyn College, with a minor course of study in philosophy. His ambition is simply "to be a writer". Garoogian has been influenced by the works of Feydor Dostoyevsky, Anton Chekhov, and James Joyce. This is his first appearance in THE ARMENIAN REVIEW.

and he watched them, but images of his mother swiftly passed through his mind. He saw one of his friends sitting on his porch and he walked toward him.

"He's a nice dog, isn't he," the boy said.

"Not bad," the friend said, "but he's too skinny. Most of the dogs that pass here are bigger than that. Jimmy picked up one. I'll bet he's a pedigree. It's no good to have a dog that's too big," the boy said. "I never liked big dogs."

"He looks like he's sick. He's got foam all over his mouth."

"That's nothing. We were in the sun all afternoon, that's all."

"The last dog you had was better."

"I like this one better. He has a good nose. I tested him to make sure."

"Are you sure?"

The friend began to smooth the rough coat. "I guess if you like him he's okay."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He isn't a bad dog. Don't get mad."

"I like him a lot, but I can't keep him."

"Why?"

"My mother's afraid of dogs, and she don't want them to dirty her house."

The friend began petting the dog.

"I'll share him with you though."

The friend laughed; he wore a wry smile.

"He's a wonderful dog and he has a good nose. I'll do all that has to be done about his care; I'll take him for walks and bathe him and everything."

"I don't want a dog."

"I said I'll do all the work, and the dog will love us both."

"I don't want a dog."

"But you're my friend."

There was silence.

The boy took the rope and pulled the dog away. He knew that he had said everything wrong, that he had not taken his time and made the boy want the dog; I'm a fool, and he could not help feeling sorry for himself.

"This is your last opportunity," the boy

said. "The dog's trained too, and I'll bet he's the smartest dog on the block."

The other boy looked the dog over again. "I don't think he's the smartest."

"I'll bet he is."

"My mother won't let me keep him anyway, and. . ."

The boy walked away with his dog.

He walked toward his house now, and when the dog stopped to sniff at a tree or the curb he pulled the dog along with him he had waited too long already, he told himself.

The boy walked up the marble steps that led to his house, the tapping sound of the dog's nails against the stone seemed to be the echo of his steps. When he reached his door he stopped; he had started to sweat. He opened the door and walked in; the dog followed investigating the unfamiliar surroundings with his nose.

Even though this same scene had occurred so many times, the boy felt frightened.

The mother was in the bathroom when the boy walked into the house and the boy heard her and restrained the dog's anxious searching.

It felt strange having the dog in the house, and he took him into the kitchen where he couldn't hurt the furniture. He talked softly to him as he tried to keep him quiet. Then he heard his mother's steps approaching and he hugged the dog, holding him tightly in his small arms. His mother reached the threshold of the kitchen and saw them. She jumped back.

"Another one!"

"Please let me keep him, Mommy."

She moved away from them. "That dog's sick. He's foaming at the mouth."

"We were in the sun all afternoon, that's all."

"Take him downstairs. I warned you so many times."

"I love this dog, Mommy."

"Don't hold him so tight. He's sick."

"There's nothing wrong." The boy put

out his hand in the dog's mouth to prove to her that the dog was harmless.

"I don't want him in the house. I told your father about the dogs and he's angry."

"Please, let me keep him, Mommy, please." He began to cry.

"Stop crying!" she yelled. He did not listen.

"I want him! I want him!"

"Take him downstairs." Her statement sounded empty and she realized it. "I won't tolerate this kind of disobedience in my house."

He continued to cry. "I need a dog, Mommy. I need a dog."

"Get him out of here!" She was screaming. "When your father comes home he's going to give you the beating of your life."

He realized that she would not give in. He cried for a few moments longer, but

she continued to threaten him, and finally he became servile.

He watched the dog run up the street, away from him. He felt empty inside as if love, the running away of the dog, were tangible and its loss was something physical. He was going to stay downstairs for a while and let his parents worry; let them think that he had run away from home. He knew that he would go back upstairs; he was afraid to do anything else. He sat down on the curb and watched the outline of the dog disappear into the darkness. He began to cry.

After a time he looked around at the street and everything was dark, in almost total darkness. Perhaps he would find another dog tomorrow, he thought. They can't refuse me a dog forever. He stood up and walked toward his house.



OLD COUNTRY AMERICANS AT HOME

A PLAY

ARCHIE MINASIAN

The living room of BEN GARENTZ. It is modestly furnished with huge family portraits hanging from walls. In right back corner is an old iron bed neatly covered. There is a door near foot of bed leading to kitchen in back. A large sofa against right wall before two windows, a bit forward, the front door. A wood stove sits between bed and sofa on which a kettle steams. A small table near head of bed, and a chair. BEN, who is down with a cold, is stretched out staring at ceiling.

BEN

(Rising with effort and calling)

Alma! Alma!

(Falling back on bed)

I can die for all they care. A man gives all there is to give, tears and heart out of his youth, gives up a life, and where does he end? When the horse is no longer of any use, he is put in some forgotten pasture.

(Looking at his hands)

Old, abused, betrayed. If I had been a poet or a rich man's son. It is all too late now. The leaf is dangling on the old tree.
(ALMA, a cheerful woman in her forties,

enters with an armful of fresh wash. SHE hurries to the bed and drops the wash on the foot end)

ALMA

Now what was all that noise about?

BEN

Leave me, woman. I have decided to die in peace. It is better. A man must keep what little dignity he has left. When there is need for you, I exhaust what strength I have left to locate your hiding place.

ALMA

(Folding the clothes)

Stop your complaining. You are a problem. I've nursed six children through everything a child gets, sent them through school, married five, and now I have you in bed one week and more trouble than all the others.

BEN

(Sitting up)

And what was I doing all this time, entertaining friends?

ALMA

Lie still!

BEN

God alone knows of the injustice man lives with.

(Resigns himself and settles back)

Lie still, like Frank's collie.

(Sitting up suddenly)

Teach me how to sit up and beg and

shake hands like a good dog. I used to know how to bark.

(Tries to bark)

ALMA

(Pulling the top of his underclothes off from over his head)

I haven't heard a word you've been saying. You men are such poor patients.

BEN

(Pretending to shiver)

Is this your way of smothering the truth?

ALMA

(Rubbing alcohol on his back and chest)

Truth? Would you care to hear the truth?

BEN

Should I be afraid?

ALMA

I'm a patient woman. I would say you're a lucky man.

BEN

I suppose that means I'm a beast of some sort.

ALMA

Think what you will.

BEN

How cleverly I'm throttled.

ALMA

You've been yelling your head off for twenty seven years now, ever since I met you.

BEN

(Surprised)

I've been yelling?

ALMA

Would you like to ask the neighbors?

BEN

Martin's never complained.

ALMA

Martin's never home, and besides, he's afraid.

BEN

Afraid?

ALMA

Of course he's afraid. They're all afraid of you. Have you ever tried to listen to yourself, or looked at yourself?

(Pauses to reflect)

It's awfull

BEN

(Grinning proudly)

Are they really afraid?

ALMA

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

(Putting clean clothes over his head)

The way you used to bark at the children. Poor dears. How they ever grew up to be reasonably tall I'll never know.

BEN

(Proudly)

It's the seed.

ALMA

The least bit of noise and you went into a rage and terrified the little souls. You'll never know how worried I've been.

BEN

(Lovingly)

Were you ever terrified? Tell me honestly.

ALMA

Almost always — at first.

BEN

Have I been that bad?

ALMA

You'll never know.

(Tucking a pillow behind him)

I used to take the children in my room and wait until the storm was over.

BEN

Storm?

ALMA

How we all trembled. They used to call me a brave woman.

BEN

They used to call you a brave woman?

ALMA

The neighbors. How do you stand all that noise, they used to say? Why don't you leave him?

BEN

(Thoughtfully)

I never knew. I really never knew. Has it been that bad?

(Taking her hand)

Since I'm on trial, be honest. What else is there to say?

ALMA

Isn't that enough?

BEN

It's funny how one goes on living day to day, through years without knowing himself. If you hadn't told me, I would never guess that Martin was afraid of me, or the others. Now I understand so many things, their courtesy, eagerness. It was fear.

ALMA

Stop it. It's not as bad as that.
(STELLA, their daughter of nineteen, comes in with a bouquet of flowers, looks around and decides they will look best on the small table near the bed. BEN and ALMA stop to watch, though guarding their conversation.)

STELLA

You're looking better, father.

(Arranging flowers)

BEN

And what shall I say about you?

(Studies her)

New dress, rosier than ever.

(To Alma)

Anything special?

ALMA

What could there be? Poor child. She hasn't been out of the house in days.

STELLA

(Running hand over dress proudly)

This is one of mama's old ones. I made it over.

ALMA

And it looks lovely. Now don't you listen to your father.

BEN

What have I said now?

ALMA

It's what you're going to say.

(Imitating Ben)

Why don't you go out and buy dresses instead of making them?

BEN

(Waving his arms)

I tell you, what I bear in this house is something to shout about. Accusations, misunderstandings, frightened neighbors, terrified children.

(Slumping back on pillow)

Let me die in peace, alone like a man.

ALMA

(Laughing and going out)

Like a child.

STELLA

(Going to bed)

Don't let yourself go. It's not good for you.

BEN

God knows the cross I bear.

STELLA

Mama is happy, that's all.

BEN

Women are always happy when their men are down.

STELLA

That isn't so.

BEN

It makes them feel superior, only when we're down on our death bed. How different when I'm on my feet.

STELLA

You shout just as loud when you're in bed.

BEN

What makes you think I shout?

STELLA

You know better, father.

BEN

(Sitting up)

Am I that bad?

STELLA

It's not that you're bad or mean or anything. You just love to shout.

BEN

When I wish something done, I'm so fired by it that I can't control myself.

STELLA

It's too late to try now, but at least be calm until you're on your feet again.

BEN

This is all nonsense of course.

(Smiling)

Are the neighbors really frightened?

STELLA

(Getting his pipe from table)

It's nothing to be proud of.

BEN

I was just curious. It's all a surprise to me.

(Taking pipe and meditating)

I suppose you know I used to sing some in my time.

STELLA

Did you really?

(Lights match while BEN puffs on pipe)

BEN

Yes, I've thought of Opera.

STELLA

I didn't know.

BEN

I doubt if your mother knows. That was long before your time.

STELLA

You would have made a very good singer with your voice.

(Front door bell rings and STELLA goes to answer)

BEN

If that's your brother Harry, tell him I died early this morning.

STELLA

Father!

(Opens door to admit an express man who enters with a box of grapes. HE sets the box on the floor and offers papers and pencil to STELLA for signature)

EXPRESS MAN

An hour late already.

STELLA

(Signing)

This is a surprise.

EXPRESS MAN

You wouldn't believe it, but that's the sixth box on this block.

STELLA

It is?

EXPRESS MAN

Seems like everybody's getting grapes this week.

STELLA

We always get a box or two this time of year.

(Returns pencil and paper)

EXPRESS MAN

Getting pretty late for grapes.

(HE catches sight of BEN and gives slight wave. BEN waves back, grinning)

Not sick, I hope.

STELLA

Just a cold. He's almost over it now.

EXPRESS MAN

(To BEN)

Hope you get well soon.

BEN

(Smiling and nodding)

Thank you, mister, thank you.

(EXPRESS MAN leaves as ALMA enters)

STELLA

(Checking address on box)

It's from the Gillians.

BEN

Why didn't you give the man some grapes?

ALMA

I remember last year's box. Once it's opened, there's nothing left.

BEN

Nothing left. The taste is all that matters.

ALMA

(To Stella)

Let's put it away for now.

(ALMA and STELLA exit with box)

BEN

Hide them for all I care.

(To himself)

How important everything is to a woman. Tomorrow the grapes will spoil and they'll do their best to finish them off on me or insult guests with loose berries.

(Calling)

Who did you say they were from?

STELLA

(Putting head through door)

The Gillians.

(Exit)

BEN

The Gillians, of course. Who else would be sending them?

(Calling)

How is Dick?

STELLA

(Head through door)

Father, how should I know?

BEN

Since Mose is working in town, I thought you might know.

STELLA

Well I don't.

BEN

What about Mose? How is he getting along with his work?

STELLA

What about Mose? I — I don't see too much of him.

BEN

What kind of a boy is he?

STELLA

Father!

(Exit)

BEN

(Lighting pipe and reflecting)

If he's his father's son, he should be quite a man. But there's Sarah.

(ALMA enters with a bowl of grapes which she puts on table near bed)

You amaze me, woman. I thought the box was well secured in the basement by now.

ALMA

That's where they should be.

BEN

What a thrifty woman I have.

(Lifting a huge bunch from bowl and smiling)

Emperors. The end of the season. Remember the ten acres we planted together. What vines. How they grew. I can hear old man Janson now, telling me over and

over that fast growing vines would never produce. All growth, he said. If the prices had been right — well, it was a good patch, probably the best ten acres in the valley. At least the buyers thought so.

ALMA

I was proud of our Emperors.

BEN

You had reason to be. It was the talk of Dinuba. Do you ever miss the old place?

ALMA

(Smiling)

Yes. It was hard work, but it was good, honest living. The city can never match it.

BEN

I agree. Would you care to move back? What's to keep us?

ALMA

There's Stella, and besides, we're not as young as we used to be.

BEN

Not as young?

(Working his left arm)

Show me the man who can match endurance with me. Take yourself. . .

ALMA

You take yourself back to your pillow before you work up another fever.

BEN

What's the use of trying to convince you?

ALMA

Eat your grapes.

BEN

Grapes, of course.

(Studying the bunch)

Just look at them. It's a shame to eat, really. How I miss the fields this time of year, everything dead and still, the work over, the smell of raisins and wet leaves. I tell you, Alma, a man's a fool to be locked away in a city, especially in his youth. He should bare his chest and work the muscles in the sun, madly, even like a brute. Then he is ready for good eating and a healthy outlook on things.

ALMA

Yes, I suppose you're right.
(The door bell rings. ALMA goes to door as STELLA enters quickly, as though expecting someone. SHE opens the door. It is DICK GILLIAN, his wife SARAH, and MOSE, their son. They are dressed for cold weather. Wraps and coats are removed and there is happy excitement.)

BEN

(Putting grapes back in bowl)

Dick, is that you?

DICK

(Grinning and adjusting clothes)

No, it is my lawyer.

(Laughs and goes to bed)

BEN

Alma thought a little rest would be good for my cold.

DICK

(Taking chair and sitting)

It is a disgrace to be in bed unless you are dying.

(ALMA and SARAH sit on sofa and chatter while STELLA and MOSE remain standing by door, studying each other)

BEN

I quite agree but I am far from dying.

DICK

Last month, when that awful rain caught us napping, Sarah and I worked all night in the rain covering the wet trays. The raisins were floating around like corks. I tell you Ben, it was awful. The next day I found I couldn't breathe. They tried to force me to bed but I told them it was impossible.

BEN

The trays, of course, How could one rest?

DICK

Yes. How could I go to bed with the whole year's effort spread out in the rain, being washed away in a single night.

(Turning to his wife)

Tell them what I did.

SARAH

What you did?

DICK

The rain!

SARAH

I wasn't listening.

DICK

(To Ben)

A woman can hear anything she wants to hear.

(Turning suddenly)

Mose, what are you standing there for? Did you empty the car?

(Awkwardly)

No, not yet.

DICK

What are you waiting for? Bring the raisins in. I want to show Ben a miracle of salvage.

BEN

(To Stella)

Why don't you help Mose?

(Exit STELLA and MOSE from front door)

DICK

Unless I draw a map for my son, he doesn't move. I don't know what's come over him since he took that job with the Showcase company. He has been in town less than two months and I do not know him. Haven't you noticed a difference in the boy? There is something working in his head and I can't say it is good for him. I thought he was slow last year. Today he is not here anymore.

BEN

How old is Mose?

DICK

What has age to do with youth? When I was hardly ten, I was known as a . . . flyer! He flies, they used to say. That's how I used to move around, so fast you could not find me in one spot.

SARAH

(Interrupting)

Mose is twenty three. Poor boy, he's been so confused lately that I'm really worried. The city has done things to him. He seems so far from us.

ALMA

There's no need to worry. My goodness, he's big enough to take care of himself.

DICK

Dear Alma, when Mose is confused, that is something to worry about. Sometimes I wonder if he is really my son.

(Slight pause, to wife)

Sarah, wasn't there an uncle of yours you used to speak of that had a habit of disappearing without any reason and couldn't find his way back?

SARAH

(On defense)

Dick!

DICK

I am trying to place Mose.

BEN

(Smiling)

I think you have all overlooked a very important fact.

DICK

I have overlooked nothing. My eye has been on him ever since he came to be called a son. This modern age is supposed to be so forward. But wonder if Mose is a part of it. In the country it wasn't so bad. He had no one to talk to. How he manages in this crowded city is beyond me.

SARAH

What are you saying?

DICK

Who should know better than his own father?

BEN

Sometimes the matter of age is overlooked.

DICK

What has age to do with a head that doesn't work?

BEN

Mose is a man now, grown up.

DICK

Mose a man?

BEN

I would say Mose has come of age.

SARAH

Of age?

BEN

Surely you must know of these things.

ALMA

What Ben means is that Mose is no longer a boy.

DICK

Then there is more reason for him to behave like a grown up. It is not easy for me to look on my own son who does not know the way he is going.

ALMA

I think we are all being too critical of Mose. He has his problems and he should take care of them in his own way. Leave him alone and he'll surprise you all.

SARAH

I agree. It is only right to leave him alone.

DICK

When a child cannot feed himself, we put the spoon to his mouth. When he cannot think, we tell him what to do. I tell you, Ben, I do not recognize my boy. Two months in the city and he has gone into a shell of silence and strange ways. One would think he was trying to make a decision and had nothing to make it with.

SARAH

He seems so far from us.

ALMA

You must be patient with Mose.

SARAH

We are doing our best.

DICK

What else is there to do? When the train is late, one can only wait.

BEN

(Laughing)

I think you have all missed the point.

DICK

(Grinning)

What are you saying?

(To Alma)

How long has he been in bed? The cold seems to have done him damage.

BEN

(Lighting pipe and making a cloud of smoke)

You see, Dick, the boy needs to get married.

(Smiling and smoking)

Yes, he must begin his own life.

DICK

(Looking surprised)

What are you saying?

BEN

It is the only answer.

SARAH

Of course.

DICK

But he cannot take care of himself.

ALMA

He seems to be doing well for himself, here in the city.

SARAH

We never thought of it that way.

DICK

(Smoking a cigarette)

It is strange how we never thought of Mose as a man capable of conducting such a business as looking for a wife to live with for the rest of his life. I cannot look at him with the same eye.

(Suddenly looking about)

Where is that boy? An hour to get a box from the car. You see how it is, Ben? I tell you, there is no hope for him.

BEN

Tell me about the raisins and leave Mose to time.

SARAH

It's been so long. They'll freeze out there.

ALMA

It has been a long time.

(Pushes curtains aside and lifts window)

Stella! Where are you, Stella?

Stella's Voice

Here, mother!

ALMA

Don't you think you've been in the cold long enough? Shall I have you in bed too?

(Waits for an answer, then lowers window)

I just don't understand it.

BEN

(Grinning wisely)

Yes. It is so difficult.

(STELLA and MOSE enter quietly. MOSE carries a box which he holds awkwardly. The two remain standing by the door while all eyes survey them with curiosity)

DICK

(To Mose)

If you are too shy to sit among friends, do it alone with your coat on.

(To Ben)

Now you will realize how foolish you were to think as you did.

BEN

Tell me about the raisins.

SARAH

(To Mose)

You better take the box in the kitchen.

(MOSE follows STELLA out)

What can we do?

ALMA

You have nothing to worry about.

SARAH

I would like to believe that. Foolish boy.

DICK

There is more in this than meets the eye. Youth is all worry, from the very beginning to the end. Have you noticed anything different about Mose? One would think he was not all there.

(Tapping his head)

BEN

Come now, Dick. Let's not condemn the boy for something that time will cure. Take yourself, for instance, did you find life easy as a young man?

DICK

When I was his age, I was doing the work of five men, taking care of our forty acres and working out to make ends come together.

(Lights a cigarette and smokes)

I was gay and cheerful in my work. One

must accept life with a light heart. It is easier.

BEN

You must remember that.

DICK

It is not easy to sit by and see a healthy young man dragging himself through life.

SARAH

One would think he was in love.

BEN

Now you are beginning to understand.

DICK

You mean Mose, my boy? Impossible! I don't believe he's spoken to a girl in his life, that is, seriously. Why he can't speak sensibly to his own mother.

SARAH

That's not so.

BEN

Is it really so difficult to believe?

(DICK and SARAH stare at each other)

He's no longer a boy. Who can say what goes through his mind and heart.

DICK

I can't imagine.

(To Sarah)

Have you thought of your son being a man? Has he done anything that proves this?

SARAH

I don't think you're being fair with Mose.

DICK

What are you saying? A boy's future is evident by his conduct.

SARAH

You don't even know your own son.

DICK

That is possible.

(To Ben)

He has lived under my eye for twenty three years and I do not know my own son. What do you say to that?

BEN

I think he is capable and promising.

DICK

I tell you Ben, it has been a problem.

ALMA

I think you should be proud of Mose, Mister Gillian. He has a nice job and manages well.

DICK

Perhaps there is much I overlook. It is the thing with us parents.

SARAH

Let us be thankful.

DICK

Amen.

BEN

(Calling)

Stella! Stella!

DICK

I was wondering what happened to her and that boy of mine.

(STELLA enters quickly with a tray of assorted dried fruit and nuts which she puts on the bed)

BEN

Would you get us some coffee?

STELLA

Yes, father.

(Goes out and returns with another tray of fruit which she puts on the sofa)

SARAH

Is Mose —?

STELLA

Yes, Mrs. Gillian. He's helping me clean some raisins.

(Exit to kitchen)

DICK

Did you hear?

SARAH

What a capable girl she is!

DICK

Yes. I was thinking the same thing.

(To Ben with a sly wink)

How old is Stella now?

BEN

Old enough, I guess.

ALMA

Nineteen, Mister Gillian.

DICK

(To Alma)

You'll be losing her soon.

ALMA

They must make their own way. We can't hold them forever.

DICK

If I were Mose, I shouldn't be wasting any time.

(Taking a handful from tray and eating)

At least he knows enough to stay in the kitchen with her.

(Griming)

Cleaning raisins, is he? The old fox.

BEN

(Smiling)

I see he has some of his father, after all.

DICK

I would like to believe that.

BEN

Try.

(ALL pause to listen as the sound of rain is heard outside. DICK goes to window and looks out)

SARAH

(To Dick)

Is it raining?

DICK

I was wondering when it would begin.

(Returns to chair by bed)

What a time of year!

BEN

For the farmer it is rest and quiet. For us in the city it is a nuisance, going to work in the rain, dressing properly, but I welcome it as I always do. You should be thankful for it.

DICK

Yes. Everything is picked up. Let it fall.

SARAH

(With concern)

What about the Gaspars?

DICK

I was thinking the same thing.

BEN

Gaspars?

DICK

Our neighbors. He held his Thompsons to the last, hoping to sell them green. It is difficult to dry grapes in November.

SARAH

I think they rolled last week.

DICK

They rolled all right, but now the raisins will mold for sure. Poor old man. I told him it would be a risk.

SARAH

What can they do?

DICK

What can they do? Sell to the winery.

SARAH

Give it away.

(To Alma)

They don't have a thing. Poor Alice.

ALMA

I'm sorry for her.

SARAH

(To Dick)

They're probably all in the field now.

DICK

Where else could they be? I remember forty-nine. How I cursed the rain. Everything on the ground and an unexpected storm that washed the trays clean.

BEN

I know.

(STELLA enters with tray and serves coffee in small cups.)

DICK

(Taking cup from tray)

What have you done to that boy of mine?

STELLA

(Blushing)

Done, Mister Gillian?

DICK

He's been following you around like a sheep. What do you think of Mose?

STELLA

Fine. I think he's fine.

DICK

(Winking and laughing)

Fine, is he, and in the kitchen cleaning raisins?

STELLA

What else could he be doing?

DICK

I know what I would be doing.

(To Ben)

I must say, she has a way with him. Something is happening to Mose and it has happened in the last few hours.

(STELLA stands staring)

BEN

Stella, my coffee.

STELLA

(As though from a stupor)

What did you say, father?

DICK

(Grinning)

Cleaning raisins.

(Goes into siege of laughter)

BEN

My coffee!

STELLA

(Serving Ben)

I'm sorry, father.

BEN

Are you ill?

STELLA

Ill? Of course not.

DICK

Tell that boy to come here. I would like to see his face. Cleaning raisins, is he?

(Laughing)

I have to give him credit for something.

STELLA

He's. . .

DICK

The raisins can wait.

(Calling)

Mose! Mose!

(To Ben)

That boy is smarter than I thought. It must be the city life.

(STELLA leaves tray on sofa and hurries out. A moment later, MOSE enters with a tray of raisins and stands at foot of bed)

I don't believe I know this young man.

(To Mose)

Who are you?

MOSE

I was helping Stella.

DICK

With the raisins, I know.

(To Ben)

Do you understand now what I have been saying? He is here and he is not here.

BEN

(Sipping coffee)

You are making an issue of nothing. We are wrong in playing the parent too closely.

SARAH

I quite agree with you, Mister Garentz.

BEN

If parents were as wise as they pretend to be, then where is the problem? We have much to learn from today's youth.

(To Mose)

How do you like the city, Mose?

MOSE

I think it's great.

DICK

He thinks it's great. I am glad to hear that.

BEN

I understand.

MOSE

What an exciting way of living.

SARAH

It is good for you. We want you to be happy.

DICK

We have been unfair to Mose. He has escaped from our prison and finds freedom an exciting way of life. Perhaps it is so.

MOSE

It's almost a new way of thinking and breathing.

(To Ben)

I never knew there were so many things to do, so many things to see.

BEN

(Kindly)

I understand.

DICK

You have wasted little time in learning.

MOSE

Life becomes questions.

BEN

Without questions there is nothing to learn. You are right.

DICK

(Finishing coffee and turning cup over)

If I ask him what two and two is, he does not know. If someone else asks him things I have never heard of before, he gives answers. Evidently I am a failure as a father.

ALMA

It is the same with Stella, Mister Gillian. They are all the same. We should be glad in a way that youth is pre-occupied. It shows they are thinking.

SARAH

Of course they are.

DICK

(To Sarah)

You don't know what you are saying. Could you prove that Mose is not thinking of gambling this very minute, or women?

SARAH

(Mildly shocked)

What are you saying?

DICK

I am only talking, but I remember your dear brother, Leo.

(To Ben)

He let us believe that he had joined some holy order while all the time he was chasing women. He used to dress like a doctor, or something, carry books under his arm and go forth to meet God. How happy it made everyone to think such a man belonged to us.

MOSE

(Grinning broadly)

Uncle Leo?

DICK

It amuses him. That is the first sign of life he has shown in months.

SARAH

(To Mose)

Don't you listen to him!

DICK

Why should he? I am only his father.

(To Ben)

How this Leo had us fooled. Then one day it backfired.

(Smiling)

We caught him leaving through a window. But he was good enough to leave town.

SARAH

(Getting to her feet)

You make it sound so awful.

(Leaves the room on the verge of tears, followed by ALMA)

BEN

You have hurt her feelings, I'm afraid.

DICK

I was only trying to prove a point.

MOSE

What ever happened to Uncle Leo?

DICK

God only knows. He is probably fooling some part of the world. He had a way with words.

MOSE

I never knew that about him.

DICK

There are many things you do not know.
(STELLA puts head through door and beckons MOSE who leaves with his tray of raisins)

BEN

Words. What they can do.

DICK

If you speak the truth, it only hurts others. If you say nothing, it fills up inside and finds a way out. What is the use?

(Lights cigarette and smokes)

BEN

We mustn't take things too seriously. The best life has to offer is little and we must make the most of those moments.

DICK

You see, Ben, the hour a man becomes a father, his demands have ended. His

dreams and wishes are locked inside and there are only obligations to fulfill.

BEN

That is something, if it is well done.

DICK

No matter how it is done, it is not enough
(Door bell rings)

BEN

(Looking around)

Stella, the door!

(Waits as bell rings again, starts to get up but is restrained by DICK)

DICK

With your permission.

(Puts cigarette out and goes to door to admit, REVEREND CASSOONI, a small bearded man who carries a brief case.)

BEN

(Surprised, leaning from bed)

Reverend Cassooni!

REV.

(Smiling, with slight bow)

I see we are all here.

DICK

Reverend, how good to see you.

REV.

It would be better if you saw me in church more often.

DICK

I am sure God will excuse me. The work and all, you know.

REV.

I haven't God's patience.

(Leaning brief case against wall and removing his coat and hat which HE drops over a chair)

BEN

(Calling)

Stella! Stella!

(To Reverend)

It seems to be a real storm.

REV.

I was prepared for it. I expected the rain.

DICK

You are fortunate to have, what would you say, a heavenly premonition? I am always caught by surprise and suffer for it.

BEN

The weather man I believe predicted the rain.

REV.

(Warming hands over the stove)

No, Ben. In this case it was neither God, that is, directly, nor the weather man. Our choirmaster, Arrev, seems to be on to something.

BEN

Arrev?

DICK

His broken leg, no doubt, rheumatism or something.

REV.

No! No!

DICK

Then he is good at guessing.

REV.

You don't understand. He says he works by wind draughts.

BEN

(Surprised)

Wind draughts?

REV.

Arrev says he can tell even when he smokes a cigarette or a pipe.

DICK

It is amazing.

BEN

I have never heard of it just that way.

DICK

I should have him with me during the picking season.

BEN

Or his pipe.

(STELLA comes in and starts to say something to Ben, sees the Reverend Cassooni and stops surprised)

STELLA

Reverend Cassooni! When did you come in?

REV.

Only a moment ago. How good to see you, Stella.

STELLA

(To Ben)

Why didn't you tell me, father?

BEN

(Smiling)

My dear, if you weren't so busy, you would have heard me.

STELLA

(Flushing)

You called me?

DICK

Reverend, this girl seems to have a power that you may understand. She is leading my boy around like he was completely lost.

REV.

Is Mose here?

DICK

He is here but he is not with us.

REV.

I would like to talk to him. Where is he?

DICK

I doubt if you would be able to get through to him. He seems to be a million miles from here. Our young lady has done something to him.

REV.

(Smiling fondly)

Is this true, Stella? What is it you are supposed to have done to Mose?

STELLA

I don't know what they're talking about.

DICK

She has turned his head like it was paper.

REV.

I would be sorely disappointed if she hadn't.

BEN

Dick is making an issue of nothing.

DICK

Nothing, is it? Does he look normal to you? He hasn't spoken a word all evening unless it was pumped out of him.

BEN

Is it wrong for a young man to follow one his own age? I would prefer it that way than wasting his time with us old folks who have really nothing to offer on

a night like this. With the rain and all, can you blame them?

DICK

I am not blaming him for anything special, but I say, she has a hold on him like a magnet.

REV.

After all, can you blame the boy? What kind of a man would he be not to find interest in such a lovely girl?

DICK

I can't blame him for that.

REV.

She is my favorite.

(To Stella)

Are you bringing Mose to choir practise?

STELLA

If he'll come.

DICK

What's this? What's this?

REV.

Yes, Mose has been with us since he moved to the city.

DICK

I didn't think it was possible. I wonder if Sarah knows of this?

(Looking around)

Where is that woman?

BEN

All your opinions for what, Dick?

REV.

Stella brought him to see me.

DICK

That doesn't surprise me, from what I've seen today.

BEN

(To the Reverend)

I understand Mose has a good voice.

DICK

When I was his age, I used to be heard for miles, singing all the time. I was called the Shah-Mourad of Sanger.

(To Reverend)

I understand you need voices for the choir? How would you like a heavy basso?

(Singing)

REV.

Please, no! I am interested in our youth. By the way, where is Mose? I would like to talk to him.

STELLA

I'll get him for you.

(Goes out)

REV.

(Looking after her)

What a lovely girl she is. I am proud of our youth, all of them.

(To Dick)

Perhaps you may not know this, but your boy has also been showing great promise as an actor.

DICK

(Surprised)

An actor?

REV.

How well he plays his parts. You should be proud of him.

DICK

(To Ben)

Is this my Mose the Reverend speaks of? What is all this strange business?

BEN

I am glad to hear this. It is no surprise to me. You have been too difficult with him.

REV.

Sometimes we have a way of not seeing the light when it is too close to us.

DICK

(Confused)

The boy is either afraid of us or clever at concealing himself. I don't understand it.

REV.

Sometimes others can do more for our own than we can.

DICK

I am beginning to think so. I have seen it work in this house. Perhaps I should be grateful to Stella.

REV.

It is the age, the demand of time. When

youth meets youth, it responds and flows.

DICK

It is odd, but I have never thought of Mose as being a man, going about his own affairs.

BEN

It is understandable. We are too possessive.

(STELLA enters with a tray and serves coffee to the Reverend)

REV.

(Fondly)

How nice you are, Stella. What a comfort to have such a capable girl in the house.

BEN

Would you care for a brandy?

REV.

(Sipping coffee)

Not today. There will be time enough later.

(To Stella)

Where is that young man of yours? You will have him all to yourself in due time. It makes me very happy, since everyone involved are on such congenial terms. The union will be lasting.

STELLA

(Nervously)

Excuse me, please.

(Hurries out)

REV.

Have they decided on the day?

(DICK and BEN look at each other, both at a loss)

DICK

I do not understand.

BEN

Union?

REV.

Surely you are both jesting. I speak of their future.

DICK

This is hardly a time for jesting, Reverend.

REV.

It seems your work has kept you from many things.

(To Ben)

REV.

Perhaps you better explain this all to Mister Gillian who needs to learn about his own family.

BEN

Reverend, I think it best if you explain this matter to both of us.

REV.

(*Stroking his beard thoughtfully*)

I wonder if it is possible? It can be so.

(*Smiling*)

You see, they were engaged over a month ago. To be exact, six weeks. Haven't your women spoken about it? It doesn't seem possible.

(*BEN and DICK stare dumbly at each other, then together shout loudly for their wives, Alma! Sarah!, as the curtain falls.*)



GEVORG MARZPETOUNI

A Historical Novel

By MOURATZAN

Translated from the Armenian

THE STORY THUS FAR

The time is the first quarter of the 10th century when Armenia is in conflict with the Arab invader. As yet the Iron, the Armenian King, has alienated two of his most powerful princes, Prince Sevad, the father of Queen Sahakanoush, and Prince Tzlik Amram, the Governor of Outik. The cause of the rift is Princess Aspram, the wife of Tzlik Amram, an old flame of the King with whom he is hopelessly in love. To add to the King's troubles, his princes have deserted him, seeking shelter in the security of their castles, while the country is open to the ravages of the invading Arab army. Prince Gevorg Marzpetouni, a veteran soldier and a devoted patriot, takes it upon himself to reconcile the princes with the King with a view to present a common front to the enemy and, thus, to save the country, but all his efforts prove in vain. The King has retired to the monastery on a little island on Lake Sevan. At this time the King's only two friends are the Queen and Prince Marzpetouni. In his desperation, Prince Marzpetouni decides to take the field against the Arab with only twenty of his valiant and loyal followers, and to this end he proceeds to Sevan where he obtains the King's benediction in his hazardous venture. The prince's force soon falls on an Arab force encamped before the Fortress of Kel and puts the enemy to flight. Led by the King himself, an Armenian force subsequently defeats the Arabs again at Sevan. But the King is wounded. The King's force goes on to the ancient city of Bakaran where Marzpetouni conceives a bold idea to rid all of Armenia of the Arab invaders. The plan, however, is revealed unwittingly by the Catholicos.

PART III

CHAPTER III

The Fruits of Reconciliation

The dismal island and its inhabitants slowly bore down on the King who was wounded in soul and body, worsening his condition. The wound from the poisonous arrow was breaking his iron constitution with each passing day. And although the Queen tended him tenderly and the surgeons' efforts still seemed hopeless. Slowly, the King was wasting away and losing its strength like the old oak tree whose roots are being gnawed at by the worms. He turned more taciturn with each passing day, shunned all company and sought solace only in solitude.

But the physician, with the Queen's assent, advised the King to hasten to make his last will and testament and make ready to depart from this world, in view of the sharp turn his sickness had taken.

The physician's advice was cunningly made. He knew that the King would die of his wound sooner or later, but he also knew that the end was far from being imminent. And, to prolong the end, he deliberately wanted to extricate the King from the depression of his solitude. To prevent the daily cares and the anxieties of life from deteriorating his body and thus accelerating the end, he should live in a gay and carefree company and busy himself with the affairs of the State. And indeed, the physician succeeded in his scheme. The King's letter to his brother Abbas was a direct result of this strategem.

And one beautiful day the banks of the Lake Kelam were covered with a multitude of soldiers. The King who was watching the commotion from the window of his castle, at first thought the Beshir had returned to avenge himself for his former defeat and something like fear disturbed his soul. But when he noticed the royal

banner which fluttered on the banks his apprehensions were changed into joy.

"It's Marzpetouni, my brave and loyal servant," he sighed with relief and emerging from his chamber he went to the watch tower. Presently the opposite bank was crowded with small boats and rafts which the Prince had provided beforehand, and after being manned by several hundred soldiers, the little flotilla started to glide over the smooth surface of the lake.

The foremost canoe which also bore the royal banner carried Prince Marzpetouni and the King's brother Abbas with their retinue. The Prince was jubilant for returning the King's banner triumphantly when he recalled under what uncertain conditions he had received it from the King, and especially because he was bringing with him the King's own brother who had seceded from him long since and whose support would insure the success of the new venture.

When the small boats reached the banks of the island the King's guards already were waiting for them at attention. They had come to welcome Prince Marzpetouni but when they saw the King's brother who greeted them cordially they could no longer restrain their joy and they rang the welkin with their cries of Hurray's and "Long live the Prince." The company then was led to the King's quarters.

The King who had not expected his brother, seeing him with Marzpetouni, was overjoyed and at once forgot both his rank and the bitter memories. He remembered only that Abbas was his brother, his one and only brother in this world, therefore he did not wait for the latter to come up to him but hastened to meet him half way. The two met on the verdant slope of the small hill and their ejacula-

tions of "My beloved brother" were choked in the warm embraces and kisses which followed. The Prince and his retinue, rooted there on the hill, were watching the scene which was so touching that many openly wept. They all had a keen sense of realization of the extent of the suffering which the land had endured as result of the two brothers' past misunderstanding, and how much the fatherland would gain by their present reconciliation.

After a few days of festive enjoyment signaling the reconciliation of the two brothers, the King invited his brother Abbas to an audience, and in the presence of his Queen and Prince Marzpetouni opened his heart to him, saying:

"For a long time I have wanted to extend to you the hand of reconciliation, as my brother and heir, as I saw how much the fatherland was suffering at the expense of our rupture; but being the first-born, and my royal vanity prevented me from humbling myself before my younger brother. I expected you to make the first gesture. How right was I in this? I do not know, but all the same, that is what I wanted. When a man wants to live he passionately clings to vain sentimentalities. But my expectations proved futile, you made no move to return to me and I was deeply hurt by your cruelty. Scarcely a year had passed, and behold, fate deserted me and the passion to live died in my heart. But let us not talk about it, you well know the story. When my physician told me that my days were numbered I thanked God for the opportunity to become reconciled with you. I thank you, dear Abbas, that you respected my last wish and brought to me a brother's kiss which is most precious of all, which brings happiness to our afflicted land, which does not exact innocent victims, which wipes off the tears of the miserable and comforts the afflicted hearts. Alas, why are men so slow in recognizing, in appreciating this precious quality? And

now, in return for your nobility, I offer you my crown and my throne which I inherited from our beloved father; I offer it to you as my and the Queen's only heir. Enjoy it with God's, the nation's and my personal blessing."

In pronouncing the last words the King flashed a warm, sympathetic look at the Queen, then turning to his brother he continued:

"But, my beloved brother, before you assume my crown and my throne, accept from me another precious trust and swear to me that you will protect and guard her most tenderly — that most precious trust is my Queen and your sister who suffered many afflictions in this world, and whose fate I can trust only in your hands, my very own brother in all this world."

The Queen who had been listening to the King silently suddenly sobbed and broke into tears. But Abbas interrupted the tension. "What is the intent of these dismal words, my Lord King?" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "Do you think the throne is more precious to me than my duty, or do you think the crown can ever recompense the loss which I shall suffer with the death of my own brother? I pray you, do not grieve my heart which is full of affection for you and whose only wish is to see my king once again restored to his glory. May God grant you long days and I shall be the servant of your throne. That is my only wish and that shall be my sole duty."

"I believe in your sincerity and it grieves me that I was so late in sharing the sweetness of your affection, but my days are numbered, dear Abbas, and I shall soon part from this world. May God bless you and keep you so that you may comfort our people which suffered so much in the days of my kingdom."

"The people can be comforted under your kingdom just as well," Abbas replied with spirit, "you will leave this place to-

gether with us, will return to your capital and resume your throne, and we shall surround that throne with its erstwhile splendor."

"You speak of glory and splendor but I have dried their sources long since," the King sighed sadly.

"No, my Lord, these sources have not been dried but only diminished. And for this I am to blame and not you. It is up to me to atone for my sin."

"You have only one duty, and that is to make the Armenian people forget the name of Ashot the Iron by becoming a worthy king."

"The name Ashot the Iron shall be glorified even hereafter," Abbas insisted emphatically.

"I have not long to live," the King observed.

"On the contrary, you have many years to live yet," Marzpetouni observed with a mysterious smile.

"Have you seen my wound?" the King asked.

"I have heard your physician and what he told me is very cheering."

"What do you mean?" the King asked surprised.

Marzpetouni apologized for the physician who, having the best interests of the country at heart, had deliberately misled the King in regard to his illness, and told him that there was no real danger to his life, that he would soon recover if only he agreed to return from Sevan to Vostan.

For a long time the King was inflexible in his decision to live and die in Sevan; but upon the importunities of Abbas and Prince Marzpetouni he finally yielded and decided to return to his capital of Yerazgavors. To make the King's return stately and in keeping with his royal rank, Abbas and the Prince sent word to their troops in Vostan ordering them to hasten to Sevan. A similar proposition was made to Prince Sembat of Siuni. The latter gathered his

contingents and entered Gegharkounik to pay his respects to the King.

Sepouh Vahram likewise assembled his army which was in Kela Mountains and together with the young prince Kor proceeded to Sevan. Finally, with the arrival of the remainder of Abbas' troops, a sizeable army was assembled at the King's quarters in Sevan. A few days later, the King, together with the Queen, his brother Abbas, and the princes departed from Sevan and, accompanied with his army, headed for his royal province of Shirak.

For a week the City of Yerazgavors had been undergoing a complete transformation. The formerly silent streets now were filled with the clamor and the din of a lively city, traffic was heavy, and the public squares were crowded.

The royal palace which until then had been deserted was once again lively and festive, its magnificent salons were decorated with costly rugs and velvet, the arches were festooned with flowers and the colonnades were draped with multi-colored banners. There was unusual animation everywhere and the deserted stories of the building were filled with dwellers. By special arrangement of Prince Marzpetouni, the princely families who had taken refuge in the Castle of Garni had returned to Yerazgavors. The young lady Shahandoukhd who was in charge of that castle had turned her duties over to Mushegh the Keeper of the Fortress, and, together with the Ladies Mariam and Gohar, had come to Yerazgavors. By this time, all was set for the coming of the King and the Queen.

When the appointed day arrived all the inhabitants of the royal city came forth to meet their distinguished guests a few leagues outside the city, led by the freemen, while the company of the palace ladies and the princesses, led by Lady Gourgendoukhd, the wife of the King's brother Abbas, waited for the King in the Church of the Holy Savior.

Finally, the King, accompanied by the Queen, and his retinue of princes entered the royal city from which he had been absent for a whole year. His entry, so stately and teeming, rather resembled a victorious return from the battle. Aside from thousands of troops who stopped outside the city, the City of Yerazgavors was crowded with the inhabitants of the extensive province of Shirak. It seemed all of them had been longing for their King and had hastened to be on hand in order to satisfy their overflowing nostalgia. And everywhere the King passed, the people met him with hurrah's and shouts of jubilation. At sight of this manifestation of affection the King was deeply touched and he wept. He remembered his past, compared the people's jubilation with those of the past and found it equally spontaneous and sincere. And yet, alas, he no longer was the former hero; his inner world was devoid of all enthusiasm, and the jubilation around him did not warm up his heart. But, not to disappoint those around him, especially his brother Abbas and Prince Marzpetouni whose devotion to his person and cause he deeply appreciated, he tried to control his feelings and to appear cheerful.

Besides, he even decided to advise Marzpetouni to take advantage of the people's enthusiasm in the interests of a more profitable venture, namely, the occupation of the City of Dovin, a project for the success of which the Prince had interceded with him for a long time but which had been frustrated by the treachery of Ashot the Tyrant.

When the festivities of the royal reception were over, the King summoned his brother and the Prince and revealed to them his plan.

"Now that we have assembled such an imposing army, and since the Prince of Siuni is near his with his contingents to support us, I want you to make ready for the attack on Dovin. The Arabs cannot

resist your forces and you will surely seize the city from their grasp," the King announced.

"How come? You really are giving us permission to attack the city?" Marzpetouni asked half surprised, half beside himself with joy.

"Did I not speak plainly enough? I not only permit it, but I am advising you to do it. There is no time to lose."

"I am ready with all my troops," Abbas announced with decision.

"Then speak with Prince Sembat and tell me the result," the King ordered.

The same evening, in the mansion of the King's brother, there was a session which included Prince Marzpetouni, the Lord of Siuni, Sepouh Vahram and the young Prince Kor. The King's brother explained the purpose of the meeting and wanted to know their opinion in regard to the King's proposition. After a few more explanations by Marzpetouni the conference agreed unanimously to adopt the King's plan. Prince Sembat was jubilant over the idea hoping thus to rescue his captive brothers and the Armenian Catholicosate from the Arab usurpers. For this reason he volunteered to assemble his entire force around the City of Dovin. All the rest of the princes likewise fell in line and were ready for the oncoming assault.

The allied princes pitched camp in a vast plain around Yerazgavors, where the Tigris merges with the River Akhouryan. For several days there was lively activity in the camp, as if all the men were on fire. A part of the troops were drilling for the encounter, others were practicing mock attacks, some were busy with sharpshooting contests, and still others were assembling battering rams and other equipment for the siege. These operations were supervised by Sepouh Vahram and the young Prince Kor.

While these preparations busied the army at Yerazgavors, there happened an

unforeseen event which poured cold water on the zeal of the troops and their commanders. The day of the King's arrival in the Province of Shirak news had come to the Arab Emir that the King was returning to his capital with a great force. Nasr, who long since was familiar with the valor of Ashot the Iron and knew how often he had fallen only to rise again, how many times he had recovered and how many times he had scourged his realm, was frightened at the news of the King's return. His fears were enhanced by the reports of his spies who had witnessed the King's victorious return, his jubilant reception by his people, and the high morale of his advancing army.

To begin with, the King's reconciliation with his brother was such a momentous event which would frighten the Emir because the Arabs could not meet the joint forces of these two brave leaders. But when the Emir learned that Prince Sembat of Siuni too had joined the alliance, he completely went to pieces. He was sure now that the King would be satisfied with nothing short of the complete expulsion of the Arab rule from the land, and he expected no mercy from the Prince of Siuni whom he had insulted many times and had indicted himself by holding his brothers captive.

Dejected by these mediations, the Emir summoned before him his Commander Beshir and the Governor of Dovin and consulted with them about ways and means of averting the impending danger. The Beshir told him that the garrison of the city had scarcely enough supplies to last ten days, and that their only salvation lay in sending messengers to Damascus and seek aid from the Supreme Amira himself, but this would take too long a time. Meanwhile nothing would prevent the Armenians from laying siege to the city.

"What if we ourselves offered peace and solicited the King's friendship?" the Emir put the question.

"Our laws give you the right to simulate

submission to the infidel if you cannot overcome him by force," suggested the Governor. "You must bear in mind, however, that for each humiliation you must humiliate him ten times when you get the upper hand."

"You are quite right. I have to humiliate myself only once until I disperse the King's armies," the Emir replied. "After that, I know there will be new defections; the princes will rise against one another. You cannot boil two Armenian heads in one kettle," the old proverb says. We will settle their score once we raise our swords."

The Beshir and the Governor agreed that this was the best way under the circumstances.

And one beautiful day when the allied princes were in the midst of their last military exercises, and as the King, mounted on his steed and surrounded by his select guard, personally was supervising the event and inspiring the troops, behold there appeared on the opposite plain a company of riders galloping toward the Armenian camp. When the company was quite close Prince Marzpetouni noticed the Arab banner and instantly ordered young Prince Kor to meet them with his company and to ascertain the object of their mission.

The young Prince was greatly surprised as he noticed Prince Babgen of Siuni in the Arab company, not as a captive but fully armed and surrounded by the dignitaries of the Amira. But before he had time to express his wonderment Prince Babgen rushed to him and embraced him. In a few words he explained to him his mission and the two, together with their retinues, returned to the Armenian camp.

Prince Sembat of Siuni recognized his brother from a distance and rushing to him embraced him warmly. The meeting of the two brothers was so touching that the Arab messengers, out of deference to the occasion, stood aside and waited until the affectionate exchange was over. Then

the Arab delegation, joined by Prince Babgen, presented itself to the King who received them in the open in the presence of his princes. The spokesman of the delegation addressed the King in following words:

"Nasr, the Amira, the Emir of the Supreme Amira, sends greetings and salutations to the Armenian King, and through us congratulates him on the royal return to the seat of the Shahinshah (King of Kings). Desirous of establishing a perpetual bond of friendship with the Shahinshah, the Amira requests that the King forget past misunderstandings between us, all rancor and enmity which have been engendered by painful clashes of the past, and to cement a mutual friendship pact in the best interests of both the Amira and your people. As proof of his good will the Emir has released from captivity the Sisakan princes one of whom volunteered to lead us here, and the other, Prince Sahak, is now in Dovin, living in homage in the palace which was built by the Armenian kings. As further proof of his good will, the Amira has sent to the Sahinshah some gifts which he requests you to accept as the vouchsafe of his sincere friendship toward the Armenian people and their King."

Thereupon the spokesman beckoned the gift-bearers who presented their gifts to the King.

The King, although taken aback by this unexpected delegation, nevertheless, out of deference to Prince Babgen, cordially received them and expressed thanks to the Emir for his good intentions and his gifts. He invited the messengers to be his guests in the city, promising to give his reply to the Emir in a few days.

But this new development made a bad impression on both the princes and the troops who were all set to attack Dovin, especially since they had been inflamed by the passionate exhortations of Abbas and Prince Marzpetouni. And now, the cunning Arab's delegation had poured cold water

on their enthusiasm. Many of them really wished that the King would reject the Arab proposition and insure the peace not by befriending the Arab but by expelling him from the land once and for all.

To this end, a conference was held with the King. At first all were in favor of an immediate attack. But when Prince Babgen revealed that the Nasr was really holding his brother, Prince Sahak, a hostage in Dovin, and that at the first approach of the Armenian troops to the city walls he would be hanged from the wall tower, all were discomfited.

"If nothing else," Prince Sembat argued, "at least to prevent risking the life of my brother we shall be obliged to accept the Emir's proposition."

"You were a bit too hasty, dear Prince," the King observed with a smile. "Although the demand of our troops and our princes to attack Dovin is legitimate and just, nevertheless I would be loath to sacrifice the life of a single soldier when I can achieve the enemy's friendship through peaceful means. And while our forces are superior and the conditions favor us, nevertheless we can not capture Dovin without sacrificing at least several hundred soldiers. We shall spare those lives since we already have sacrificed too many. It's true that at first the Emir's offer made a bad impression upon me but the real reason for this was because I was really infected by your enthusiasm. But when I pondered the matter seriously I came to the conclusion that it is better to leave Dovin in the possession of the Emir than to sacrifice the lives of several hundred soldiers in the effort to recover it. If I am so considerate of the life of the common soldier, how much more considerate I would be for the life of your brother, who is my brother and who is dear to our Court and to the entire dynasty of the Siunis, and who at this moment is a captive of the Arab beast. For this reason, I have decided to accept the Emir's offer

and sign a friendship pact with him. After that, if we are not molested, we can turn our attention to the reconstruction of our land until some happy day we can save Prince Sahak from the Arab's clutches."

The King's decision was accepted unanimously while the princes of Siuni were effusive in their gratitude to the King for

his tender consideration of their brother still held a captive by the Arabs. The next morning the treaty of mutual friendship was drafted, and signed with the King's seal, was delivered to the Arab messengers. This occasion also was signalized by the wedding of young Prince Kor and the young lady Shahandoukhd.

CHAPTER IV

The Old Flame Still Smoulders

The year 925 came to its end and the land of the Armenians, thanks to the reconciliations which had been effected, was in peace and tranquility. With the exception of Prince Marzpetouni, all the princes had withdrawn their troops from Yerazgavors and had retired to their native domains. However, young Prince Kor, together with his bride, was back in his father's castle of Garni.

When the King asked Marzpetouni why he did not follow the example of the other princes and go back to his home, the Prince replied that the hour of his rest had not yet arrived. "I still have a debt to pay," he added.

"You already have paid all your debts," the King said assuringly. "This is the second year of the peace and yet you are perpetually beset with cares. You saved me from the pursuit of the rebels; you tortured yourself for the unity of the princes; you organized an army almost from nothing; you defeated the enemy, dispersed the Arab bandit bands, and lastly, you reconciled me with Abbas and forced the Emir to seek our friendship. What other debt is left to pay?"

"The most important of them all, Sire."

"And what is that?"

"The debt imposed by my solemn oath."

"What is this oath?" the King asked surprised.

"The oath I swore on the grave of St. Mashtotz in Garni, before my soldiers of the covenant and the people of Garni."

"Meaning?"

"I swore never to return to my family hearth until the last Arab is driven from the land."

The King recalled anew the story which the Prince had told him in Sevan and asked doubtfully:

"If you had made such an oath, why then did you let me become reconciled with the Emir?"

"I thought it was better that I remained an exile, rather than to risk the safety of the army."

"You were in favor of attacking Dovin," the King reminded, "wouldn't that have risked the safety of the army?"

"At that time I had hoped that my loyal followers would succeed in making a secret entry into Dovin together with the Catholics, but that hope vanished when the 'Ty-rant' betrayed our secret."

The King fell into thinking. He knew the Prince well, that he was as tender-hearted and affectionate toward his family as he was invincible to the enemy. He realized what this forced separation from his family meant to the Prince and he was deeply grieved. If he only could release him from the obligation of his oath. That way he could at least recompense him in a small

measure for the debt he owed him. But what could he do? The only way was to break his word with the Emir, but this, as a Christian King, he could never do.

Finally the Prince had a proposition which the King accepted gladly. They could present the Emir with a perfectly legitimate demand which he could either accept or the alternative would be war. "We have no reason to break our word with the Emir but we have the right to demand the return of our confiscated property," the Prince argued. "The seizure of the Catholicosate not only is confiscation but it is a sacrilege the like of which has never been perpetrated neither by the Persian satraps nor by the emirs who preceded the Nasr. If we do not avenge these insults, at least we can demand the return of church properties. To this end I will proceed to Vaspourakan and try to persuade the Catholicos to return here as head of the church and demand the restoration of his property. His Majesty (the Catholicos) has no reason to fear because we have the upper hand just now. If the Emir grants his demand, good and well; if not we will take by the sword what belongs to us. No self-respecting nation will refrain from breaking a treaty with a neighboring nation which violates its sacred rights."

The King found the Prince's argument justifiable and gave him his assent. Desirous of winning the alliance of Prince Gagik of Artzrunis in case of war, the Prince asked the King to appoint him as his plenipotentiary to that Prince. The King granted this request too with a letter of credentials written in his own hand.

A few days later Prince Marzpetouni, accompanied by the guards, departed from Shirak for the province of Vaspourakan, but before his arrival at the Artzruni capital he received word that Catholicos Hovhannes had passed away at the Monastery of Dzor.

The passing of the Catholicos grieved

the Prince deeply because it upset his plans. First, it put a crimp into his plan of capturing Dovin and expelling the Arab from the land. Second, with the Catholicosate and the church estates under the rule of the Nasr, many monasteries and religious orders were subjected to privation. Third, the chance of disengaging himself from his oath and of returning to his family was now out of the question. And lastly, with the recent transference of the seat of the Catholicosate into Vaspourakan, the prospect for the solidarity of the church was none too bright. There would be rivalries between two Sees and who knows? endless divisions and intrigues between factions which would cause the disintegration of the institution.

Nevertheless, the Prince with all haste proceeded to the Monastery of Dzor to arrive there in time for the funeral of the Catholicos. King Gagik received him with the homage due to his rank and entertained him in his palace for some time. As a result of this visit, King Gagik accepted the King's offer of friendship and concluded a treaty with him, signed in his own hand.

Meanwhile, the question of the succession of the Catholicosate began to agitate the monastic orders of Armenia. The clergy of the northern provinces wanted to elect a successor from among their own bishops and insisted on the restoration of the Seat back to Dovin, the capital of the land, while the southern provinces insisted on the retention of the Seat in the Monastery of Dzor, with one of their own monastics being elected Catholicos. The controversy was transferred to the partisan princes and thus the division became widespread. The minor princes joined with their superiors, and the latter enlisted the princely families.

Prince Marzpetouni, a tried and tested veteran, instantly saw that the situation might easily harm the unity which he had just created and might prove a serious obstacle to his future plans. And when he saw

that King Gagik sided with the southerners, he immediately wrote to the King and begged him to support the Vaspourakan clergy in deference to King Gagik. Such an arrangement would cement the alliance between the King and the Artzruni dynasty and would bring rich dividends to the Fatherland and the Throne.

The Prince wrote a similar letter to the King's brother Abbas, asking him to use his influence with the King for the success of his plan. The King and his brother assented to the plan and wrote to the Prince to this respect, whereupon, the Prince informed King Gagik that his wish was granted. King Gagik was elated by the news and vowed eternal friendship with the House of Bagratunis and King Ashot.

After a time, in a conclave of the clergy at the capital of the Artzrunis, Bishop Stepannos was elected Catholicos and the ceremony of the anointment was performed in great splendor in the newly-built church of the Holy Cross on the Island of Aghtamar. In expression of his gratitude, King Gagik sent to King Ashot precious gifts, and he bestowed similar gifts on Prince Marzpetouni for his services. The King and the Prince were pleased not so much for the gifts as the new alliance between the two royal houses to which they attached great importance. For a small sacrifice, Prince Marzpetouni had achieved a far greater gain, and this was the opinion of both the King and his brother.

After the completion of his mission, Marzpetouni returned to the King at Yerevan where he took a much-needed rest and started to take up his new plans which, due to the altered situation, needed considerable re-adjustment. At first he had thought of capturing the capital by secret means and internal conspiracy in order to avoid unnecessary loss of lives. But now that King Gagik had joined the King, they no longer had any cause of fear. The Armenians could take Dovin by direct at-

tack if necessary, should the siege take too long a time. The Prince was now thinking of making preparations during the winter, preparatory to the spring attack.

But the relentless fate continued to frustrate his plans. He had scarcely set his affairs in order and had issued his instructions to his trusted men when news came from Utik that Tzlik Amram, together with the princes Qougark and Tashr, had delivered the three northern provinces to King Ber of Apkhaz. This news had a depressing effect on the Court, but it especially distressed the King and Prince Marzpetouni. When the latter went in to see the King and to get his opinion in regard to Amram's new conspiracy, he found him depressed and exhausted. All the same, the King received him cordially and the two held an intimate conversation.

"This conspiracy is nothing new," the King said dolefully, "it is the continuation of the old feud. As I told you once, that prince is not the enemy of the nation, he is my personal enemy, and therefore, his new plot is directed against me. He was inactive until today because I had fled him and lived in disgrace in the Island of Sevan. He gloated over my misfortunes and the fire of revenge was extinguished in his heart. But now that I have returned to my old throne, and thanks to you, our affairs are in better shape, it seems the old spirit of revenge has revived in him. This man thinks King Ashot is on the way to his old glory and for this reason he has delivered our provinces to our old enemy in order to embitter my heart anew. If he only knew that this wounded heart is on the brink of the grave, perhaps, as a human being, he might feel sorry and put a stop to his evil designs."

"I am willing to leave my work here, or turn it over to the Grand Prince Abbas, and proceed to Outik. I may be able to forestall the danger as long as the King of Apkhaz has not yet arrived to take over

his newly-acquired loot," the Prince volunteered.

"Going to Outik is important, but you already are too tired and the land of the Armenians has no other Marzpetouni. You must spare yourself."

"The Marzpetounis would be an obscure people indeed if they sat still," the Prince hastened to reply. "Command me, my King, to set out even tomorrow. I might yet be able to save the day."

The King was thoughtful for a few moments then he raised his gaze to Marzpetouni. It seemed he was about to say something but held back.

"Is there any particular thing which prevents you from giving me the order?" the Prince asked.

"No, nothing at all. You are free to go and try your hand. There is a chance that you might influence him. But where do you think you might meet with Amram?"

"I can search the whole of Outik."

"You better go straight to Tavoush. You might find him there."

"Tavoush? Very well. I will start tomorrow. There's nothing to keep me here any longer."

"How? So soon?"

"The sooner the better."

It seemed the King was transported with a secret and delightful feeling, not unmingled with a tinge of grief. He at once forgot the northern provinces, forgot King Ber and Tzlik Amram. His mind flew to Tavoush, into the secret recesses of the castle, where he was seeking the hapless, miserable captive, the beautiful princess

whose flaming eyes had once set his heart on fire and who became the cause of all his woes. How long since he had had news of her! Could it be that she was dead, or still was alive? Did she still love him, or cursed him? He could not tell.

Only once, when he entered Qougark with his Arab auxiliaries, had he heard that Amram had imprisoned his wife in a dungeon of the castle, as one doomed to die. After that he had had no news of her. And now, Prince Marzpetouni was going to Tavoush; no doubt he would bring some news of Lady Aspram. How he longed to say something about it, send her a message, command the Prince, nay, beg him, implore him to enter her cell where she was confined and speak with her, tell her that the King of the Armenians, Ashot the Iron, still loved her, that he was being tortured at sight of her plight remembering her pale face, her tearful eyes. . .

But how could he give such a command to Marzpetouni, that virtuous hero who knew only two sanctities in all the world — the Fatherland and the Family, the only shrines which he worshipped?

The King naturally knew this, therefore, he said nothing. He was satisfied that the Prince would surely hear something about the princess in Tavoush and would bring him some news of her.

The next day, as was determined, the Prince, accompanied with his guards, departed from Yerazgavors, headed for Qougark.

(To be continued)



BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

PEINTRES ARMENIENS D'EGYPTE. By Aime Azar; pp. 56, paper cover, large octavo, with 42 illustrations, Cairo, Egypt, 1953, price P. T. 25 (70 cents.)

This is another interesting publication by and for Armenian painters in Egypt. The forward is written by Jean Moscatelli.

The book contains studies on Diran Garabedian with four of his interesting paintings that somehow reminds us of the portraits of Joseph Pushman, altho not in detail. This resemblance, no matter how superficial, still is felt, altho I can not say anything derogatory for being so. On the contrary, Diran Garabedian has achieved a style that could eventually be developed into something entirely his own. His "Composition", more decorative than realistic, is a piece of stylized work that has the spirit of ancient Armenian miniatures, vivid and light, fresh and animated.

Next comes Onnig Avedissian with five of his paintings. The "Spring of 1954" in his studio is indeed an exquisite composition, with colors that are closest to our heart and understanding. Another piece that seemingly had the same source of inspiration is "Le Baiser" (The Kiss), which now hangs in a small but select collection of Armenian painters of Wahe Sethian in Beyrouth, Lebanon, where I had the pleasure of seeing it. Here Avedissian is less stylized and free in execution. Lines are strong and embody strong emotions. We are pleasantly impressed that the subject may have something to do with the famed "The Jug of Wine, Thou, Wilderness" etc. of Omar Khayyam. If it is so, I would like to say that this painting is the best and most accurate presentation of Khayyam's verse.

Avedissian's "La Famille," now in Mihran Tchakedjian's collection (Cairo, Egypt), is The Families history from cradle to old age. It represents almost a group of Onnig's paintings. I am sorry that I did not have the opportunity of seeing the painting with its colors. Somehow it seems to me that the painter has spent more time on this painting to finish it then others that I have seen.

The other three paintings represented here are of interest. His landscape of Assouan (Egypt) naturally has not the same fascination to me as his Italian ones. His The Bather, now in Alexandria, Egypt, as my readers know, made me eat humble pie. Still Onnig's "Affection" remains the

most desired one for me, that is next to one of his Italian landscapes.

After Onnig Avedissian we are introduced to Achod Zorian and five of his paintings. Zorian is a forceful painter. Few of the paintings that I saw shows him as an honest observer inclined to some dramatic lines and colors in his subjects. However he likes his subject simple, uncrowded and executes them with honesty.

Miss Arte Topalian has three subjects. She has a tendency to execute in a sketchy manner. The best of her work for me is actually a sketch of a "Nude" a little hesitating in lines. The rest of her works, too, don't seem to give a decided impression of being finished. They seem to be still in a stage of study.

Next we have Puzant Godjamenian with six pictures, all of them highly dramatic in line and a subject, for Mr. Godjamenian wishes to convey simply but forcefully the entire drama of his subjects. He persists in seeing sadness even in the love of mother towards her new-born or touching teens. His style, charming no doubt, should be applied to other human emotions then just sadness, then we can be sure his poetic ability with his fine and flowing lines will blossom into a very fascinating style that very justly will claim for himself a great place among Armenian painters.

H. Hampar is presented with only one sketch of a street in Alexandria (Egypt). He shows, however, a great sense of understanding and excellent ability. It is really a wonderful piece of work. Sorry that no more are presented here.

Then comes Alexander Saroukhan the great caricaturist of excellent ability and exquisite wit. He is unique among Armenian painter-artists. We have seen so many of his beautiful pieces illustrating some of the masterpieces of Baronian and Yervand Odian that we can not but wish here again that some day an exhibition of them will be given in USA Armenian centers.

★ ★ ★

GREGOIRE DE NAREK. Trans. into French by Luc-Andre Marcel. Paper, octavo, pp. 140, Paris, 1954

This is a French translation of selected poems of the great and magnificent Armenian mystic poet of the 10th century.

The translator himself, something of a mystic, has done a good job. Mr. Luc-Andre Marcel youth-

ful and sincere, we had the pleasure of seeing and meeting a few times in Cairo and Beirut during May, 1954, when he was touring the Near East with Mr. and Mrs. J. Balard, the editor of the French periodical "Cahiers Du Sud."

No doubt it was exhilarating to see this young French poet, inspired with the great Gregory of Narek, speak of him and recite his beautiful poems completely transported with sincere devotion. We Armenians have sanctified Gregory of Narek and through many dark centuries we have received our light and life and inspiration from him. Many manuscript copies and various printed editions have supplied the continuous demand of many generations of Armenians.

As far as I know the first translation of Narek in parts was done by the late Arshak Tchobanian. Mr. Luc-Andre Marcel's translation gives another opportunity to French lovers of great and beautiful poetry to enjoy fine mystic poems. Thus, in these days of decadent manners and morals some lucky French will have the great pleasure of reading Narek in French, translated by a French poet of ability.

The French seem to be more fortunate than those who can read only English. There is so far, sad to say, no English, translation even in parts of Gregory of Narek's divine poetry which has been classified by great international critics as among the first ten of the best hundred books of the world.

★ ★ ★

THE LEGACY OF PERSIA. Edited by A. J. Arberry. Small octavo, cloth, pp. 421, illustrated. The Clarendon Press, Oxford, England. Price 21s. or \$3.00.

A very interesting book on Persia (Iran) on her history, culture, arts and industries, well written and compact.

It is a fact that many good books have been written on the same subject. Lord Curzon's great "Persia and the Persian Question" in two volumes (London, 1892). Sykes's "A History of Persia", again in two volumes, (London, 1915), perhaps are the best known, and most informative even today. However the last few decades have added so much newly discovered material on the subject that it is a welcome addition to the other histories on Persia that we have inherited.

The present volume contains studies by various authors on specialized subjects a list of which will give you an idea of the importance of this book "Persia and the Ancient World", by J. H. Rieffe; "Persia and Byzantium," by D. Talbot Rice; "Persia and the Arabs", by R. Levy; "Persia and India after the conquest of Mahmud", by H. Goetz; "The Islamic Art of Persia", by D. Barrett; "Religion", by G. M. Wickens; "The Persian Language", by H. W. Bailey; "Persian Literature", by A. J. Arberry; "Persian Carpets", by A. C. Edwards; "Persian Gardens", by Hon. Sackville West; "Persian Science", by C. Elgood; "Persia as seen by the West", by L. Lockhart; "The Royaume of Perse", by Mrs. J. E. Heseltine. The book reads very interestingly. Armenia and Armenian is mentioned in the book quite a few

times. However the important Armeno-Persian relations extending from the times of Cyrus to the end of Safavids merits more attention.

D. Talbot Rice in his "Persia and Byzantium" section speaking of Architecture states. "In regard to architecture (in Persia); one school of authorities, indeed, led by Strzygowski, would go so far as to assert that practically all the essential features of domical and vaulted construction, as well as the development of the cruciform plan, all of which constitute the very essence of the Byzantine style, were first evolved in Iran. Though this opinion is to be regarded as exaggerated, there is reason to believe that the role of Persia was nevertheless a vital one, and the elliptical arch, the use of niches for the external adornment of buildings, the squinch to effect the transition from the square plan of a base to the circle of dome, and probably also the extension of the square plan by additions at the sides into one of Greek cross form, were all thought of there before they were elaborated elsewhere. Much of this elaboration took place in Armenia at an early date, and Armenia in its turn influenced the Byzantine world; some of Justinian's architects were indeed Armenians, and the tremendous spirit of building activity which characterized that emperor's reign owed a good deal to Asiatic ingenuity and invention. At a later date, again, Armenia exercised a considerable influence on the development of Greek architecture" (pp 47-48). Armenian architects carried that influence in Byzantium even after it was converted to Ottoman Empire for the greatest architects of the Ottomans from two related Sennans to the Balians were Armenians.

In another part, speaking of the Persian art of illustration, Douglas Barrett in his section on "the Islamic Art of Persia" states. "The real heirs to the Abbasid style in painting, as in the other arts, were the Fatimids (A.D. 969-1171) of Egypt, who evolved a new and integrated style, which may be seen on lustre-painted pottery and found monumental expression on the ceiling of the Capella Palatina at Palermo. This tradition, largely destroyed in Egypt by the ayyubids in 1171, remained an important element in the illustrations to popular moralities and books on medicine and mechanics of the so-called Mesopotamian or Baghdad school of the first half of the thirteenth century, which constitute the earliest series of illustrated Islamic books that have survived. These illustrations have little formal value as pictures; the figures and background are, rather, diagrams interspersed in the text to supplement the argument. The work is eclectic, and the hands of the neighboring Byzantines, Syrians, and Armenians, more experienced in illustration, are very apparent." (pp. 134-135) I am not familiar with the names of any Armenian illustrators who actually worked and signed Islamic works from Mesopotamian or Baghdad school. However there must have been some because one of the earliest illustrating works that is known to me in the well known style of Baghdad school is an Armenian Four Gospels, now in a Erivan State Library and known as The Four Gospels of monastery of Haghpatri (Armenia). This manuscript is executed

with splendid miniatures in the style of that school however the subjects secular or religious all are Armenian Christian. The manuscript of Haghat is executed A.D. 1211, almost two decades before any known illustration attributed to Baghdad school Islamic illustration. About Islamic-Armenian art relations I have an extensive work in preparation.

This volume ends with a list of selected bibliography, table of historical dates and a most useful Index.



ON ARMENIAN PROTESTANTISM AGAIN

Recently, a copy of a book entitled "A Century of Armenian Protestantism", covering the years 1846-1946, written by Leon Arpee (published 1946 by The Armenian Missionary Association of America, Inc.), was sent me with a request that I offer my opinion of the work. I have until this moment been prevented from offering my thoughts on the volume because of my recent travels in the Near East.

I dislike becoming embroiled in religious controversies of any sort; but any attempt to adulterate Armenian history, no matter how sugar-coated the attempt, remains unpalatable to me, and should be commented upon.

By birth an Armenian, Leon Arpee speaks not solely for himself but for all Armenians in many instances. In his first "Introductory" chapter, he makes statements in the name of the Armenians that are not acceptable in the light of Armenian history. Many of his statements are false accusations of Armenians and the Armenian Church. "Arianism affected us", and "our vaunted Paulicianism", may be construed as attempts to impress the reader that Armenians were in fact affected by Arianism, a doctrine against which the Armenian Church, which is synonymous with the Armenian nation, relentlessly fought. The fact that some Armenians might have been Paulist or Paulicians cannot be described as Paulicianism being "vaunted" among Armenians.

In speaking of the Armenian struggle for freedom, Arpee concludes: "When on the Centennial of the Council of Chalcedon we withdrew from the West, and declared ourselves a separate Church, with an Era of our own, we proclaimed ourselves among the first separatists and Protestants of the world. All that easily explains why the Armenians at heart have been in such sympathy with the Protestant Reformation."

In truth, the Armenian Church can be named the first *separate* Church, separated simply for purely national reasons, to become a national and independent church. However, to tie this separatism with any Protestantism is far-fetched indeed. The Armenians did not have nor have any sympathy for the Protestant Reformation, which at the best is a strange and at best unsuitable way of worshipping God and Christ — strange to the inherent Armenian character which adores the warm, poetic, gloriously artistic rituals of his church, so strikingly elevating and inspiring, and so totally different from the cold and barren formalities of Protestant worship. Any Armenian sympathy that might have appeared

toward Protestantism became evident only in the middle of the 19th century — purchased from the Armenians by the pangs of their hunger for education and higher schooling. It was no religious phenomenon; it was purely secular. To draw any other conclusion is contrary to the facts and the truth.

Leo Arpee carries on in this way, making Protestants of St. Gregory the Illuminator down to John Golod, and such great Armenian ecclesiastics as Elisaeus, Mandakuni, Nareg, Gregory of Datev, etc. Then he pulls another "rabbit out of the hat" by stating the "Armenians in fact generally welcomed the missionaries as friends and the prejudice against them among some of our people was in good part 'made in Rome'" (p. 3) This is of course absolutely NOT true; the Armenian Catholics in those days did not have any influence whatsoever on the national Church of Armenia, or its community. The author claims that the Armenian proselytes in the European and American Protestant centers acquainted "themselves with western religious thought and learning, to help make modern Armenian Christianity glorious, were doing nothing amiss." What they were doing in fact was misguidedly to try to divert the Armenian nation from its beautiful and exquisite church, its poetic and highly spiritual rituals, and its inseparable national traditions. For all this greatness, the proselytes offered in return cold, uninspired, church "absolutism", bereft of any national inspiration, and shorn of the warmth of the breath of our forefathers who, for the existence of their noble church, struggled and died by the thousands. They wished to deprive us of our magnificent, Godly Sharakens, The Nareg, etc., — and yet Arpee states they were doing nothing amiss! This is more than any Armenian can understand.

Finally, if the so-called Armenian evangelicals who had converted themselves from the Armenian national church to Protestantism could not, as is said, sincerely "cherish a filial regard and affection for the National Church" since, in one way or another, they were attempting to win new apostates, then excommunication alone remained, just as the church excommunicates all apostates. Thus, the Protestants formed a separate body. No doubt, they could have been *true Armenian and good Christians*, but unfortunately they were not Armenian Christians, the descendants of the nation and church of St. Gregory the Illuminator, Elisaeus, Naregatz, and Datevatz, and a host of great and small Armenians who were the true and sole heirs of all that glory and history.

Nor have we paid or are still paying our debt to America (and other countries) because of their supposed exportation of Protestantism to Armenia. We are paying our debt to them for their glorious doctrine of *Equality, Fraternity and Liberty*, or *Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness*.

In his second chapter (The First Reformers), Leon Arpee says that the pioneers of the American Board were impressed with the fact that the Armenians, of all the races in the Sultan's do-

mains, were the most open to Protestant missionary influence. Undoubtedly, the Protestant missionary's being *impressed* followed upon his introduction to Mohammedan fanaticism, which endangered the life of the devoted Christian missionary evangelist. So what to do? They avoided placing their lives in danger — they allowed the poor Mohammedan souls to be deprived of Missionary Christian teaching and practically go to hell; and they tackled the non-dangerous *duty* of saving Armenian souls by apostatizing them from their venerable and glorious Church and Christianity to the strange and foreign Christianity of the Missionary societies. Thus, the Armenians who had died by the tens of thousands for Christianity were being "Christianized" by *evangelists* who didn't want to place themselves in danger among the Mohammedans, who were so very much in need of Christianization.

Thus, evidently, the Armenians were selected as the people most in need of missionary Christian education. Turks, Arabs, Kurds, Syrians and Jews, were not in need of Christianization! But the Armenian Christians were! Under the guise of schools of learning, missionaries searched for proselytes. Few succumbed. Some mistook the movement as an honest educational liberal movement. A secret Protestant society was formed in 1836 as The Evangelical Union. Why a secret organization? Why indeed, since Leon Arpee wants his readers to believe that the Armenians at heart have been in sympathy with the Protestant Reformation? Why did the Protestants have to go underground and form a secret organization? Evidently, the Armenians had two hearts — one for the Protestant Reformation, as Arpee dreams it up, and the other for the reality that the Armenians rejected Protestantism as a thing strange, un-Armenian, an alien form of worship, even though it was centuries after the birth of Protestantism. Among the four million or more Armenians in 1836, there were less than 500 ragtag Armenians who had accepted Protestantism for various reasons.

The Armenian reader resents the slurring remarks made by Leon Arpee about the religious and secular readers of the Armenian community of Constantinople at the time, those who were opposing the unwanted invasion of Missionary Christianity, of their beloved nation and church. Defense is never persecution.

I believe that further elaboration on the subject is unnecessary. No doubt Armenians are more than grateful for any and all educational opportunities in Armenia, as well as for all medical and hygienic improvements introduced by the missionaries. There were some missionaries who first and foremost, were educators, never extracting such a high price as conversion to Protestantism in return for their educational help.

It is amazing that, among all the non-Christian peoples of the Levant, the missionaries selected the Christian Armenians for "Christianization" — the same Armenians whose national church was the first national Christian church in the world, whose church never send out missionaries,

whose church is the most liberal Christian church, whose church accepts all believers in Christ as brothers and fellow-Christians. It would have been more logical, as it should have been, if the Armenians had taught Good Christianity to the Missionaries, instead of the Missionaries pretending to teach Christianity to the already Good Christian Armenians.

★ ★ ★

WERNER WINTER, OF KANSAS, A NEW ARMENOLOGIST

It is not often that we come across real worthwhile surprises. Such a surprise was forthcoming when, recently, Mr. Werner Winter, of the Univ. of Kansas, came to visit us accompanied by his wife, a very charming young lady, and Joe Rubinstein, the learned authority and keeper of rare books at the library of the same University.

While I was in Europe, I had heard about them. My good son, Haig, had informed me that Werner and Joe wished to visit us and see our collection of Armenian manuscripts and rare English Orientalia books. They were especially recommended by my very good friend Bob Vosper, the Director of the University of Kansas Libraries. Had had been forced to inform them that I had not as yet returned from my trip abroad, and asked that they defer the visit until a later time.

Soon after my return home, I again heard from Vosper; and then, one day, in walked Werner and Joe, with Mrs. Werner. How can I describe what goes on at a moment like that? The time just fairly flies. Subjects of discussion never seem to end. We had a most pleasant visit. We talked about Armenian manuscripts, the Armenian language, literature, culture . . . now and then we veered off to English rare books, etc.

Werner, who has studied Armenian, and can read the "grapar" creditably, informed me that he had done some research on Armenian. As interested as I am in that field of study, I had not heard of Werner as a scholar of the Armenian language. Nowhere had I come across his name in Armenological works. But here he was. He had with him a gift copy of a reprint for me, a paper entitled "Problems of Armenian Phonology I", subtitled "The Phonetic Value of Armenian p't'k'". The study was published in LANGUAGE (April-June, 1954). It is a very fine and scholarly study. We hope companion papers will follow.

Werner informed me that he had studied Armenian at Hamburg University. It was interesting to learn that many young Germans are studying Armenian. (Wish some Armenians, born in America, would follow suit.)

Upon their departure, we promised to provide assistance on Armenian subjects.

Shortly after, my good friend and well-known book collector, Bob Aitchison, and I had the pleasure of receiving an invitation to visit the University of Kansas and enjoy the hospitality of the Chancellor of the University, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Vosper. At cocktails and dinner, we met still other individuals who knew about Armenians

and their culture, and showed great interest in the very few specimen Armenian manuscripts I had brought with me just so that I might show them what Armenian manuscripts look like.

I hope soon to report added details on the interest shown in Armenian culture at the University of Kansas.

★ ★ ★

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON MY TRIP TO EUROPE AND THE NEAR EAST

This will be no boring travologue, I intend only to present a couple of impressive moments during my recent trip.

First, there was my visit with James Mandalian, in Boston.

As my place, a Pan American flight to Shannon, Ireland, was due to stop in Boston, I decided to enplane from Boston, instead of New York City where the flight originated so that I could visit with James Mandalian, the very active editor of

the Hairenik Weekly and Armenian Review. And so I did. It was my first meeting not only with Mandalian, but also with many others such as Gourgen Mekhitarian, James H. Tashjian, etc.

Mandalian and I took to each other immediately, like ducks take to water. That is why we spent the whole afternoon in each other's company — indeed until midnight when we finally parted. The time just flew by, and there was so much to discuss. Mandalian was a splendid host. A veritable treasure-chest of subjects which we had stored up through the years as result of our correspondence was opened and throughout rummaged through. Naturally, his new book on his great and glorious hero Vardan, then just coming off the press, was one of the main topics of conversation. We have received this book and will write about it as soon as we can again use both our hands. While "Doing It Myself", I had my left wrist crushed.





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